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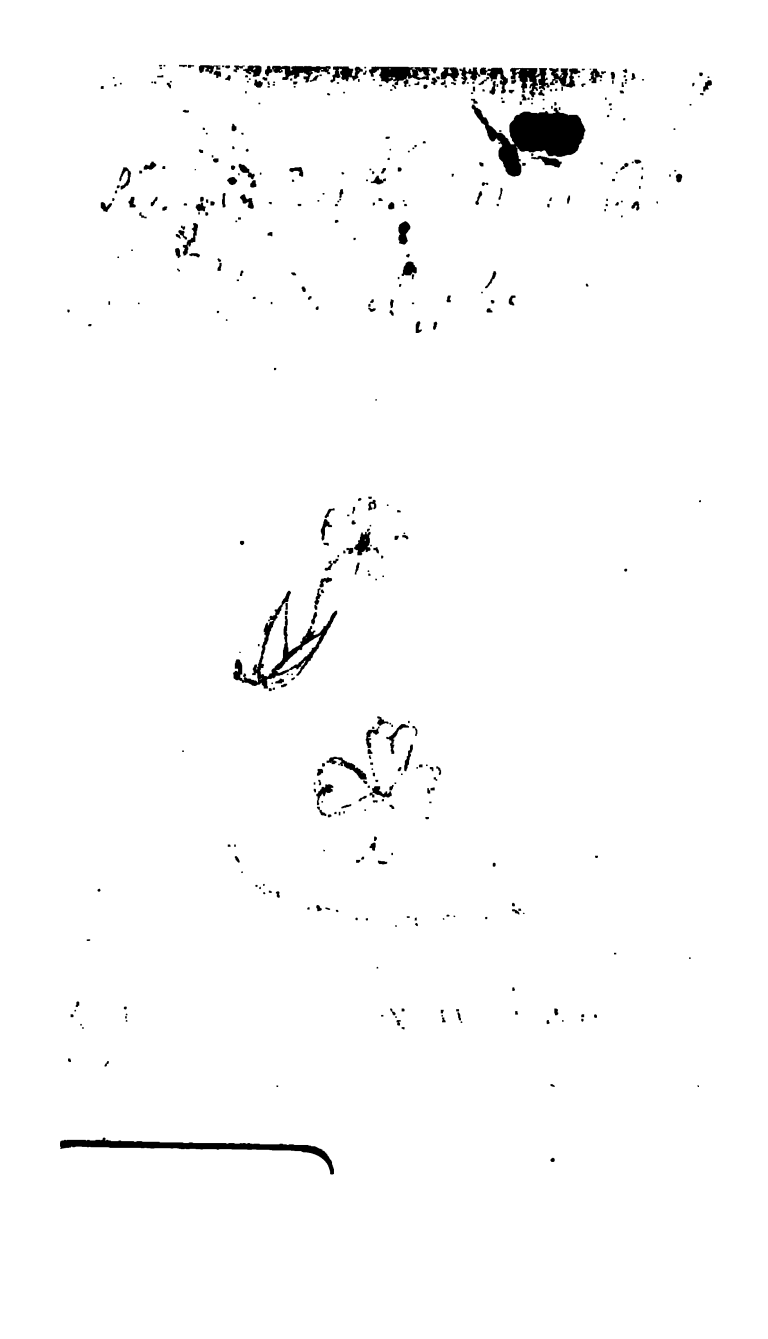
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OF

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In PROSE and VERSE.

FOR THE

INSTRUCTION and ENTERTAINMENT

of YOUTH.

The FOURTH EDITION, corrected and enlarged.

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THE Editor's principal deſign in this MISCELLANY, was to collect from ſome of the beſt modern writers ſuch parts of their works, as ſeemed beſt adapted to form the minds of youth to juſt and proper ſentiments on the moſt intereſting ſubjects. Such a collection, he imagined, would be very uſeful in ſchools, and not only ſo, but peculiarly ſuited to ſuch perſons as cannot afford to purchaſe thoſe works from which the collection is made.

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THE

THE

MORAL MISCELLANY.

On the Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity, together with the Immenſity of his Works.

[Spect. N°. 565.]

I WAS yeſterday about ſun-ſet walking in the open fields, 'till the night inſenſibly fell upon me. I at firſt amuſed myſelf with all the richneſs and variety of colours, which appeared in the weſtern parts of heaven: in proportion as they faded away and went out, ſeveral ſtars and planets appeared, one after another, 'till the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueneſs of the æther was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the ſeaſon of the year, and by the rays of all thoſe luminaries that paſſed through it. The *Galaxy* appeared in its moſt beautiful white. To complete the ſcene, the full moon roſe at length in that clouded majeſty, which *Milton* takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely ſhaded, and diſpoſed among ſofter lights, than that which the ſun had before diſcovered to us.

As I was ſurveying the moon walking in her brightneſs and taking her progreſs among the conſtellations, a thought roſe in me which I believe very often perplexes and diſturbs men of ſerious and contemplative natures. *David* himſelf fell into it in that reflection, *When I conſider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the ſtars which thou haſt ordained; what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the ſon of man that thou regardeſt him!* In the ſame manner when I conſidered that infinite hoſt of ſtars, or, to ſpeak more philoſophically, of ſuns, which were then ſhining upon me, with

thoſe innumerable ſets of planets or worlds, which were moving round their reſpective ſuns; when I ſtill enlarged the idea, and ſuppoſed another heaven of ſuns and worlds riſing ſtill above this which we diſcovered, and theſe ſtill enlightened by a ſuperior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at ſo great a diſtance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the ſtars do to us; in ſhort, while I purſued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little inſignificant figure which I myſelf bore amidſt the immenſity of God's works.

Were the ſun, which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the hoſt of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguiſhed and annihilated, they would not be miſſed, more than a grain of ſand, upon the ſea ſhore. The ſpace they poſſeſs is ſo exceedingly little in compariſon of the whole, that it would ſcarce make a blank in the creation. The chaſm would be imperceptible to an eye, that could take in the whole compaſs of nature, and paſs from one end of the creation to the other; as it is poſſible there may be ſuch a ſenſe in ourſelves hereafter, or in creatures which are at preſent more exalted than ourſelves. We ſee many ſtars by the help of glaſſes, which we do not diſcover with our naked eyes; and the finer our teleſcopes are, the more ſtill are our diſcoveries. *Huygenius* carries this thought ſo far, that he does not think it impoſſible there may be ſtars whoſe light is not yet travelled down to us, ſince their firſt creation. There is no queſtion but the univerſe has certain bounds ſet to it; but when we conſider that it is the work of infinite power, prompted by infinite goodneſs, with an infinite ſpace to exert itſelf in, how can our imagination ſet any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my firſt thought, I could not but look upon myſelf with ſecret horror, as a being that was not worth the ſmalleſt regard of one who had ſo great a work under his care and ſuperintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidſt the *immenſity of nature*, and loſt among that infinite variety

riety of creatures, which in all probability ſwarm through all theſe immeaſurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myſelf from this mortifying thought, I conſidered that it took its riſe from thoſe narrow conceptions, which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourſelves cannot attend to many different objects at the ſame time. If we are careful to inſpect ſome things, we muſt of courſe neglect others. This imperfection which we obſerve in ourſelves is an imperfection that cleaves in ſome degree to creatures of the higheſt capacities, as they are creatures, that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The preſence of every created being is confined to a certain meaſure of ſpace, and conſequently his obſervation is ſtinted to a certain number of objects. The ſphere in which we move, and act, and underſtand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we riſe one above another in the ſcale of exiſtence. But the wideſt of theſe our ſpheres has its circumference. When therefore we reflect on the divine nature, we are ſo uſed and accuſtomed to this imperfection in ourſelves, that we cannot forbear in ſome meaſure aſcribing it to him in whom there is no ſhadow of imperfection. Our reaſon indeed aſſures us that his attributes are infinite, but the poorneſs of our conceptions is ſuch that it cannot forbear ſetting bounds to every thing it contemplates, till our reaſon comes again to our ſuccour, and throws down all thoſe little prejudices which riſe in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We ſhall therefore utterly extinguiſh this melancholy thought, of our being overlooked by our Maker in the multiplicity of his works, and the infinity of thoſe objects among which he ſeems to be inceſſantly employed, if we conſider, in the firſt place, that he is omnipreſent; and, in the ſecond, that he is omniſcient.

If we conſider him in his omnipreſence: his being paſſes through, actuates, and ſupports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of *him. There is nothing he has made*, that is either ſo

diſtant, ſo little, or ſo inconſiderable, which he does not eſſentially inhabit. His ſubſtance is within the ſubſtance of every being, whether material, or immaterial, and as intimately preſent to it, as that being is to itſelf. It would be an imperfection in him, were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himſelf from any thing he has created, or from any part of that ſpace which is diffuſed and ſpread abroad to infinity. In ſhort, to ſpeak of him in the language of the old philoſophers, he is a being whoſe centre is every-where, and his circumference no-where.

In the ſecond place, he is omniſcient as well as omnipreſent. His omniſcience indeed neceſſarily and naturally flows from his omnipreſence. He cannot but be conſcious of every motion that ariſes in the whole material world, which he thus eſſentially pervades; and of every thought that is ſtirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moraliſts have conſidered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his preſence. Others have conſidered infinite ſpace as the receptacle, or rather the habitation of the Almighty: but the nobleſt and moſt exalted way of conſidering this infinite ſpace is that of Sir *Iſaac Newton*, who calls it the *ſenſorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *ſenſoriola*, or little *ſenſoriums*, by which they apprehend the preſence and perceive the actions of a few objects, that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and obſervation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know every thing in which he reſides, infinite ſpace gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniſcience.

Were the ſoul ſeparate from the body, and with one glance of thought ſhould ſtart beyond the bounds of the creation, ſhould it for millions of years continue its progreſs through infinite ſpace with the ſame activity, it would ſtill find itſelf within the embrace of its Creator, and encompaſſed round with the immenſity

of

of the Godhead. While we are in the body he is not leſs preſent with us, becauſe he is concealed from us. *Oh that I knew where I might find him!* ſays Job. *Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand, where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himſelf on the right hand that I cannot ſee him.* In ſhort, reaſon as well as revelation aſſures us, that he cannot be abſent from us, notwithſtanding he is undiſcovered by us.

In this conſideration of God Almighty's omnipreſence and omniſcience, every uncomfortable thought vaniſhes. He cannot but regard every thing that has being, eſpecially ſuch of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular, which is apt to trouble them on this occaſion: for, as it is impoſſible he ſhould overlook any of his creatures, ſo we may be confident that he regards, with an eye of mercy, thoſe who endeavour to recommend themſelves to his notice, and in unfeigned humility of heart think themſelves unworthy that he ſhould be mindful of them.

Motives to piety and virtue, drawn from the Omniſcience and Omnipreſence of the Deity. [Spect. N°. 571.]

IN your paper of *Friday* the 9th inſtant, you had occaſion to conſider the ubiquity of the God-head, and at the ſame time, to ſhew, that as he is preſent to every thing, he cannot but be attentive to every thing, and privy to all the modes and parts of its exiſtence: or, in other words, that his omniſcience and omnipreſence are coexiſtent, and run together through the whole infinitude of ſpace. This conſideration might furniſh us with many incentives to devotion, and motives to morality; but as this ſubject has been handled by ſeveral excellent writers, I ſhall conſider it in a light *wherein I have not ſeen* it placed by others.

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence!

Secondly, How deplorable is the condition of an intellectual being, who feels no other effects from this his preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

Thirdly, How happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

Firſt, How diſconſolate is the condition of an intellectual being, who is thus preſent with his Maker, but at the ſame time receives no extraordinary benefit or advantage from this his preſence! Every particle of matter is actuated by this Almighty being which paſſes through it. The heavens and the earth, the ſtars and planets, move and gravitate by virtue of this great principle within them. All the dead parts of nature are invigorated by the preſence of their Creator, and made capable of exerting their reſpective qualities. The ſeveral inſtincts, in the brute creation, do likewiſe operate and work towards the ſeveral ends which are agreeable to them, by this divine energy. Man only, who does not co-operate with his holy ſpirit, and is unattentive to his preſence, receives none of theſe advantages from it, which are perfective of his nature, and neceſſary to his well-being. The divinity is with him, and in him, and every-where about him, but of no advantage to him. It is the ſame thing to a man without religion, as if there were no God in the world. It is indeed impoſſible for an infinite Being to remove himſelf from any of his creatures; but though he cannot withdraw his eſſence from us, which would argue an imperfection in him, he can withdraw from us all the joys and conſolations of it. His preſence may perhaps be neceſſary to ſupport us in our exiſtence; but *he may leave this our* exiſtence to itſelf, with regard to *its happineſs or miſery*. For, in this ſenſe, he may

cauſe

caſt us away from his preſence, and take his holy ſpirit from us. This ſingle conſideration one would think ſufficient to make us open our hearts to all thoſe infuſions of joy and gladneſs which are ſo near at hand, and ready to be poured in upon us; eſpecially when we conſider, *ſecondly*, the deplorable condition of an intellectual being who feels no other effects from his Maker's preſence, but ſuch as proceed from divine wrath and indignation!

We may aſſure ourſelves, that the great author of nature will not always be as one, who is indifferent to any of his creatures. Thoſe who will not feel him in his love, will be ſure at length to feel him in his diſpleaſure. And how dreadful is the condition of that creature, who is only ſenſible of the being of his Creator by what he ſuffers from him! He is as eſſentially preſent in hell as in heaven; but the inhabitants of thoſe accurſed places behold him only in his wrath, and ſhrink within the flames to conceal themſelves from him. It is not in the power of imagination to conceive the fearful effects of Omnipotence incenſed.

But I ſhall only conſider the wretchedneſs of an intellectual being, who, in this life, lyes under the diſpleaſure of him, that at all times, and in all places, is intimately united with him. He is able to diſquiet the ſoul, and vex it in all its faculties. He can hinder any of the greateſt comforts of life from refreſhing us, and give an edge to every one of its ſlighteſt calamities. Who then can bear the thought of being an out-caſt from his preſence, that is, from the comforts of it, or of feeling it only in its terrors? How pathetic is that expoſtulation of *Job*, when, for the real trial of his patience, he was made to look upon himſelf in this deplorable condition! *Why haſt thou ſet me as a mark againſt thee, ſo that I am become a burden to myſelf?* But, *thirdly*, how happy is the condition of that intellectual being, who is ſenſible of his Maker's preſence from the ſecret effects of his mercy and loving-kindneſs!

The bleſſed in heaven behold him face to face, that is, are as ſenſible of his preſence as we are of the preſence of any perſon whom we look upon with our eyes. There is doubtleſs a faculty in ſpirits, by which they apprehend one another, as our ſenſes do material objects; and there is no queſtion but our ſouls, when they are diſembodied, or placed in glorified bodies, will by this faculty, in whatever part of ſpace they reſide, be always ſenſible of the divine preſence. We, who have this veil of fleſh ſtanding between us and the world of ſpirits, muſt be content to know the ſpirit of God is preſent with us, by the effects which he produceth in us. Our outward ſenſes are too groſs to apprehend him; we may however taſte and ſee how gracious he is, by his influence upon our minds, by thoſe virtuous thoughts which he awakens in us, by thoſe ſecret comforts and refreſhments which he conveys into our ſouls, and by thoſe raviſhing joys and inward ſatisfactions which are perpetually ſpringing up, and diffuſing themſelves among all the thoughts of good men. He is lodged in our very eſſence, and is as a ſoul within the ſoul to irradiate its underſtanding, rectify its will, purify its paſſions, and enliven all the powers of man. How happy therefore is an intellectual being, who by prayer and meditation, by virtue and good works, opens this communication between God and his own ſoul! Though the whole creation frowns upon him, and all nature looks black about him, he has his light and ſupport within him, that are able to chear his mind, and bear him up in the midſt of all thoſe horrors which encompaſs him. He knows that his helper is at hand, and is always nearer to him than any thing elſe can be, which is capable of annoying or terrifying him. In the midſt of calumny or contempt, he attends to that Being who whiſpers better things within his ſoul, and whom he looks upon as his defender, his glory, and the lifter-up of his head. In his deepeſt ſolitude and retirement, he knows that he is in company with the greateſt of beings; and perceives within himſelf ſuch real ſenſations of his preſence,

ſence, as are more delightful than any thing that can be met with in the converſation of his creatures. Even in the hour of death, he conſiders the pains of his diſſolution to be nothing elſe but the breaking down of that partition, which ſtands betwixt his ſoul, and the ſight of that Being who is always preſent with him, and is about to manifeſt itſelf to him in fulneſs of joy.

If we would be thus happy, and thus ſenſible of our Maker's preſence, from the ſecret effects of his mercy and goodneſs, we muſt keep ſuch a watch over all our thoughts, that in the language of the Scripture, his ſoul may have pleaſure in us. We muſt take care not to grieve his holy ſpirit, and endeavour to make the meditations of our hearts always acceptable in his ſight, that he may delight thus to reſide and dwell in us. The light of nature could direct *Seneca* to this doctrine, in a very remarkable paſſage among his epiſtles; *Sacer ineſt in nobis ſpiritus, bonorum malorumque cuſtos et obſervator; et quemadmodum nos illum tractamus, ita et ille nos.* 'There is a holy ſpirit reſiding in 'us, who watches and obſerves both good and evil 'men, and will treat us after the ſame manner that 'we treat him.' But I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with thoſe more emphatical words in divine revelation. *If a man love me, he will keep my words; and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him.*

Reflections on the Third Heaven. [Spect. N°. 580.]

'I CONSIDERED in my two laſt letters that awful 'and tremendous ſubject, the ubiquity or omni-'preſence of the divine Being. I have ſhewn that he 'is equally preſent in all places throughout the whole 'extent of infinite ſpace. This doctrine is ſo agree-'able to reaſon, that we meet with it in the writings 'of the enlightened heathens, as I might ſhew at 'large, were it not already done by other hands. But

'tho' the Deity be thus eſſentially preſent through all 'the immenſity of ſpace, there is one part of it in 'which he diſcovers himſelf in a moſt tranſcendent and 'viſible glory. This is that place which is marked 'out in Scripture under the different appellations of '*Paradiſe, the third heaven, the throne of God, and 'the habitation of his glory.* It is here where the glo-'rified body of our Saviour reſides, and where all the 'celeſtial hierarchies, and the innumerable hoſts of 'angels, are repreſented as perpetually ſurrounding 'the ſeat of God with hallelujahs and hymns of praiſe. 'This is that preſence of God which ſome of the di-'vines call his glorious, and others his majeſtic pre-'ſence. He is indeed as eſſentially preſent in all 'other places as in this; but it is here where he re-'ſides in a ſenſible magnificence, and in the midſt of 'all thoſe ſplendors which can affect the imagination 'of created beings.

'It is very remarkable that this opinion of God 'Almighty's preſence in heaven, whether diſcovered 'by the light of nature, or by a general tradition from 'our firſt parents, prevails among all the nations of 'the world, whatſoever different notions they enter-'tain of the God-head. If you look into *Homer*, that 'is, the moſt ancient of the *Greek* writers, you ſee the 'ſupreme power ſeated in the heavens, and encompaſ-'ſed with inferior deities, among whom the muſes are 'repreſented as ſinging inceſſantly about his throne. 'Who does not here ſee the main ſtrokes and out-'lines of this great truth we are ſpeaking of? The 'ſame doctrine is ſhadowed out in many other hea-'then authors, tho' at the ſame time, like ſeveral other 'revealed truths, daſhed and adulterated with a mix-'ture of fables and human inventions. But to paſs 'over the notions of the *Greeks* and *Romans*, thoſe 'more enlightened parts of the pagan world, we find 'there is ſcarce a people among the late diſcovered 'nations, who are not trained up in an opinion that 'heaven is the habitation of the divinity whom they 'worſhip.

'As in *Solomon*'s temple there was the *Sanctum* '*Sanctorum*, in which a viſible glory appeared among 'the figures of the cherubims, and into which none 'but the high-prieſt himſelf was permitted to enter, 'after having made an atonement for the ſins of the 'people; ſo if we conſider this whole creation as one 'great temple, there is in it the Holy of Holies, into 'which the high prieſt of our ſalvation entered, and 'took his place among angels and archangels, after 'having made a propitiation for the ſins of mankind.

'With how much ſkill muſt the throne of God be 'erected? With what glorious deſigns is that habita-'tion beautified, which is contrived and built by him 'who inſpired *Hiram* with wiſdom? How great muſt 'be the majeſty of that place, where the whole art of 'creation has been employed, and where God has 'choſen to ſhew himſelf in the moſt magnificent man-'ner? What muſt be the architecture of infinite power 'under the direction of infinite wiſdom? A ſpirit can-'not but be tranſported after an ineffable manner with 'the ſight of thoſe objects, which were made to affect 'him by that Being who knows the inward frame of 'a ſoul, and how to pleaſe and raviſh it in all its moſt 'ſecret powers and faculties. It is to this majeſtic 'preſence of God, we may apply thoſe beautiful ex-'preſſions in holy writ: *Behold even to the moon, and it* '*ſhineth not; yea the ſtars are not pure in his ſight.* The 'light of the ſun, and all the glories of the world in 'which we live, are but as weak and ſickly glimmer-'ings, or rather darkneſs itſelf, in compariſon of thoſe 'ſplendors which encompaſs the throne of God.

'As the glory of this place is tranſcendent beyond 'imagination, ſo probably is the extent of it. There 'is light behind light, and glory within glory. How 'far that ſpace may reach, in which God thus ap-'pears in perfect majeſty, we cannot poſſibly conceive. 'Tho' it is not infinite, it may be indefinite; and tho' 'not immenſurable in itſelf, it may be ſo with regard 'to *any created eye, or* imagination. If he has made 'these lower regions of matter ſo inconceivably wide

and magnificent for the habitation of mortal and perishable beings, how great may we suppose the courts of his house to be, where he makes his residence in a more especial manner, and displays himself in the fulness of his glory, among an innumerable company of angels, and spirits of just men made perfect!

'This is certain that our imaginations cannot be raised too high, when we think on a place where omnipotence and omniscience have so signally exerted themselves, because that they are able to produce a scene infinitely more great and glorious than what we are able to imagine. It is not impossible but at the consummation of all things, these outward apartments of nature, which are now suited to those beings who inhabit them, may be taken in and added to that glorious place of which I am here speaking; and by that means made a proper habitation for beings who are exempt from mortality, and cleared of their imperfections; for so the Scripture seems to intimate when it speaks of new heavens and of a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.

'I have only considered this glorious place with regard to the sight and imagination, though it is highly probable that our other senses may here likewise enjoy their highest gratifications. There is nothing which more ravishes and transports the soul, than harmony; and we have great reason to believe, from the descriptions of this place in holy Scripture, that this is one of the entertainments of it. And if the soul of man can be so wonderfully affected with those strains of music, which human art is capable of producing, how much more will it be raised and elevated by those, in which is exerted the whole power of harmony! The senses are faculties of the human soul, though they cannot be employed, during this our vital union, without proper instruments in the body. Why therefore should we exclude the satisfaction of these faculties, which we find by experience are inlets of great pleasure to the soul, from *among those entertainments* which are to make up

our

'our happineſs hereafter? Why ſhould we ſuppoſe
'that our hearing and ſeeing will not be gratified with
'thoſe objects which are moſt agreeable to them, and
'which they cannot meet with in theſe lower regions
'of nature; objects, *which neither eye hath ſeen, nor ear*
'*heard, nor can it enter into the heart of man to conceive?*
'*I knew a man in Chriſt.* (ſays St. Paul ſpeaking of him-
'ſelf) *above fourteen years ago (whether in the body, I*
'*cannot tell, or whether out of the body, I cannot tell:*
'*God knoweth) ſuch a one caught up to the third hea-*
'*ven. And I knew ſuch a man, (whether in the body,*
'*or out of the body, I cannot tell: God knoweth) how*
'*that he was caught up into paradiſe, and heard un-*
'*ſpeakable words, which it is not poſſible for a man to*
'*utter.* By this is meant that what he heard was ſo
'infinitely different from any thing which he had
'heard in this world, that it was impoſſible to expreſs
'it in ſuch words as might convey a notion of it to
'his hearers.

'It is very natural for us to take delight in inqui-
'ries concerning any foreign country, where we
'are ſome time or other to make our abode; and as
'we all hope to be admitted into this glorious place,
'it is both a laudable and uſeful curioſity, to get what
'informations we can of it, while we make uſe of
'revelation for our guide. When theſe everlaſting
'doors ſhall be opened to us, we may be ſure that the
'pleaſures and beauties of this place will infinitely
'tranſcend our preſent hopes and expectations, and
'that the glorious appearance of the throne of God
'will riſe infinitely beyond whatever we are able to
'conceive of it. We might here entertain ourſelves
'with many other ſpeculations on this ſubject, from
'thoſe ſeveral hints which we find of it in the holy
'Scriptures; as whether there may not be different
'manſions and apartments of glory, to beings of dif-
'ferent natures; whether as they excel one another
'in perfection, they are not admitted nearer to the
'throne of the Almighty, and enjoy greater manifeſta-
'*tions of his preſence*; whether there are not ſolemn

'times

'times and occaſions, when all the multitude of heaven celebrate the preſence of their Maker in more 'extraordinary forms of praiſe and adoration; as 'Adam, though he had continued in a ſtate of inno-'cence, would, in the opinion of our divines, have 'kept holy the *Sabbath-day*, in a more particular 'manner than any other of the ſeven. Theſe, and 'the like ſpeculations, we may very innocently in-'dulge, ſo long as we make uſe of them to inſpire us 'with a deſire of becoming inhabitants of this delight-'ful place.

'I have in this, and in two foregoing letters, treated 'on the moſt ſerious ſubject that can employ the mind 'of man, the omnipreſence of the Deity; a ſubject 'which, if poſſible, ſhould never depart from our 'meditations. We have conſidered the divine Being, 'as he inhabits infinitude, as he dwells among his 'works, as he is preſent to the mind of man, and as 'he diſcovers himſelf in a more glorious manner 'among the regions of the bleſt. Such a conſidera-'tion ſhould be kept awake in us at all times, and 'in all places, and poſſeſs our minds with a perpe-'tual awe and reverence. It ſhould be intervoven 'with all our thoughts and perceptions, and become 'one with the conſciouſneſs of our own being. It is 'not to be reflected on in the coldneſs of philoſophy, 'but ought to ſink us into the loweſt proſtration be-'fore him, who is ſo aſtoniſhingly great, wonderful, 'and holy.'

The preſent life to be conſidered only as it may conduce to the happineſs of a future one. [Spect. N°. 575.]

A LEWD young fellow ſeeing an aged hermit go by him barefoot, *Father*, ſays he, *you are in a very miſerable condition if there is not another world.* *True, ſon*, ſaid the hermit; *but what is thy condition if there is?* *Man is a* creature deſigned for two different ſtates

ſtates of being, or rather, for two different lives. His firſt life is ſhort and tranſient: his ſecond permanent and laſting. The queſtion we are all concerned in is this, in which of thoſe two lives is our chief intereſt to make ourſelves happy? or, in other words, whether we ſhould endeavour to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures and gratifications of a life which is uncertain and precarious, and at its utmoſt length of a very inconſiderable duration; or to ſecure to ourſelves the pleaſures of a life that is fixed and ſettled, and will never end? Every man, upon the firſt hearing of this queſtion, knows very well which ſide of it he ought to cloſe with. But however right we are in theory, it is plain that in practice we adhere to the wrong ſide of the queſtion. We make proviſions for this life as though it were never to have an end, and for the other life as though it were never to have a beginning.

Should a ſpirit of ſuperior rank, who is a ſtranger to human nature, accidentally alight upon the earth, and take a ſurvey of its inhabitants; what would his notions of us be? Would not he think that we are a ſpecies of beings made for quite different ends and purpoſes than what we really are? Muſt not he imagine that we were placed in this world to get riches and honours? Would not he think that it was our duty to toil after wealth, and ſtation, and title? Nay, would not he believe we were forbidden poverty, by threats of eternal puniſhment, and enjoined to purſue our pleaſures under pain of damnation? He would certainly imagine that we were influenced by a ſcheme of duties quite oppoſite to thoſe which are indeed preſcribed to us. And truly, according to ſuch an imagination, he muſt conclude that we are a ſpecies of the moſt obedient creatures in the univerſe; that we are conſtant to our duty; and that we keep a ſteady eye on the end for which we were ſent hither.

But how great would be his aſtoniſhment, when he learnt that we were beings not deſigned to exiſt in this world above threeſcore and ten years; and that *the greateſt part of this buſy* ſpecies fall ſhort even of

that

that age? How would he be loſt in horror and admiration, when he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures, who lay out all their endeavours for this life, which ſcarcely deſerves the name of exiſtence, when, I ſay, he ſhould know that this ſet of creatures are to exiſt to all eternity in another life, for which they make no preparations? Nothing can be a greater diſgrace to reaſon than that men, who are perſuaded of theſe two different ſtates of being, ſhould be perpetually employed in providing for a life of threeſcore and ten years, and neglecting to make proviſion for that, which, after many myriads of years, will be ſtill new, and ſtill beginning; eſpecially when we conſider that our endeavours for making ourſelves great, or rich, or honourable, or whatever elſe we place our happineſs in, may, after all, prove unſucceſsful; whereas, if we conſtantly and ſincerely endeavour to make ourſelves happy in the other life, we are ſure that our endeavours will ſucceed, and that we ſhall not be diſappointed of our hope.

The following queſtion is ſtarted by one of the ſchoolmen. Suppoſing the whole body of the earth were a great ball or maſs of the fineſt ſand, and that a ſingle grain or particle of this ſand ſhould be annihilated every thouſand years. Suppoſing then that you had it in your choice to be happy all the while this prodigious maſs of ſand was conſuming by this ſlow method till there was not a grain of it left, on condition you were to be miſerable for ever after; or ſuppoſing that you might be happy for ever after, on condition you might be miſerable till the whole maſs of ſand were thus annihilated at the rate of one ſand in a thouſand years: which of theſe two caſes would you make your choice?

It muſt be confeſſed in this caſe, ſo many thouſands of years are to the imagination as a kind of eternity, tho' in reality they do not bear ſo great a proportion to that duration which is to follow them, as an unit does to the greateſt number which you can put together in figures, or as one of thoſe ſands to the ſuppoſed

heap.

keep. Reaſon therefore tells us, without any manner of heſitation, which would be the better part in this choice. However, as I have before intimated, our reaſon might in ſuch a caſe be ſo overſet by the imagination as to diſpoſe ſome perſons to ſink under the conſideration of the great length of the firſt part of this duration, and of the great diſtance of that ſecond duration, which is to ſucceed it. The mind, I ſay, might give itſelf up to that happineſs which is at hand, conſidering that it is ſo very near, and that it would laſt ſo very long. But when the choice we actually have before us, is this, whether we will chuſe to be happy for the ſpace of only threeſcore and ten, nay, perhaps, of only twenty or ten years, I might ſay of only a day or an hour, and miſerable to all eternity; or on the contrary, miſerable for this ſhort term of years, and happy for a whole eternity; what words are ſufficient to expreſs that folly and want of conſideration which in ſuch a caſe makes a wrong choice?

I here put the caſe even at the worſt, by ſuppoſing (what ſeldom happens) that a courſe of virtue makes us miſerable in this life: but if we ſuppoſe (as it generally happens) that virtue will make us more happy even in this life than a contrary courſe of vice; how can we ſufficiently admire the ſtupidity or madneſs of thoſe perſons who are capable of making ſo abſurd a choice?

Every wiſe man, therefore, will conſider this life only as it may conduce to the happineſs of the other, and chearfully ſacrifice the pleaſures of a few years to thoſe of an eternity.

On the Immortality of the Soul. [Spect. No. 111.]

I Was yeſterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and loſt myſelf in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the ſeveral arguments *that eſtabliſh this great point*, which is the baſis of morality,

period in it. To look upon the ſoul as going on from ſtrength to ſtrength, to conſider that ſhe is to ſhine for ever with new acceſſions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that ſhe will be ſtill adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it ſomething wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the mind of man. Nay, it muſt be a proſpect pleaſing to God himſelf, to ſee his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of reſemblance.

Methinks this ſingle conſideration, of the progreſs of a finite ſpirit to perfection, will be ſufficient to extinguiſh all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in ſuperior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a human ſoul, knows very well that the period will come about in eternity, when the human ſoul ſhall be as perfect as he himſelf now is: nay, when ſhe ſhall look down upon that degree of perfection as much as ſhe now falls ſhort of it. It is true, the higher nature ſtill advances, and by that means preſerves his diſtance and ſuperiority in the ſcale of being; but he knows that, how high ſoever the ſtation is of which he ſtands poſſeſſed at preſent, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and ſhine forth in the ſame degree of glory.

With what aſtoniſhment and veneration may we look into our own ſouls, where there are ſuch hidden ſtores of virtue and knowledge, ſuch inexhauſted ſources of perfection? We know not yet what we ſhall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reſerve for him. The ſoul, conſidered with its Creator, is like one of thoſe mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a poſſibility of touching it: and can there be a thought ſo tranſporting, as to conſider ourſelves in theſe perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the ſtandard of perfection, but of happineſs!

made a few diſcoveries of his infinite goodneſs, wiſdom, and power, muſt periſh at her firſt ſetting out, and in the very beginning of her enquiries?

A man, conſidered in his preſent ſtate, ſeems only ſent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himſelf with a ſucceſſor, and immediately quits his poſt to make room for him.

——————*Hæres*
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſuperveni undam.
HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. v. 175

——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
Wave urges wave. CREECH.

He does not ſeem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not ſurpriſing to conſider in animals, which are formed for our uſe, and can finiſh their buſineſs in a ſhort life. The ſilk-worm, after having ſpun her taſk, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full meaſure of knowledge, has not time to ſubdue his paſſions, eſtabliſh his ſoul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the ſtage. Would an infinitely wiſe Being make ſuch glorious creatures for ſo mean a purpoſe? Can he delight in the production of ſuch abortive intelligences, ſuch ſhort-lived reaſonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wiſdom which ſhines through all his works, in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nurſery for the next, and believing that the ſeveral generations of rational creatures, which riſe up and diſappear in ſuch quick ſucceſſions, are only to receive their firſt rudiments of exiſtence here, and afterwards to be tranſplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may ſpread and flouriſh to all eternity.

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleaſing and triumphant conſideration in religion than this of the perpetual progreſs which the ſoul makes towards the *perfection of its nature*, without ever arriving at a

period

bable from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies, which are at ſuch a diſtance from us, ſhould not be deſart and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with beings adapted to their reſpective ſituation.

Exiſtence is a bleſſing to thoſe beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is ſubſervient to beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lye under our obſervation, that matter is only made as the baſis and ſupport of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence of the other.

Infinite goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a ſpeculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are ſome living creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead matter. To mention only that ſpecies of ſhell-fiſh, which are formed in the faſhion of a cone, that grow to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſevered from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe beſides that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others of ſmell; and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of ſpecies, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in another, though the ſenſe in different animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If

after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life: nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence; he has, therefore, *ſpecified* in his creation every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chaſm of nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with divers kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the goodneſs, or wiſdom of the Divine Being, more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

There is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. The *conſequence of ſo great a variety* of beings which are

ſuperio

ſuperior to us, from that variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. *Locke*, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created being, and the power which produced him.

That there ſhould be more ſpecies *of intelligent creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and material below us, is probable to me from hence; that in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, or no gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, that in each remove differ very little one from the other. There are fiſhes that have wings, and are not ſtrangers to the airy region: and there are ſome birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whoſe blood is cold as fiſhes, and their fleſh ſo like in taſte, that the ſcrupulous are allowed them on fiſh days. There are animals ſo near of kin both to birds and beaſts, that they are in the middle between both: amphibious animals link the terreſtrial and aquatic together: ſeals live at land and at ſea, and porpoiſes have the warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention what is confidently reported of mermaids or ſea men. There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as much knowledge and reaſon, as ſome that are called men; and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ſo nearly joined, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived any great difference between them: and ſo on 'till we come to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts of matter, we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral* ſpecies *are linked together, and differ but in almoſt inſenſible degrees. And when we conſider the infinite power and wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony of the univerſe, and the great deſign and infinite goodneſs of the architect, that the* ſpecies *of creatures ſhould alſo, by gentle degrees, aſcend upward from us toward his infinite*

perfection.

perfection, as we see they gradually descend from us downward: which if it be probable, we have reason then to be persuaded, that there are far more species *of creatures above us, than there are beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more remote from the infinite Being of God, than we are from the lowest state of being, and that which approaches nearest to nothing. And yet of all those distinct* species, *we have no clear distinct ideas.*

In this system of being, there is no creature so wonderful in its nature, and which so much deserves our particular attention, as man, who fills up the middle space between the animal and intellectual nature, the visible and invisible world, and is that link in the chain of beings which has been often termed the *Nexus utriusque mundi*. So that he who in one respect is associated with angels and archangels, may look upon a Being of infinite perfection as his father, and the highest order of spirits as his brethren; may in another respect say to *corruption, thou art my father, and to the worm, thou art my mother and my sister.*

Providence proved from Animal instinct.

[Spect. No. 120.]

I Must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of nature which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of natural history, I cannot forbear recollecting, upon this occasion, the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my observation; the arguments for providence drawn from the natural history of animals being, in my opinion, demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that par-

ticular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger*: the first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther, as insects and several kinds of fish; others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to depositit them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich; others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, 'till it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all of the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *reason*; for were animals indued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniencies that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this general warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this natural love is exemplified by *a very barbarous experiment*; which I shall quote at *length, as I find it* in an excellent author, and hope

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my readers will pardon the mentioning ſuch an inſtance of cruelty, becauſe there is nothing can ſo effectually ſhew the ſtrength of that principle in animals of which I am here ſpeaking. "A perſon, who was "well ſkilled in diſſections, opened a bitch, and as "ſhe lay in the moſt exquiſite tortures, offered her "one of her young puppies, which ſhe immediately "fell a licking; and for the time ſeemed inſenſible "of her own pain: on the removal, ſhe kept her eye "fixed on it, and began a wailing ſort of a cry, "which ſeemed rather to proceed from the loſs of her "young one, than the ſenſe of her own torments."

But notwithſtanding this natural love in brutes is much more violent and intenſe than in rational creatures, providence has taken care that it ſhould be no longer troubleſome to the parent than it is uſeful to the young; for ſo ſoon as the wants of the latter ceaſe, the mother withdraws her fondneſs, and leaves them to provide for themſelves: and what is a very remarkable circumſtance in this part of inſtinct, we find that the love of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its uſual time, if the preſervation of the ſpecies requires it; as we may ſee in birds that drive away their young, as ſoon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the neſt, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of ſupplying their own neceſſities.

This natural love is not obſerved in animals to aſcend from the young to the parent, which is not at all neceſſary for the continuance of the ſpecies: nor indeed in reaſonable creatures does it riſe in any proportion, as it ſpreads itſelf downwards; for in all family affection, we find protection granted, and favours beſtowed, are greater motives to love and tenderneſs, than ſafety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear ſceptical men diſputing for the reaſon of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and *prejudices that will* not allow them the uſe *of that faculty.*

Reaſon ſhews itſelf in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no diſcovery of ſuch a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preſervation, or the continuance of his ſpecies. Animals in their generation are wiſer than the ſons of men; but their wiſdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compaſs. Take a brute out of his inſtinct, and you find him wholly deprived of underſtanding. To uſe an inſtance that comes often under obſervation.

With what caution does the hen provide herſelf a neſt in places unfrequented, and free from noiſe and diſturbance? When ſhe has laid her eggs in ſuch a manner that ſhe can cover them, what care does ſhe take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth? When ſhe leaves them, to provide for her neceſſary ſuſtenance, how punctually does ſhe return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal? In the ſummer you ſee her giving herſelf greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour of the ſeaſon would chill the principles of life, and deſtroy the young one, ſhe grows more aſſiduous in her attendance, and ſtays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does ſhe help the chick to break its priſon? Not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nouriſhment, and teaching it to help itſelf; nor to mention her forſaking the neſt, if after the uſual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is ſeen in the hatching of a chick; tho' there are many other birds that ſhow an infinitely greater ſagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the ſame time the hen, that has all this ſeeming ingenuity (which is indeed abſolutely neceſſary for the propagation of the ſpecies) conſidered in *other reſpects, is* without the leaſt glimmerings of thought

thought or common ſenſe. She miſtakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and ſits upon it in the ſame manner: ſhe is inſenſible of any increaſe or diminution in the number of thoſe ſhe lays: ſhe does not diſtinguiſh between her own and thoſe of another ſpecies; and when the birth appears of never ſo different a bird, will cheriſh it for her own. In all theſe circumſtances, which do not carry an immediate regard to the ſubſiſtence of herſelf or her ſpecies, ſhe is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more myſterious in nature than this inſtinct in animals, which thus riſes above reaſon, and falls infinitely ſhort of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the ſame time works after ſo odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themſelves, nor from any laws of mechaniſm, but, according to the beſt notions of the greateſt philoſophers, is an immediate impreſſion from the firſt mover, and the divine energy acting in the creatures.

The Atheiſt inexcuſable in endeavouring to make

[Spect.

'A Believer may be excuſed by the moſt hardened atheiſt for endeavouring to make him a convert, becauſe he does it with an eye to both their intereſts. The atheiſt is inexcuſable who tries to gain over a believer, becauſe he does not propoſe the doing himſelf or the believer any good by ſuch a converſion.

'The proſpect of a future ſtate is the ſecret comfort and refreſhment of my ſoul; it is that which makes nature look gay about me; it doubles all my *pleaſures, and ſupports* me under all my afflictions.

'I can look at diſappointments and misfortunes, pain
'and ſickneſs, death itſelf, and what is worſe than
'death, the loſs of thoſe who are deareſt to me, with
'indifference, ſo long as I keep in view the pleaſures
'of eternity, and the ſtate of being in which there
'will be no fears nor apprehenſions, pains nor ſor-
'rows, ſickneſs nor ſeparation. Why will any man
'be ſo impertinently officious as to tell me all this is
'only fancy and deluſion? Is there any merit in be-
'ing the meſſenger of ill news? if it is a dream, let
'me enjoy it, ſince it makes me both the happier and
'better man.

'I muſt confeſs I do not know how to truſt a
'man who believes neither heaven nor hell, or, in
'other words, a future ſtate of rewards and puniſh-
'ments. Not only natural ſelf-love, but reaſon di-
'rects us to promote our own intereſt above all things.
'It can never be for the intereſt of a believer to do
'me a miſchief, becauſe he is ſure, upon the balance
'of accounts, to find himſelf a loſer by it. On the
'contrary, if he conſiders his own welfare in his be-
'haviour towards me, it will lead him to do me all
'the good he can, and at the ſame time reſtrain him
'from doing me any injury. An unbeliever does not
'[redacted] like a reaſonable creature, if he favours me con-
'[redacted] to his preſent intereſt, or does not diſtreſs me
'[redacted] turns to his preſent advantage. Honour and
'[redacted]nature may indeed tie up his hands; but as
'[redacted]eſe would be very much ſtrengthened by reaſon
'and principle, ſo without them they are only in-
'ſtincts, or wavering unſettled notions, which reſt on
'no foundation.

'Infidelity has been attacked with ſo good ſucceſs
'of late years, that it is driven out of all its out-
'works. The atheiſt has not found his poſt tenable,
'and is therefore retired into deiſm, and a diſbelief of
'revealed religion only. But the truth of it is, the
'greateſt number of this ſet of men, are thoſe who,
'for want of a virtuous education, or examining the
'grounds of religion, know ſo very little of the mat-

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'ter in queſtion, that their infidelity is but another 'term for their ignorance.

'As ſolly and inconſiderateneſs are the foundations 'of infidelity, the great pillars and ſupports of it are 'either a vanity of appearing wiſer than the reſt of 'mankind, or an oſtentation of courage in deſpiſing 'the terrors of another world, which have ſo great an 'influence on what they call weaker minds; or an 'averſion to a belief that muſt cut them off from many 'of thoſe pleaſures they propoſe to themſelves, and 'fill them with remorſe for many of thoſe they have 'already taſted.

'The great received articles of the Chriſtian reli-'gion have been ſo clearly proved, from the autho-'rity of that divine revelation in which they are de-'livered, that is is impoſſible for thoſe who have ears 'to hear, and eyes to ſee, not to be convinced of 'them. But were it poſſible for any thing in the 'Chriſtian faith to be erroneous, I can find no ill con-'ſequences in adhering to it. The great points of 'the incarnation and ſufferings of our Saviour, pro-'duce naturally ſuch habits of virtue in the mind of 'man, that, I ſay, ſuppoſing it were poſſible for us to 'be miſtaken in them, the infidel himſelf muſt at 'leaſt allow that no other ſyſtem of religion could ſo 'effectually contribute to the heightning of morality. 'They give us great ideas of the dignity of human 'nature, and of the love which the ſupreme Being 'bears to his creatures, and conſequently engage us 'in the higheſt acts of duty towards our Creator, our 'neighbour, and ourſelves. How many noble argu-'ments has St. *Paul* raiſed from the chief articles of 'our religion, for the advancing of morality in its 'three great branches? To give a ſingle example in 'each kind: what can be a ſtronger motive to a firm 'truſt and reliance on the mercies of our Maker, than 'the giving us his Son to ſuffer for us? What can 'make us love and eſteem even the moſt inconſide-'rable of mankind, more than the thought that Chriſt '*died for him?* Or what diſpoſe us to ſet a ſtricter

'guard upon the purity of our own hearts, than our 'being members of Chriſt, and a part of the ſociety 'of which that immaculate perſon is the head? But 'theſe are only a ſpecimen of thoſe admirable enforce-'ments of morality, which the apoſtle has drawn from 'the hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour.

'If our modern infidels conſidered theſe matters 'with that candour and ſerioufneſs which they de-'ſerve, we ſhould not ſee them act with ſuch a ſpirit 'of bitterneſs, arrogance, and malice; they would 'not be raiſing ſuch inſignificant cavils, doubts, and 'ſcruples, as may be ſtarted againſt every thing that 'is not capable of mathematical demonſtration; in 'order to unſettle the minds of the ignorant, diſturb 'the public peace, ſubvert morality, and throw all 'things into confuſion and diſorder. If none of theſe 'reflexions can have any influence on them, there is 'one that perhaps may, becauſe it is adapted to their 'vanity, by which they ſeem to be guided much 'more than by their reaſon. I would therefore have 'them conſider, that the wiſeſt and beſt of men in 'all ages of the world, have been thoſe who lived up 'to the religion of their country, when they ſaw no-'thing in it oppoſite to morality, and to the beſt 'lights they had of the divine nature. *Pythagoras's* 'rule directs us to worſhip the gods *as it is or-'dained by law*, for that is the moſt natural interpre-'tation of the precept. *Socrates*, who was the moſt 'renowned among the heathens both for wiſdom and 'virtue, in his laſt moments deſires his friends to 'offer a cock to *Æſculapius*; doubtleſs out of a ſub-'miſſive deference to the eſtabliſhed worſhip of his 'country. *Xenophon* tells us, that his Prince (whom 'he ſets forth as a pattern of perfection) when he 'found his death approaching, offered ſacrifices on 'the mountains to the *Perſian Jupiter*, and the Sun, '*according to the cuſtom of the Perſians*; for theſe are 'the words of the hiſtorian. Nay, the *Epicureans* and 'atomical philoſophers ſhewed a very remarkable mo-'deſty in this particular; for though the being of a

'God

'God was entirely repugnant to their ſchemes of na-
'tural philoſophy, they contented themſelves with the
'denial of a Providence; aſſerting, at the ſame time,
'the exiſtence of gods in general; becauſe they would
'not ſhock the common belief of mankind, and the
'religion of their country.'

On CHEARFULNESS. [Spect. N°. 381.]

I Have always preferred chearfulneſs to mirth. The latter I conſider as an act, the former as a habit of the mind. Mirth is ſhort and tranſient, chearfulneſs fixed and permanent. Thoſe are often raiſed into the greateſt tranſports of mirth, who are ſubject to the greateſt depreſſions of melancholy: on the contrary, chearfulneſs, though it does not give the mind ſuch an exquiſite gladneſs, prevents us from falling into any depths of ſorrow. Mirth is like a flaſh of lightning that breaks through a gloom of clouds, and glitters for a moment; chearfulneſs keeps up a kind of day-light in the mind, and fills it with a ſteady and perpetual ſerenity.

Men of auſtere principles look upon mirth as too wanton and diſſolute for a ſtate of probation, and as filled with a certain triumph and inſolence of heart that is inconſiſtent with a life which is every moment obnoxious to the greateſt dangers. Writers of this complexion have obſerved, that the ſacred perſon who was the great pattern of perfection, was never ſeen to laugh.

Chearfulneſs of mind is not liable to any of these exceptions; it is of a ſerious and compoſed nature, it does not throw the mind into a condition improper for the preſent ſtate of humanity, and is very conducuous in the characters of thoſe who are looked on as the greateſt philoſophers among the heathens, *as well as among thoſe* who have been deſervedly eſteemed *as ſaints and holy men* among Chriſtians.

If we conſider chearfulneſs in three lights, with regard to ourſelves, to thoſe we converſe with, and to the great author of our being, it will not a little recommend itſelf on each of theſe accounts. The man who is poſſeſſed of this excellent frame of mind, is not only eaſy in his thoughts, but a perfect maſter of all the powers and faculties of the ſoul: his imagination is always clear, and his judgment undiſturbed: his temper is even and unruffled, whether in action or ſolitude. He comes with a reliſh to all thoſe goods which nature has provided for him, taſtes all the pleaſures of the creation which are poured about him, and does not feel the full weight of thoſe accidental evils which may befal him.

If we conſider him in relation to the perſons whom he converſes with, it naturally produces love and good will towards him. A chearful mind is not only diſpoſed to be affable and obliging, but raiſes the ſame good humour in thoſe who come within its influence. A man finds himſelf pleaſed, he does not know why, with the chearfulneſs of his companion: it is like a ſudden ſun-ſhine that awakens a ſecret delight in the mind, without her attending to it. The heart rejoices of its own accord, and naturally flows out into friendſhip and benevolence towards the perſon who has ſo kindly an effect upon it.

When I conſider this chearful ſtate of mind in its third relation, I cannot but look upon it as a conſtant habitual gratitude to the great Author of nature. An inward chearfulneſs is an implicit praiſe and thankſgiving to Providence under all its diſpenſations. It is a kind of acquieſcence in the ſtate wherein we are placed, and a ſecret approbation of the divine will in his conduct towards man.

There are but two things, which, in my opinion, can reaſonably deprive us of this chearfulneſs of heart. The firſt of theſe is the ſenſe of guilt. A man who lives in a ſtate of vice and impenitence, can have no title to that *evenneſs and tranquillity of mind which is the health of the ſoul,* and the natural effect of virtue

tue and innocence. Chearfulneſs in an ill man deſerves a harder name than language can furniſh us with, and is many degrees beyond what we commonly call folly or madneſs.

Atheiſm, by which I mean a diſbelief of a Supreme Being, and conſequently of a future ſtate, under whatſoever title it ſhelters itſelf, may likewiſe very reaſonably deprive a man of this chearfulneſs of temper. There is ſomething ſo particularly gloomy and offenſive to human nature in the proſpect of non-exiſtence, that I cannot but wonder, with many excellent writers, how it is poſſible for a man to outlive the expectation of it. For my own part, I think the being of a God is ſo little to be doubted, that it is almoſt the only truth we are ſure of, and ſuch a truth as we meet with in every object, in every occurrence, and in every thought. If we look into the characters of this tribe of infidels, we generally find they are made up of pride, ſpleen, and cavil: it is indeed no wonder, that men, who are uneaſy to themſelves, ſhould be ſo to the reſt of the world; and how is it poſſible for a man to be otherwiſe than uneaſy in himſelf, who is in danger every moment of loſing his intire exiſtence, and dropping into nothing?

The vicious man and atheiſt have therefore no pretence to chearfulneſs, and would act very unreaſonably, ſhould they endeavour after it. It is impoſſible for any one to live in good humour, and enjoy his preſent exiſtence, who is apprehenſive either of torment or of annihilation; of being miſerable, or of not being at all.

After having mentioned theſe two great principles, which are deſtructive of chearfulneſs in their own nature, as well as in right reaſon, I cannot think of any other that ought to baniſh this happy temper from a virtuous mind. Pain and ſickneſs, ſhame and reproach, poverty and old age, nay death itſelf, conſidering the ſhortneſs of their duration, and the advantage we may reap from them, do not deſerve the name of evils. A *good mind may* bear up under them with fortitude, *with indolence*, and with chearfulneſs of heart. The

toſſing of a tempeſt does not diſcompoſe him, which he is ſure will bring him to a joyful harbour.

A man, who uſes his beſt endeavours to live according to the dictates of virtue and right reaſon, has two perpetual ſources of chearfulneſs, in the conſideration of his own nature, and of that Being on whom he has a dependence. If he looks into himſelf, he cannot but rejoice in that exiſtence, which is ſo lately beſtowed upon him, and which, after millions of ages, will be ſtill new, and ſtill in its beginning. How many ſelf congratulations naturally ariſe in the mind, when it reflects on this its entrance into eternity, when it takes a view of thoſe improveable faculties, which in a few years, and even at its firſt ſetting out, have made ſo conſiderable a progreſs, and which will be ſtill receiving an increaſe of perfection, and conſequently an increaſe of happineſs? The conſciouſneſs of ſuch a being ſpreads a perpetual diffuſion of joy through the ſoul of a virtuous man, and makes him look upon himſelf every moment as more happy than he knows how to conceive.

The ſecond ſource of chearfulneſs to a good mind, is, its conſideration of that Being on whom we have our dependence, and in whom, though we behold him as yet but in the firſt faint diſcoveries of his perfections, we ſee every thing that we can imagine as great, glorious, or amiable. We find ourſelves every where upheld by his goodneſs, and ſurrounded with an immenſity of love and mercy. In ſhort, we depend upon a Being, whoſe power qualifies him to make us happy by an infinity of means, whoſe goodneſs and truth engage him to make thoſe happy who deſire it of him, and whoſe unchangeableneſs will ſecure us in this happineſs to all eternity.

Such conſiderations, which every one ſhould perpetually cheriſh in his thoughts, will baniſh from us all that ſecret heavineſs of heart which unthinking men are ſubject to when they lie under no real affliction, all that anguiſh which we may feel from any evil that *actually oppreſſes us, to which* I may likewiſe add thoſe

little

little cracklings of mirth and folly, that are apter to betray virtue than ſupport it; and eſtabliſh in us ſuch an even and chearful temper, as makes us pleaſing to ourſelves, to thoſe with whom we converſe, and to him whom we are made to pleaſe.

On the Advantages of a chearful Temper.

[Spect. N°. 387.]

CHEARFULNESS is, in the firſt place, the beſt promoter of health. Repinings and ſecret murmurs of heart give imperceptible ſtrokes to thoſe delicate fibres of which the vital parts are compoſed, and wear out the machine inſenſibly; not to mention thoſe violent ferments which they ſtir up in the blood, and thoſe irregular diſturbed motions, which they raiſe in the animal ſpirits. I ſcarce remember, in my own obſervation, to have met with many old men, or with ſuch, who (to uſe our *Engliſh* phraſe) *wear well*, that had not at leaſt a certain indolence in their humour, if not a more than ordinary gaiety and chearfulneſs of heart. The truth of it is, health and chearfulneſs mutually beget each other; with this difference, that we ſeldom meet with a great degree of health which is not attended with a certain chearfulneſs, but very often ſee chearfulneſs where there is no great degree of health.

Chearfulneſs bears the ſame friendly regard to the mind as to the body: it baniſhes all anxious care and diſcontent, ſooths and compoſes the paſſions, and keeps the ſoul in a perpetual calm. But having already touched on this laſt conſideration, I ſhall here take notice, that the world, on which we are placed, is filled with innumerable objects that are proper to raiſe and keep alive this happy temper of mind.

If we conſider the world in its ſubſerviency to man, one would think it was made for our uſe; but if we conſider it in its natural beauty and harmony, one would

would be apt to conclude it was made for our pleasure. The sun, which is as the great soul of the universe, and produces all the necessaries of life, has a particular influence in chearing the mind of man, and making the heart glad.

Those several living creatures which are made for our service or sustenance, at the same time either fill the woods with their music, furnish us with game, or raise pleasing ideas in us by the delightfulness of their appearance. Fountains, lakes, and rivers, are as refreshing to the imagination, as to the soil through which they pass.

There are writers of great distinction, who have made it an argument for Providence, that the whole earth is covered with green, rather than with any other colour, as being such a right mixture of light and shade, that it comforts and strengthens the eye instead of weakning or grieving it. For this reason, several painters have a green cloth hanging near them, to ease the eye upon, after too great an application to their colouring. A famous modern philosopher accounts for it in the following manner: all colours that are more luminous, overpower and dissipate the animal spirits which are employed in sight: on the contrary, those that are more obscure do not give the animal spirits a sufficient exercise; whereas, the rays that produce in us the idea of green, fall upon the eye in such a due proportion, that they give the animal spirits their proper play, and, by keeping up the struggle in a just balance, excite a very pleasing and agreeable sensation. Let the cause be what it will, the effect is certain; for which reason, the poets ascribe to this particular colour the epithet of *chearful*.

To consider further this double end in the works of nature, and how they are, at the same time, both useful and entertaining, we find that the most important parts in the vegetable world are those which are the most beautiful. These are the seeds by which the several races of plants are propagated and continued, *and which are always lodged* in flowers or blossoms.

Nature

Nature ſeems to hide her principal deſign, and to be induſtrious in making the earth gay and delightful, while ſhe is carrying on her great work, and intent upon her own preſervation. The huſbandman, after the ſame manner, is employed in laying out the whole country into a kind of garden or landſkip, and making every thing ſmile about him, whilſt, in reality, he thinks of nothing but of the harveſt, and increaſe which is to ariſe from it.

We may further obſerve how Providence has taken care to keep up this chearfulneſs in the mind of man, by having formed it after ſuch a manner, as to make it capable of conceiving delight from ſeveral objects which ſeem to have very little uſe in them; as from the wildneſs of rocks and deſerts, and the like groteſque parts of nature. Thoſe who are verſed in philoſophy may ſtill carry this conſideration higher by obſerving, that, if matter had appeared to us endowed only with thoſe real qualities which it actually poſſeſſes, it would have made but a very joyleſs and uncomfortable figure; and why has Providence given it a power of producing in us ſuch imaginary qualities, as taſtes and colours, ſounds and ſmells, heat and cold, but that man, while he is converſant in the lower ſtations of nature, might have his mind cheared and delighted with agreeable ſenſations? In ſhort, the whole univerſe is a kind of theatre filled with objects that either raiſe in us pleaſure, amuſement, or admiration.

The reader's own thoughts will ſuggeſt to him the viciſſitude of day and night, the change of ſeaſons, with all that variety of ſcenes, which diverſify the face of nature, and fill the mind with a perpetual ſucceſſion of beautiful and pleaſing images.

I ſhall not here mention the ſeveral entertainments of art, with the pleaſures of friendſhip, books, converſation, and other accidental diverſions of life, becauſe I would only take notice of ſuch incitements to a chearful temper, as offer themſelves to perſons of all ranks and conditions, and which may ſufficiently ſhew us, that Providence did not deſign this world ſhould be

filled with murmurs and repinings, or that the heart of man ſhould be involved in gloom and melancholy.

I the more inculcate this chearfulneſs of temper, as it is a virtue in which our countrymen are obſerved to be more deficient than any other nation. Melancholy is a kind of demon that haunts our iſland, and often conveys herſelf to us in an eaſterly wind. A celebrated *French* noveliſt, in oppoſition to thoſe who begin their romances with a flowery ſeaſon of the year, enters on his ſtory thus: *In the gloomy month of* November, *when the people of* England *hang and drown themſelves, a diſconſolate lover walked out into the fields*, &c.

Every one ought to fence againſt the temper of his climate or conſtitution, and frequently to indulge in himſelf thoſe conſiderations which may give him a ſerenity of mind, and enable him to bear up chearfully againſt thoſe little evils and misfortunes which are common to human nature, and which, by a right improvement of them, will produce a ſatiety of joy, and an uninterrupted happineſs.

At the ſame time that I would engage my reader to conſider the world in its moſt agreeable lights, I muſt own there are many evils which naturally ſpring up amidſt the entertainments that are provided for us; but theſe, if rightly conſidered, ſhould be far from overcaſting the mind with ſorrow, or deſtroying that chearfulneſs of temper which I have been recommending. This interſperſion of evil with good, and pain with pleaſure, in the works of nature, is very truly aſcribed by Mr. *Locke* in his Eſſay upon Human Underſtanding, to a moral reaſon, in the following words:

Beyond all this, we may find another reaſon why *God hath ſcattered up and down* ſeveral degrees of pleaſure and pain, in all the things that environ and affect us, *and blended them together, in almoſt all that our thoughts and ſenſes have to do with; that we finding imperfection, diſſatisfaction, and want of compleat happineſs in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to ſeek it in the enjoyment of him*, with whom *there is fulneſs of joy*, and at whoſe right hand are *pleaſures for evermore.*

On Cruelty to Brutes, with an Elegy on a Black-bird.
[Advent. N°. 37.]

THough it be generally allowed, that to communicate happineſs is the characteriſtic of virtue, yet this happineſs is ſeldom conſidered as extending beyond our own ſpecies; and no man is thought to become vicious, by ſacrificing the life of an animal to the pleaſure of hitting a mark. It is, however, certain, that by this act more happineſs is deſtroyed than produced; except it be ſuppoſed, that happineſs ſhould be eſtimated, not in proportion to its degree only, but to the rank of the being by whom it is enjoyed: but this is a ſuppoſition, which perhaps cannot eaſily be ſupported. REASON, from which alone man derives his ſuperiority, ſhould, in the preſent queſtion, be conſidered only as SENSIBILITY: a blow produces more pain to a man, than to a brute; becauſe to a man it is aggravated by a ſenſe of indignity, and is felt as often as it is remembered; in the brute it produces only corporal pain, which in a ſhort time ceaſes for ever. But it may be juſtly aſſerted, that the ſame degree of pain in both ſubjects, is in the ſame degree an evil; and that it cannot be wantonly inflicted, without equal violation of right. Neither does it follow from the contrary poſitions, that man ſhould abſtain from animal food; for by him that kills merely to eat, life is ſacrificed only to life; and if man had lived upon fruits and herbs, the greater part of thoſe animals which die to furniſh his table, would never have ſaved; inſtead of increaſing the breed as a pledge of plenty, he would have been compelled to deſtroy them to prevent a famine.

There is great difference between killing for food, and for ſport. To take pleaſure in that by which pain is inflicted, if it is not vicious, is dangerous; and every practice which, if not criminal in itſelf, yet wears out the ſympathizing ſenſibility of a tender mind, muſ render *human nature* proportionably leſs fit for ſociet

In my purſuit of this train of thought, I conſidered the inequality with which happineſs appears to be diſtributed among the brute creation, as different animals are in a different degree expoſed to the capricious cruelty of mankind; and in the fervor of my imagination, I began to think it poſſible that they might participate in a future retribution; eſpecially, as mere matter and motion approach no nearer to ſenſibility, than to thought: and he, who will not venture to deny that brutes have ſenſibility, ſhould not haſtily pronounce, that they have only a material exiſtence. While my mind was thus buſied, the evening ſtole imperceptibly away; and at length morning ſucceeded to midnight: my attention was remitted by degrees, and I fell aſleep in my chair.

Though the labours of memory and judgment were now at an end, yet fancy was ſtill buſy: by this roving wanton I was conducted through a dark avenue; which, after many windings, terminated in a place which ſhe told me was the elyſium of birds and beaſts. Here I beheld a great variety of animals, whom I perceived to be endowed with reaſon and ſpeech: this prodigy, however, did not raiſe aſtoniſhment, but curioſity. I was impatient to learn, what were the topics of diſcourſe in ſuch an aſſembly; and hoped to gain a valuable addition to my remarks upon human life. For this purpoſe I approached a Horse and an Ass, who ſeemed to be engaged in ſerious converſation; but I approached with great caution and humility: for I now conſidered them as in a ſtate ſuperior to mortality; and I feared to incur the contempt and indignation, which naturally riſe at the ſight of a tyrant who is diveſted of his power. My caution was, however, unneceſſary, for they ſeemed wholly to diſregard me; and by degrees I came near enough to overhear them.

"If I had periſhed," ſaid the Ass, "when I was "diſmiſſed from the earth, I think I ſhould have been "a loſer by my exiſtence; for during my whole life, "there was ſcarce an interval of an hour, in which I "did

" did not ſuffer the accumulated miſery of blows, hun-
" ger, and fatigue. When I was a colt, I was ſtolen
" by a Gypſie, who placed two children upon my
" back in a pair of panniers, before I had perfectly
" acquired the habit of carrying my own weight with
" ſteadineſs and dexterity. By hard fare and ill treat-
" ment, I quickly became blind; and when the family,
" to which I belonged, went into their winter quarters
" in Norwood, I was ſtaked as a bet againſt a couple of
" geeſe, which had been found by a fellow who came
" by, driving before him two of my brethren whom
" he had overloaded with bags of ſand: a halfpenny
" was thrown up; and to the inexpreſſible increaſe of
" my calamity, the dealer in ſand was the winner.

" When I came to town I was harneſſed with my
" two wretched aſſociates to a cart, in which my new
" maſter had piled up his commodity till it would hold
" no more. The load was ſo diſproportionate to our
" ſtrength, that it was with the utmoſt difficulty and
" labour dragged very ſlowly over the rugged pave-
" ment of the ſtreets, in which every ſtone was an
" almoſt inſuperable obſtacle to our progreſs. One
" morning very early, as we were toiling up Snow-
" hill with repeated efforts of ſtrength, that was ſti-
" mulated, even to agony, by the inceſſant ſtrokes of
" a whip, which had already lain our loins bare even
" to the bone; it happened, that being placed in the
" ſhafts, and the weight preſſing hard upon me, I
" fell down. Our driver regarded my misfortune,
" not with pity but rage; and the moment he turned
" about he threw a ſtick with ſuch violence at my
" head, that it forced out my eye, and paſſing thro'
" the ſocket into the brain, I was inſtantly diſmiſſed
" from that miſery, the compariſon of which with
" my preſent ſtate conſtitutes great part of its felicity.
" But you, ſurely, if I may judge by your ſtature,
" and the elegance of your make, was among the
" favourites of mankind; you was placed in a higher
" and a happier ſtation; you was not the ſlave of in-
" *digence, but the pride* of greatneſs; your labour was

" ſport,

" ſport, and your reward was triumph, eaſe, plenty " and attendance."

" It is true," replied the STEED, " I was a favorite: " but what avails it to be the favourite of caprice, " avarice and barbarity? My tyrant was a wretch " who had gained a conſiderable fortune by play, " particularly by racing. I had won him many large " ſums; but being at length excepted out of every " match, as having no equal, he regarded even my " excellence with malignity, when it was no longer " ſubſervient to his intereſt. Yet I ſtill lived in eaſe " and plenty; and as he was able to ſell even my " pleaſures, though my labour was become uſeleſs, " I had a ſeraglio in which there was a perpetual ſuc- " ceſſion of new beauties. At laſt, however, an- " other competitor appeared: I enjoyed a new triumph " by anticipation; I ruſhed into the field, panting for " the conqueſt; and the firſt heat I put my maſter in " poſſeſſion of the ſtakes, which amounted to ten " thouſand pounds. The proprietor of the mare " that I had diſtanced, notwithſtanding this diſgrace, " declared with great zeal, that ſhe ſhould run the " next day againſt any gelding in the world for double " the ſum: my maſter immediately accepted the chal- " lenge, and told him, that he would the next day " produce a gelding that ſhould beat her: but what " was my aſtoniſhment and indignation, when I diſ- " covered that he moſt cruelly and fraudulently in- " tended to qualify me for this match upon the ſpot; " and to ſacrifice my life at the very moment, in " which every nerve ſhould be ſtrained in his ſervice.

" As I knew it would be in vain to reſiſt, I ſuffered " myſelf to be bound: the operation was performed, " and I was inſtantly mounted and ſpurred on to the " goal. Injured as I was, the love of glory was ſtill " ſuperior to the deſire of revenge: I determined to " die as I had lived, without an equal; and having " again won the race, I ſunk down at the poſt in an " agony, which ſoon after put an end to my life."

When

When I had heard this horrid narrative, which indeed I remembered to be true, I turned about in honeſt confuſion, and bluſhed that I was a man. But my reflections were interrupted by the notes of a BLACKBIRD, who was ſinging the ſtory of his own fate with a melody that irreſiſtibly compelled my attention. By this gentle and harmonious being I was not treated with equal contempt; he perceived that I liſtened with curioſity, and interrupting his ſong, "Stranger," ſays he, "though I am, as thou ſeeſt, in the fields of "Elyſium, yet my happineſs is not complete; my "mate is ſtill expoſed to the miſeries of mortality, "and I am ſtill vulnerable in her. O! ſtranger, to "bribe thy friendſhip, if peradventure it may reach "my love, I will gratify the curioſity with which thy "looks enquire after me. I fell by the unprovoked "enmity of man, in that ſeaſon when the dictates of "nature are love. But let not my cenſure be univerſal; for as the elegy which I ſing, was written by "a human being, every human being is not deſtitute "of compaſſion, nor deaf to the language in which "our joys and fears are expreſſed." He then, after a ſweet though ſhort prelude, made the grove again eccho with his ſong.

The ſun had chae'd the winter's ſnow,
And kindly loos'd the froſt-bound ſoil;
The melting ſtreams began to flow,
And plow-men urg'd their annual toil.
'Twas then amid the vernal throng,
Whom nature wakes to mirth and love,
A BLACKBIRD rais'd his amorous ſong,
And thus it eccho'd through the grove:
"O! faireſt of the feather'd train,
"For whom I ſing, for whom I burn;
"Attend with pity to my ſtrain,
"And grant my love a kind return.
"See, ſee, the winter's ſtorms are flown,
"*And Zephyrs* gently fan the air!
"*Let us the genial* influence own,
"*Let us the* vernal paſtime ſhare.

" The Raven plumes his jetty wing,
" To pleaſe his croaking paramour;
" The Larks reſponſive love-tales ſing,
" And tell their paſſion as they ſoar.
" But truſt me, love, the Raven's wing
" Is not to be compar'd with mine;
" Nor can the Lark ſo ſweetly ſing
" As I, who ſtrength with ſweetneſs join.
" With thee I'll prove the ſweets of love,
" With thee divide the cares of life;
" No fonder huſband in the grove,
" Nor none than thee a happier wife.
" I'll lead thee to the cleareſt rill,
" Whoſe ſtreams among the pebbles ſtray;
" There will we ſit and ſip our fill,
" Or on the flow'ry border play.
" I'll guide thee to the thickeſt brake,
" Impervious to the ſchool-boy's eye:
" For thee the plaiſter'd neſt I'll make,
" And on thy downy pinions lie.
" To get thee food I'll range the fields,
" And cull the beſt of ev'ry kind;
" Whatever nature's bounty yields,
" Or love's aſſiduous care can find.
" And when my lovely mate would ſtray,
" To taſte the ſummer's ſweet at large,
" At home I'll wait the live-long day,
" And tend at home our infant charge.
" When prompted by a mother's care
" Thy warmth ſhall form th' impriſon'd young,
" With thee the taſk I'll fondly ſhare,
" Or chear thy labours with my ſong."
He ceas'd his ſong. The melting dame
With tender pity heard his ſtrain;
She felt, ſhe own'd a mutual flame,
And haſten'd to relieve his pain.
He led her to the nuptial bow'r,
And neſtled cloſely to her ſide,
The happieſt bridegroom in that hour,
And ſhe the moſt enamour'd bride.

Next morn he wak'd her with a ſong——
" Ariſe! behold the new-born day!
" The Lark his mattin peal has rung;
" Ariſe, my love, and come away!"
Together through the fields they ſtray'd,
And to the verdant riv'let's ſide,
Renew'd their vows, and hopp'd and play'd,
With honeſt joy and decent pride.
But O! my muſe with pain relates
The mournful ſequel of my tale;
Sent by an order of the Fates,
A gunner met them in the vale.
Alarm'd, the lover cry'd, " My dear,
" Haſte, haſte away; from danger fly!
" Here, gunner, turn thy vengeance, here!
" O ſpare my love, and let me die."
At him the gunner took his aim;
The aim he took was much too true;
O! had he choſe ſome other game,
Or ſhot as he had us'd to do! *
Divided pair! forgive the wrong,
While I with tears your fate rehearſe:
I'll join the widow's plaintive ſong,
And ſave the lover in my verſe.

The emotions which this ſong produced in my boſom awaked me; and I immediately recollected, that, while I ſlept, my imagination had repeated " an elegy occaſioned by ſhooting a BLACKBIRD on Valentine's day," which had a few days before been communicated to me by a gentleman, who is not only eminent for taſte, literature and virtue, but for his zeal in defence of that religion, which moſt ſtrongly inculcates compaſſion to inferior natures, by the example of its DIVINE AUTHOR, who gave the moſt ſtupendous proof of his compaſſion for ours.

* *Never having killed any thing* before or ſince.

A parallel between ALEXANDER *and a Highwayman.*
[Advent. N°. 47.]

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to ſtile himſelf the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary ſlave of prejudice and cuſtom; the moſt general opinions are often abſurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in theſe inſtances reaſon always appeared to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was ſacrificed to the preſent, and hope renounced only for poſſeſſion; there would not be much cauſe for wonder: but that man ſhould draw abſurd concluſions, contrary to his immediate intereſt; that he ſhould even at the riſque of life, gratify thoſe vices in ſome, which in others he puniſhes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the higheſt degree aſtoniſhing; and is ſuch an inſtance of the weakneſs of our reaſon, and the fallibility of our judgment, as ſhould incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from ABOVE.

But if it is ſtrange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the ſame motive and the ſame tendency, merely becauſe they were circumſtantially different; it is yet more ſtrange, that this difference has always been ſuch as increaſes the abſurdity; and that the action which expoſes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extenſive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applauſe.

BAGSHOT, the robber, having loſt the booty of a week among his aſſociates, at hazard, loaded his piſtols, mounted his horſe, and took the Kentiſh road, with a reſolution not to return till he had recruited his purſe. Within a few miles of London, juſt as he heard a village-clock ſtrike nine, he met two gentlemen *in a poſt-chaiſe* which he ſtopped. One of the *gentlemen immediately* preſented a piſtol, and at the

ſame time a ſervant rode up armed with a blunderbuſs. The robber, perceiving that he ſhould be vigorouſly oppoſed, turned off from the chaiſe and diſcharged a piſtol at the ſervant, who inſtantly fell dead from his horſe. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaiſe: but the foremoſt receiving a blow on his head with the ſtock of the piſtol that had been juſt fired, reeled back a few paces; the other having fired at the murderer without ſucceſs, attempted to diſmount him and ſucceeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and ſtabbed his antagoniſt to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the ſurvivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiouſly commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his proweſs, he determined to loſe no part of his glory which as conqueror was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, he condeſcended to inſult him with the applauſe of conſcious ſuperiority; he told him that he had never robbed any perſons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and a token of his eſteem for the living, he generouſly threw him back a ſhilling to prevent his being ſtopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horſe, and ſet off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obſtructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he diſcovered that his coat was much ſtained with blood: this diſcovery threw him into ſuch confuſion, that he attempted to ruſh by; he was however prevented; and his appearance giving great reaſon to ſuſpect his motive, he was ſeized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were greatly alarmed, when they heard *that a perſon* was taken who was ſuppoſed *to have juſt committed* a robbery and a murder: they *aſked many queſtions* with great eagerneſs, but their

enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who ſeeing their diſtreſs, offered his aſſiſtance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her huſband SIR HARRY FREEMAN was upon the road in his return from Graveſend, where he had been to receive an only ſon upon his arrival from India, after an abſence of near ſix years; that herſelf and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehenſion that they might have been ſtopped by the man who had juſt been taken into cuſtody. Their attention was now ſuddenly called to the other ſide of the coach by the child, who cried out in a tranſport of joy, "There is my grand papa." This was indeed the ſurvivor of the three who had been attacked by BAGSHOT: he was mounted on his ſervant's horſe, and rode ſlowly by the ſide of the chaiſe in which he had juſt placed the body of his ſon, whoſe countenance was disfigured with blood, and whoſe features were ſtill impreſſed with the agonies of death. Who can expreſs the grief, horror, and deſpair, with which a father exhibited this ſpectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a ſon and a huſband, with all the tenderneſs and ardour of conjugal and parental affection; who had long regretted his abſence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never ſeen.

I will not attempt to deſcribe that diſtreſs, which tears would not have ſuffered me to behold: let it ſuffice, that ſuch was its effect upon thoſe who were preſent, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the priſon; and I am confident that few who read this ſtory, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themſelves upon a ſenſe, which always diſtinguiſhes right and wrong by ſpontaneous approbation and cenſure; let them tell me with what ſentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every *man became a hero* by his example, paſſed over mountains and deſarts, in ſearch of new territories to invade

vade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could ſcarce be numbered, and took cities which were deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of ſlaughter with horrid complacency? and when they ſee him deluge the peaceful fields of induſtrious ſimplicity with blood, and leave them deſolate to the widow and the orphan of the poſſeſſor, do they not grow frantic in his praiſe, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

To theſe queſtions, I am confident the greater part of mankind muſt anſwer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more abſurd than their different apprehenſions of the HERO and the THIEF.

The conduct of BAGSHOT and ALEXANDER had in general the ſame motives, and the ſame tendency; they both ſought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumſtance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of BAGSHOT.

BAGSHOT, when he had loſt his laſt ſhilling, had loſt the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

ALEXANDER, when he ſet out to conquer the world, poſſeſſed all that BAGSHOT hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and paſſions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was poſſible; and as the force of temptation is always ſuppoſed proportionably to extenuate guilt, ALEXANDER's guilt was evidently greater than BAGSHOT's, becauſe it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though ALEXANDER could not equally increaſe the means of his own happineſs, yet he produced much more dreadful and extenſive evil to ſociety in the attempt. BAGSHOT killed two men; and I have related the murder and its conſequences, with ſuch particulars as uſually rouze that ſenſibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. ALEXANDER, *perhaps*, deſtroyed a million: and *whoever reflects, that* each individual of this number *had ſome tender* attachments which were broken by his

his death; ſome parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond ſolicitude for his return; or, perhaps, ſome infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance protect; will ſee, that ALEXANDER was more the peſt of ſociety than BAGSHOT, and more deſerved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought abſurd, to enquire into the virtues of BAGSHOT's character, and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of ALEXANDER. ALEXANDER, we are told, gave proof of his greatneſs of mind, by his contempt of danger; but as BAGSHOT's danger was equally voluntary and imminent, there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. ALEXANDER, indeed, gave back the kingdoms that he won; but after the conqueſt of a kingdom, what remained for ALEXANDER to give? To a prince, whoſe country he had invaded with unprovoked hoſtility, and from whom he had violently wreſted the bleſſings of peace, he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of thoſe he had ſlain, the tinſel of dependent greatneſs, and the badge of royal ſubjection. And does not BAGSHOT deſerve equal honour, for throwing back a ſhilling to the man, whoſe perſon he had inſulted, and whoſe ſon he had ſtabbed to the heart? ALEXANDER did not raviſh or maſſacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius; neither did honeſt BAGSHOT kill the gentleman whom he had plundered, when he was no longer able to reſiſt.

If BAGSHOT, then, is juſtly dragged to priſon, amidſt the tumult of rage, menaces, and execrations; let ALEXANDER, whom the lords of reaſon have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquiſition of honour is frequently a motive to the riſque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to ſtrip *thoſe vices of their* diſguiſe which have been miſtaken *for virtue. The wretches who compoſe the army of a tyrant, are aſſociated* by folly in the ſervice of rapine and

and murder; and that man ſhould imagine they were deſerving honour by the maſſacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inſcrutable a myſtery as any that has perplexed reaſon, and as groſs an abſurdity as any that has diſgraced it. It is not, indeed, ſo much to puniſh vice, as to prevent miſery, that I wiſh to ſee it always branded with infamy, for even the ſucceſſes of vice terminate in the anguiſh of diſappointment. To ALEXANDER, the fruit of all his conqueſts was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate wiſhes, will labour to as little purpoſe, as he who ſhould attempt to fill a ſieve with water.

I was accidentally led to purſue my ſubject in this train, by the ſight of an hiſtorical chart, in which the riſe, the progreſs, the declenſion, and duration of empire, are repreſented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent but duration is rendered a ſenſible object. The Grecian empire, which is diſtinguiſhed by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; becauſe, though ALEXANDER marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he diſpoſſeſſed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the queſtion, whoſe name ſhall be connected with a particular country as its king, is, to thoſe who hazard life in the deciſion, as trifling, as whether a ſmall ſpot in a chart ſhall be ſtained with red or yellow. That man ſhould be permitted to decide ſuch queſtions by means ſo dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice, who believes that GOD ONLY REIGNS; and can appropriate the promiſe, that ALL THINGS SHALL WORK TOGETHER FOR GOOD.

On CHASTITY. [Guardian, No. 45.]

I DON'T *know that I have* been more intimately *moved with pity in my* whole life, than when I *was reading a letter from* a young woman, not yet

nineteen, in which there are theſe lamentable words; "Alas, whither ſhall I fly? he has deceived, ruined, "and left me." The circumſtances of her ſtory are only thoſe ordinary ones, that her lover was a man of greater fortune than ſhe could expect would addreſs to her upon honourable terms; but ſhe ſaid to herſelf, "She had wit and beauty, and ſuch charms as often "captivate ſo far as to make men forget thoſe meaner "conſiderations, and innocent freedoms were not to "be denied: A gentleman of condition is not to be "ſhunned purely for being ſuch; and they who took "notice of it, did it only out of malice, becauſe they "were not uſed by him with the ſame diſtinction." But I would have young women, who are orphans, or unguarded with powerful alliances, conſider with horror the inſolence of wealth: Fortune does in a great meaſure denominate what is vice and virtue; or if it does not go ſo far, innocence is helpleſs, and oppreſſion unpuniſhed without its aſſiſtance; for this reaſon it is, that I would ſtrictly recommend to my young females not to dally with men whoſe circumſtances can ſupport them againſt their falſhood, and have the paſſion of a baſe ſelf-intereſted world on their ſide, which inſtead of avenging the cauſe of an abuſed woman, will proclaim her diſhonour; while the perſon injured is ſhunned like a peſtilence, he who did the wrong ſees no difference in the reception he meets with, nor is he leſs welcome to the reſt of the ſex, who are ſtill within the pale of honour and innocence.

What makes this circumſtance the more lamentable, is, that it frequently falls upon thoſe who have greateſt merit and underſtanding. Gentleneſs of diſpoſition and taſte of polite converſation, I have often known ſnares toward vice in ſome, whilſt ſullenneſs and diſreliſh of any thing that was agreeable have been the only defences of virtue in others. I have my unhappy correſpondent's letter before me; and ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure he is ſo much a gentleman, and he has that natural ſoftneſs, that if he reads any thing moving on this *ſubject in my paper*, it will certainly make him think. *Poor Girl!* "Cæſar aſhamed! Has not he ſeen Phar-

ſalia?"

falia?" Does the poor creature imagine that a ſcrip of paper, a collection of ſentences, and an old man's talk of pleaſures which he is paſt, will have an effect upon him who could go on in a ſeries of falſehood; let drop ambiguous ſentences in her abſence, to give her falſe hope from the repetition of them by ſome friend that heard them; that could paſs as much time in the purſuit of her, as would have attained ſome uſeful art or ſcience; and that only to attain a ſhort revel of his ſenſes under a ſtupor of faith, honour and conſcience? No; the deſtruction of a well-educated young woman is not accompliſhed by the criminal, who is guilty of it, in a ſudden ſtart of deſire; he is not ſurpriſed into it by frailty; but arrives at it by care, ſkill, and meditation. It is no ſmall aggravation of the guilt, that it is a thouſand times conquered and reſiſted, even while it is proſecuted. He that waits for fairer occaſions, for riper wiſhes, for the removal of a particular objection, or the conqueſt of any certain ſcruple, has it in his power to obey his conſcience, which often calls him, during the intrigue, a villain and a deſtroyer. There can be nothing ſaid for ſuch an evil; but that the reſtraints of ſhame and ignominy are broken down by the prevalence of cuſtom. I don't, indeed, expect that my precautions will have any great weight with men of mode; but I know not but they may be ſome way efficacious on thoſe who have not yet taken their party as to vice and virtue for life; but I know not how it is, but our ſex has uſurped a certain authority to exclude chaſtity out of the catalogue of maſculine virtues, by which means females adventure all againſt thoſe who have nothing to loſe; and they have nothing but empty ſighs, tears and reproaches againſt thoſe who reduced them to real ſorrow and infamy. But as I am now talking to the world yet untainted, I will venture to recommend chaſtity as the nobleſt male qualification.

It is methinks very unreaſonable that the difficulty of attaining all other good habits is what makes them *honourable, but in this* caſe the very attempt is become *ridiculous. But in ſpite* of all the raillery of the

world, truth is ſtill truth, and will have beauties inſeparable from it. I ſhould upon this occaſion bring examples of heroic chaſtity, were I not afraid of having my paper thrown away by the modiſh part of the town, who go no farther, at beſt, than the mere abſence of ill, and are contented to be rather irreproachable than praiſe-worthy: In this particular, a gentleman in the court of Cyrus, reported to his majeſty the charms and beauty of Panthea, and ended his panegyrick by telling him, that ſince he was at leiſure he would carry him to viſit her, but that prince, who is a very great man to this day, anſwered the pimp, becauſe he was a man of quality, without roughneſs, and ſaid with a ſmile, "If I ſhould viſit her upon "your introduction now I have leiſure, I don't know "but I might go again upon her own invitation, when "I ought to be better employed." But when I caſt about all the inſtances which I have met with in all my reading, I find not one ſo generous, ſo honeſt, and ſo noble as that of Joſeph in holy writ: When his maſter had truſted him ſo unreſervedly, (to ſpeak it in the emphatical manner of the Scripture) "He knew not "ought he had ſave the bread which he did eat," he was ſo unhappy as to appear irreſiſtibly beautiful to his miſtreſs; but when this ſhameleſs woman proceeds to ſolicit him, how gallant is his anſwer? "Behold "my maſter wotteth not what is with me in the "houſe, and hath committed all that he hath to my "hand, there is none greater in the houſe than I, "neither hath he kept back any thing from me but "thee, becauſe thou art his wife." The ſame argument, which a baſe mind would have made to its ſelf for committing the evil, was to this brave man the greateſt motive for forbearing it, that he could do it with impunity; the malice and falſhood of the diſappointed woman naturally aroſe on that occaſion, and there is but a ſhort ſtep from the practice of virtue to the hatred of it. It would therefore be worth ſerious conſideration in both ſexes, and the matter is of *importance enough* to them, to aſk themſelves whether *they would change* lightneſs of heart, indolence of mind,

mind, chearful meals, untroubled ſlumbers, and gentle diſpoſitions, for a conſtant pruriency which ſhuts out all things that are great or indifferent, clouds the imagination with inſenſibility and prejudice to all manner of delight, but that which is common to all creatures that extend their ſpecies.

A looſe behaviour, and an inattention to every thing that is ſerious, flowing from ſome degree of this petulancy, is obſervable in the generality of the youth of both ſexes in this age. It is the one common face of moſt public meetings, and breaks in upon the ſobriety, I won't ſay ſeverity, that we ought to exerciſe in churches. The pert boys and flippant girls are but faint followers of thoſe in the ſame inclinations at more advanced years. I know not who can oblige them to mend their manners; all that I pretend to, is to enter my proteſt that they are neither fine gentlemen nor fine ladies for this behaviour. As for the portraitures which I would propoſe, as the images of agreeable men and women, if they are not imitated or regarded, I can only anſwer, as I remember Mr. Dryden did on the like occaſion, when a young fellow, juſt come from the play of Cleomenes, told him in raillery againſt the continency of his principal character. If I had been alone with a lady I ſhould not have paſſed my time like your Spartan; "That may "be," anſwered the bard with a very grave face; "but give me leave to tell you, Sir, you are no hero."

On natural and fantaſtical Pleaſures.

[Guardian, N° 49.]

IT is of great uſe to conſider the pleaſures which conſtitute human happineſs, as they are diſtinguiſhed into natural and fantaſtical. Natural pleaſures I call thoſe, which not depending on the faſhion and caprice of any particular age or nation, are ſuited *to human nature in* general, and were intended by *providence as rewards for* the uſing our faculties agree-

ably to the ends for which they were given us. Fantaſtical pleaſures are thoſe which have no natural fitneſs to delight our minds, preſuppoſe ſome particular whim or taſte accidentally prevailing in a ſet of people to which it is owing that they pleaſe.

Now I take it, that the tranquillity and chearfulneſs with which I have paſſed my life, are the effect of having, ever ſince I came to years of diſcretion, continued my inclinations to the former ſort of pleaſures. But as my experience can be a rule only to my own actions, it may probably be a ſtronger motive to induce others to the ſame ſcheme of life, if they would conſider that we are prompted to natural pleaſures by an inſtinct impreſſed on our minds by the author of our nature, who beſt underſtands our frames, and conſequently beſt knows what thoſe pleaſures are, which will give us the leaſt uneaſineſs in the purſuit, and the greateſt ſatisfaction in the enjoyment of them. Hence it follows, that the objects of our natural deſires are cheap or eaſy to be obtained; it being a maxim that holds throughout the whole ſyſtem of created beings, "that nothing is made in vain," much leſs the inſtincts and appetites of animals, which the benevolence as well as wiſdom of the Deity, is concerned to provide for. Nor is the fruition of thoſe objects leſs pleaſing, than the acquiſition is eaſy; and the pleaſure is heightened by the ſenſe of having anſwered ſome natural end, and the conſciouſneſs of acting in concert with the ſupreme governor of the univerſe.

Under natural pleaſures I comprehend thoſe which are univerſally ſuited, as well to the rational as the ſenſual part of our nature. And of the pleaſures which affect our ſenſes, thoſe only are to be eſteemed natural that are contained within the rules of reaſon, which is allowed to be as neceſſary an ingredient of human nature as ſenſe. And, indeed, exceſſes of any kind are hardly to be eſteemed pleaſures, much leſs natural pleaſures.

It is evident, that a deſire terminated in money is *fantaſtical; ſo is* the deſire of outward diſtinctions, *which bring no delight* of ſenſe, nor recommend us as

uſeful

uſeful to mankind; and the deſire of things merely becauſe they are new or foreign. Men, who are indiſpoſed to a due exertion of their higher parts, are driven to ſuch purſuits as theſe from the reſtleſſneſs of the mind, and the ſenſitive appetites being eaſily ſatisfied. It is, in ſome ſort, owing to the bounty of Providence, that diſdaining a cheap and vulgar happineſs, they frame to themſelves imaginary goods, in which there is nothing can raiſe deſire, but the difficulty of obtaining them. Thus men become the contrivers of their own miſery, as a puniſhment on themſelves for departing from the meaſures of nature. Having by an habitual reflection on theſe truths made them familiar, the effect is, that I, among a number of perſons who have debauched their natural taſte, ſee things in a peculiar light, which I have arrived at, not by any uncommon force of genius or acquired knowledge, but only by unlearning the falſe notions inſtilled by cuſtom and education.

The various objects that compoſe the world were by nature formed to delight our ſenſes; and as it is this alone that makes them deſirable to an uncorrupted taſte, a man may be ſaid naturally to poſſeſs them, when he poſſeſſeth thoſe enjoyments which they are fitted by nature to yield. Hence it is uſual with me to conſider myſelf as having a natural property in every object that adminiſters pleaſure to me. When I am in the country, all the fine ſeats near the place of my reſidence, and to which I have acceſs, I regard as mine. The ſame I think of the groves and fields where I walk, and muſe on the folly of the civil landlord in London, who has the fantaſtical pleaſure of draining dry rent into his coffers, but is a ſtranger to freſh air and rural enjoyments. By theſe principles I am poſſeſſed of half a dozen of the fineſt ſeats in England, which in the eye of the law belong to certain of my acquaintance, who being men of buſineſs chooſe to live near the court.

In ſome great families, where I chooſe to paſs my *time, a ſtranger* would be apt to rank me with the *other domeſtics; but in* my own thoughts, and natu-

ral judgment, I am maſter of the houſe, and he who goes by that name is my ſteward, who eaſes me of the care of providing for myſelf the conveniencies and pleaſures of life.

When I walk the ſtreets, I uſe the foregoing natural maxim, (viz. That he is the true poſſeſſor of a thing who enjoys it, and not he that owns it without the enjoyment of it) to convince myſelf that I have a property in the gay part of all the gilt chariots that I meet, which I regard as amuſements deſigned to delight my eyes, and the imagination of thoſe kind people who ſit in them gaily attired only to pleaſe me. I have a real, and they only an imaginary pleaſure from their exterior embelliſhments. Upon the ſame principle, I have diſcovered that I am the natural proprietor of all the diamond necklaces, the croſſes, ſtars, brocades, and embroidered clothes, which I ſee at a play or birth-night, as giving more natural delight to the ſpectator, than to thoſe that wear them. And I look on the beaux and ladies as ſo many paraquets in an aviary, or tulips in a garden, deſigned purely for my diverſion. A gallery of pictures, a cabinet or library that I have free acceſs to, I think my own. In a word, all that I deſire is the uſe of things, let who will have the keeping of them. By which maxim I am grown one of the richeſt men in Great Britain; with this difference, that I am not a prey to my own cares, or the envy of others.

The ſame principles I find of great uſe in my private œconomy. As I cannot go to the price of hiſtory-painting, I have purchaſed at eaſy rates ſeveral beautifully deſigned pieces of landſkip and perſpective, which are much more pleaſing to a natural taſte than unknown faces or Dutch gambols, though done by the beſt maſters: my couches, beds, and window-curtains are of Iriſh-ſtuff, which thoſe of that nation work very fine, and with a delightful mixture of colours. There is not a piece of china in my houſe; but I have glaſſes of all ſorts, and ſome tinged with the fineſt colours, *which are not the leſs* pleaſing, becauſe they are *domeſtic, and cheaper* than foreign toys. Every thing

is

is neat, entire and clean, and fitted to the taſte of one who had rather be happy than be thought rich.

Every day, numberleſs innocent and natural gratifications occur to me, while I behold my fellow creatures labouring in a toilſome and abſurd purſuit of trifles; one, that he may be called by a particular appellation: another, that he may wear a particular ornament, which I regard as a bit of ribband that has an agreeable effect on my ſight, but is ſo far from ſupplying the place of merit, where it is not, that it ſerves only to make the want of it more conſpicuous. Fair weather is the joy of my ſoul; about noon I behold a blue ſky with rapture, and receive great conſolation from the roſy daſhes of light which adorn the clouds of the morning and evening. When I am loſt among green trees, I do not envy a great man with a great croud at his levee. And I often lay aſide thoughts of going to an opera, that I may enjoy the ſilent pleaſure of walking by moon light, or viewing the ſtars ſparkle in their azure ground; which I look upon as part of my poſſeſſions, not without a ſecret indignation at the taſteleſſneſs of mortal men, who, in their race through life, overlook the real enjoyments of it.

But the pleaſure which naturally affects a human mind with the moſt lively and tranſporting touches, I take to be the ſenſe that we act in the eye of infinite wiſdom, power and goodneſs, that will crown our virtuous endeavours here, with a happineſs hereafter, large as our deſires, and laſting as our immortal ſouls. This is a perpetual ſpring of gladneſs in the mind. This leſſens our calamities, and doubles our joys. Without this the higheſt ſtate of life is inſipid, and with it the loweſt is a paradiſe. What unnatural wretches then are thoſe who can be ſo ſtupid as to imagine a merit, in endeavouring to rob virtue of her ſupport, and a man of his preſent as well as future bliſs? But as I have frequently taken occaſion to animadvert on that ſpecies of mortals, ſo I propoſe to repeat my animadverſions on them, 'till I ſee ſome *ſymptoms of amendment.*

The Obſervance of Sunday recommended. An Allegory.
[Rambler, No. 30.]

THERE are few taſks more ungrateful, than for perſons of modeſty to ſpeak their own praiſes. In ſome caſes, however, this muſt be done for the general good, and a generous ſpirit will on ſuch occaſions aſſert its merit, and vindicate itſelf with becoming warmth.

My circumſtances, ſir, are very hard and peculiar. Could the world be brought to treat me as I deſerve, it would be a publick benefit. This makes me apply to you, that my caſe being fairly ſtated in a paper ſo generally eſteemed, I may ſuffer no longer from ignorant and childiſh prejudices.

My elder brother was a Jew. A very reſpectable perſon, but ſomewhat auſtere in his manner: highly and deſervedly valued by his near relations and intimates, but utterly unfit for mixing in a larger ſociety, or gaining a general acquaintance among mankind. In a venerable old age he retired from the world, and I in the bloom of youth came into it, ſucceeding him in all his dignities, and formed, as I might reaſonably flatter myſelf, to be the object of univerſal love and eſteem. Joy and gladneſs were born with me; chearfulneſs, good humour and benevolence always attended and endeared my infancy. That time is long paſt. So long that idle imaginations are apt to fancy me wrinkled, old, and diſagreeable; but, unleſs my looking-glaſs deceives me, I have not yet loſt one charm, one beauty of my earlieſt years. However, thus far is too certain, I am to every body juſt what they chuſe to think me; ſo that to very few I appear in my right ſhape; and though naturally I am the friend of human kind, to few, very few comparatively, am I uſeful or agreeable.

This is the more grievous, as it is utterly impoſſible for me to avoid being in all ſorts of places and companies; and I am therefore liable to meet with perpetual affronts and injuries. Though I have as natural an antipathy to cards and dice, as ſome people have to

to a cat, many and many an aſſembly am I forced to endure; and though reſt and compoſure are my peculiar joy, am worn out, and harraſſed to death with journies by men and women of quality, who never take one, but when I can be of the party. Some, on a contrary extreme, will never receive me but in bed, where they ſpend at leaſt half of the time I have to ſtay with them; and others are ſo monſtrouſly ill-bred as to take phyſic on purpoſe when they have reaſon to expect me. Thoſe who keep upon terms of more politeneſs with me, are generally ſo cold and conſtrained in their behaviour, that I cannot but perceive myſelf an unwelcome gueſt: and even among perſons deſerving of eſteem, and who certainly have a value for me, it is too evident that generally whenever I come I throw a dulneſs over the whole company, that I am entertained with a formal ſtiff civility, and that they are glad when I am fairly gone.

How bitter muſt this kind of reception be to one formed to inſpire delight, admiration and love! To one capable of anſwering and rewarding the greateſt warmth and delicacy of ſentiments!

I was bred up among a ſet of excellent people, who affectionately loved me, and treated me with the utmoſt honour and reſpect. It would be tedious to relate the variety of my adventures, and ſtrange viciſſitudes of my fortune in many different countries. Here in *England* there was a time when I lived according to my heart's deſire. Whenever I appeared, public aſſemblies appointed for my reception were crowded with perſons of quality and faſhion, early dreſt as for a court, to pay me their devoirs. Chearful hoſpitality every where crowned my board, and I was looked upon in every country pariſh as a kind of ſocial bond between the 'ſquire, the parſon, and the tenants. The laborious poor every where bleſt my appearance: they do ſo ſtill, and keep their beſt clothes to do me honour; though as much as I delight in the honeſt country folks, they do now and then throw a pot of ale at my head, *and ſometimes an unlucky* boy will drive his cricket-*ball full in my face.*

Even

Even in theſe my beſt days there were perſons who thought me too demure and grave. I muſt forſooth by all means be inſtructed by foreign maſters, and taught to dance and play. This method of education was ſo contrary to my genius, formed for much nobler entertainments, that it did not ſucceed at all.

I fell next into the hands of a very different ſet. They were ſo exceſſively ſcandalized at the gaiety of my appearance, as not only to deſpoil me of the foreign fopperies, the paint and the patches that I had been tricked out with by my laſt misjudging tutors, but they robbed me of every innocent ornament I had from my infancy been uſed to gather in the fields and gardens; nay, they blacked my face, and covered me all over with a habit of mourning, and that too very coarſe and awkward. I was now obliged to ſpend my whole life in hearing ſermons; nor permitted ſo much as to ſmile upon any occaſion.

In this melancholy diſguiſe I became a perfect bugbear to all children and young folks. Wherever I came there was a general huſh, and immediate ſtop to all pleaſantneſs of look or diſcourſe; and not being permitted to talk with them in my own language at that time, they took ſuch a diſguſt to me in thoſe tedious hours of yawning, that having tranſmitted it to their children, I cannot now be heard, though it is long ſince I have recovered my natural form, and pleaſing tone of voice. Would they but receive my viſits kindly, and liſten to what I could tell them—let me ſay it without vanity—how charming a companion ſhould I be! to every one could I talk on the ſubjects moſt intereſting and moſt pleaſing. With the great and ambitious, I would diſcourſe of honours and advancements, of diſtinctions to which the whole world ſhould be witneſs, of unenvied dignities and durable preferments. To the rich I would tell of inexhauſtible treaſures, and the ſure method to attain them. I would teach them to put out their money on the beſt intereſt, and inſtruct the lovers of pleaſure how to ſecure and improve it to the higheſt degree. The beauty ſhould learn of me how to preſerve an everlaſting bloom. To

the

the afflicted I would adminiſter comfort, and relaxation to the buſy.

As I dare promiſe myſelf you will atteſt the truth of all I have advanced, there is no doubt but many will be deſirous of improving their acquaintance with me; and that I may not be thought too difficult, I will tell you, in ſhort, how I wiſh to be received.

You muſt know I equally hate lazy idleneſs and hurry. I would every where be welcomed at a tolerably early hour with decent good-humour and gratitude. I muſt be attended in the great halls peculiarly appropriated to me with reſpect; but I do not inſiſt upon finery: propriety of appearance, and perfect neatneſs is all I require. I muſt at dinner, be treated with a temperate, but a chearful ſocial meal; both the neighbours, and the poor ſhould be the better for me. Some time I muſt have tête à tête with my kind entertainers, and the reſt of my viſit ſhould be ſpent in pleaſant walks and airings among ſets of agreeable people, in ſuch diſcourſe as I ſhall naturally dictate, or in reading ſome few ſelected out of thoſe numberleſs books that are dedicated to me, and go by my name. A name that, alas! as the world ſtands at preſent, makes them oftener thrown aſide than taken up. As thoſe converſations and books ſhould be both well choſen, to give ſome advice on that head may poſſibly furniſh you with a future paper, and any thing you ſhall offer on my behalf will be of great ſervice to,

Good Mr. RAMBLER,

Your faithful Friend and Servant,

SUNDAY.

Religion and Superſtition. A Viſion.

[Rambler, N°. 44.]

I Had lately a very remarkable dream, which made ſo ſtrong an impreſſion on me, that I remember it *every word; and if you are* not better employed, you *may read the relation of it* as follows.

Methought

Methought I was in the midſt of a very entertaining ſet of company, and extremely delighted in attending to a lively converſation, when on a ſudden I perceived one of the moſt ſhocking figures imagination can frame, advancing towards me. She was dreſt in black, her ſkin was contracted into a thouſand wrinkles, her eyes deep ſunk in her head, and her complexion pale and livid as the countenance of death. Her looks were filled with terror and unrelenting ſeverity, and her hands armed with whips and ſcorpions. As ſoon as ſhe came near, with a horrid frown, and a voice that chilled my very blood, ſhe bid me follow her. I obeyed, and ſhe led me through rugged paths, beſet with briars and thorns, into a deep ſolitary valley. Wherever ſhe paſſed the fading verdure withered beneath her ſteps; her peſtilential breath infected the air with malignant vapours, obſcured the luſtre of the ſun, and involved the fair face of heaven in univerſal gloom. Diſmal howlings reſounded through the foreſt, from every baleful tree the night-raven uttered his dreadful note, and the proſpect was filled with deſolation and horror. In the midſt of this tremendous ſcene my execrable guide addreſſed me in the following manner.

"Retire with me, O raſh unthinking mortal, from "the vain allurements of a deceitful world, and learn "that pleaſure was not deſigned the portion of human "life. Man was born to mourn and to be wretched; "this is the condition of all below the ſtars, and who"ever endeavours to oppoſe it acts in contradiction to "the will of heaven. Fly then from the fatal en"chantments of youth and ſocial delight, and here "conſecrate thy ſolitary hours to lamentation and woe. "Miſery is the duty of all ſublunary beings, and every "enjoyment is an offence to the Deity, who is to be "worſhipped only by the mortification of every ſenſe "of pleaſure, and the everlaſting exerciſe of ſighs and "tears."

This melancholy picture of life quite ſunk my ſpirits, and ſeemed to annihilate every principle of joy *within me. I threw* myſelf beneath a blaſted yeugh, *where the winds blew* cold and diſmal round my head,

and

and dreadful apprehenſions chilled my heart. Here I reſolved to lie till the hand of death, which I impatiently invoked, ſhould put an end to the miſeries of a life ſo deplorably wretched. In this ſad ſituation I ſpied on one hand of me a deep muddy river, whoſe heavy waves rolled on in ſlow ſullen murmurs. Here I determined to plunge, and was juſt upon the brink, when I found myſelf ſuddenly drawn back. I turned about, and was ſurpriſed by the ſight of the loveliest object I had ever beheld. The moſt engaging charms of youth and beauty appeared in all her form; effulgent glories ſparkled in her eyes, and their awful ſplendors were ſoftened by the gentleſt looks of compaſſion and peace. At her approach, the frightful ſpectre, who had before tormented me, vaniſhed away, and with her all the horrors ſhe had cauſed. The gloomy clouds brightened into chearful ſun-ſhine, the groves recovered their verdure, and the whole region looked gay and blooming as the garden of Eden. I was quite tranſported at this unexpected change, and reviving pleaſure began to glad my thoughts, when, with a look of inexpreſſible ſweetneſs, my beauteous deliverer thus uttered her divine inſtructions.

"My name is RELIGION. I am the offspring of "TRUTH and LOVE, and the parent of BENEVO-"LENCE, HOPE and JOY. That monſter from whoſe "power I have freed you is called SUPERSTITION, "ſhe is the child of DISCONTENT, and her followers "are FEAR and SORROW. Thus different as we are, "ſhe has often the inſolence to aſſume my name and "character, and ſeduces unhappy mortals to think "us the ſame, till ſhe, at length, drives them to the "borders of DESPAIR, that dreadful abyſs into which "you were juſt going to ſink.

"Look round and ſurvey the various beauties of "this globe, which heaven has deſtined for the ſeat of "human race, and conſider whether a world thus ex-"quiſitely framed could be meant for the abode of "miſery and pain. For what end has the laviſh hand "*of Providence diffuſed* ſuch innumerable objects of "*delight, but that all might* rejoice in the privilege "of

" of exiſtence, and be filled with gratitude to the be-
" neficent author of it? Thus to enjoy the bleſſings
" he has ſent, is virtue and obedience; and to reject
" them merely as means of pleaſure, is pitiable igno-
" rance, or abſurd perverſeneſs. Infinite goodneſs is
" the ſource of created exiſtence; the proper tendency
" of every rational being, from the higheſt order of
" raptured ſeraphs, to the meaneſt rank of men, is to
" riſe inceſſantly from lower degrees of happineſs to
" higher. They have each faculties aſſigned them for
" various orders of delights."

' What, cried I, is this the language of RELI-
' GION? Does ſhe lead her votaries through flowery
' paths, and bid them paſs an unlaborious life?
' Where are the painful toils of virtue, the mortifica-
' tions of penitents, the ſelf-denying exerciſes of ſaints
' and heroes?'

" The true enjoyments of a reaſonable being,"
anſwered ſhe mildly, " do not conſiſt in unbounded
" indulgence, or luxurious eaſe, in the tumult of
" paſſions, the languor of indolence, or the flutter of
" light amuſements. Yielding to immoral pleaſure
" corrupts the mind, living to animal and trifling ones
" debaſes it; both in their degree diſqualify it for its
" genuine good, and conſign it over to wretchedneſs.
" Whoever would be really happy muſt make the
" diligent and regular exerciſe of his ſuperior powers
" his chief attention, adoring the perfections of his
" Maker, expreſſing good-will to his fellow creatures,
" cultivating inward rectitude. To his lower faculties
" he muſt allow ſuch gratifications as will, by refreſh-
" ing him, invigorate his nobler purſuits. In the
" regions inhabited by angelic natures, unmingled fe-
" licity for ever blooms, joy flows there with a per-
" petual and abundant ſtream, nor needs there any
" mound to check its courſe. Beings conſcious of a
" frame of mind originally diſeaſed, as all the human
" race has cauſe to be, muſt uſe the regimen of a ſtricter
" ſelf-government. Whoever has been guilty of vo-
" *luntary exceſſes*, muſt patiently ſubmit both to the
" *painful workings* of nature, and needful ſeverities

" of

" of medicine in order to his cure. Still he is en-
" titled to a moderate ſhare of whatever alleviating
" accommodations this fair manſion of his merciful
" parent affords, conſiſtent with his recovery. And in
" proportion as this recovery advances, the livelieſt
" joy will ſpring from his ſecret ſenſe of an amended
" and improving heart.—So far from the horrors of
" deſpair is the condition even of the guilty.—Shud-
" der, poor mortal, at the thought of that gulph into
" which thou waſt but now going to plunge.

" While the moſt faulty have every encouragement
" to amend, the more innocent ſoul will be ſupported
" with ſtill ſweeter conſolations under all its experi-
" ence of human infirmities; ſupported by the glad-
" dening aſſurances that every ſincere endeavour to
" out-grow them, ſhall be aſſiſted, accepted and re-
" warded. To ſuch a one the lowlieſt ſelf-abaſement
" is but a deep laid foundation for the moſt elevated
" hopes; ſince they who faithfully examine and ac-
" knowledge what they are, ſhall be enabled under
" my conduct to become what they deſire. The chriſ-
" tian and the hero are inſeparable; and to the aſ-
" pirings of unaſſuming truſt, and filial confidence,
" are ſet no bounds. To him who is animated with
" a view of obtaining approbation from the ſovereign
" of the univerſe, no difficulty is inſurmountable.
" Secure in this purſuit of every needful aid, his con-
" flict with the ſevereſt pains and trials, is little more
" than the vigorous exerciſes of a mind in health. His
" patient dependance on that providence which looks
" through all eternity, his ſilent reſignation, his rea-
" dy accommodation of his thoughts and behaviour
" to its inſcrutable ways, is at once the moſt excellent
" ſort of ſelf-denial, and a ſource of the moſt exalted
" tranſports. Society is the true ſphere of human
" virtue. In ſocial active life, difficulties will per-
" petually be met with; reſtraints of many kinds will
" be neceſſary; and ſtudying to behave right in re-
" ſpect *of theſe is a diſcipline* of the human heart,
" *uſeful to others, and improving* to itſelf. Suffering
" *is no duty but where it is* neceſſary to avoid guilt,

" or

" or to do good; nor pleaſure a crime, but where it " ſtrengthens the influence of bad inclinations, or " leſſens the generous activity of virtue. The happi- " neſs allotted to man in his preſent ſtate, is indeed " faint and low compared with his immortal proſpects " and noble capacities; but yet whatever portion of " it the diſtributing hand of heaven offers to each in- " dividual, is a needful ſupport and refreſhment for " the preſent moment, ſo far as it may not hinder " the attaining his final deſtination.

" Return then with me from continual miſery to " moderate enjoyment, and grateful alacrity. Return " from the contracted views of ſolitude to the proper " duties of a relative and dependent being. Religion " is not confined to cells and cloſets, nor reſtrained " to ſullen retirement. Theſe are the gloomy doc- " trines of SUPERSTITION, by which ſhe endeavours " to break thoſe chains of benevolence and ſocial af- " fection, that link the welfare of every particular with " that of the whole. Remember that the greateſt " honour you can pay to the author of your being is " by ſuch a chearful behaviour, as diſcovers a mind " ſatisfied with his diſpenſations."

Here my preceptreſs pauſed, and I was going to expreſs my acknowledgment for her diſcourſe, when a ring of bells from the neighbouring village, and a new-riſen ſun darting his beams through my windows, awaked me.

On Lying. [Adventurer, N°. 50.]

WHEN *Ariſtotle* was once aſked, what a man could gain by uttering falſehoods; he replied, " Not to be credited when he ſhall tell the truth."

The character of a liar is at once ſo hateful and contemptible, that even of thoſe who have loſt their virtue it might be expected, that from the violation *of truth they ſhould* be reſtrained by their pride. Al- *moſt every other* vice that diſgraces human nature, may

may be kept in countenance by applauſe and aſſociation: the corrupter of virgin innocence ſees himſelf envied by the men, and at leaſt not deteſted by the women: the drunkard may eaſily unite with beings, devoted like himſelf to noiſy merriment or ſilent inſenſibility, who will celebrate his victories over the novices of intemperance, boaſt themſelves the companions of his proweſs, and tell with rapture of the multitudes whom unſucceſsful emulation has hurried to the grave: even the robber and the cut-throat have their followers, who admire their addreſs and intrepidity, their ſtratagems of rapine, and their fidelity to the gang.

The liar, and only the liar, is invariably and univerſally deſpiſed, abandoned, and diſowned: he has no domeſtic conſolations, which he can oppoſe to the cenſure of mankind, he can retire to no fraternity, where his crimes may ſtand in the place of virtues: but is given up to the hiſſes of the multitude, without friend and without apologiſt. It is the peculiar condition of falſehood, to be equally deteſted by the good and bad: "The devils," ſays Sir *Thomas Brown*, "do not tell lies to one another; for truth is neceſ-"ſary to all ſocieties; nor can the ſociety of hell ſub-"ſiſt without it."

It is natural to expect, that a crime thus generally deteſted, ſhould be generally avoided; at leaſt that none ſhould expoſe himſelf to unabated and unpitied infamy, without an adequate temptation: and that to guilt ſo eaſily detected, and ſo ſeverely puniſhed, an adequate temptation would not readily be found.

Yet ſo it is, that in defiance of cenſure and contempt, truth is frequently violated; and ſcarcely the moſt vigilant and unremitted circumſpection will ſecure him that mixes with mankind, from being hourly deceived by men of whom it can ſcarcely be imagined, that they mean any injury to him or profit to themſelves; even where the ſubject of converſation could not have been expected to put the paſſions in motion, *or to have excited either* hope or fear, or zeal or ma*lignity, ſufficient to induce* any man to put his reputation

tation in hazard, however little he might value it, or to overpower the love of truth, however weak might be its influence.

The caſuiſts have very diligently diſtinguiſhed lyes into their ſeveral claſſes, according to their various degrees of malignity: but they have, I think, generally omitted that which is moſt common, and, perhaps, not leaſt miſchievous; which ſince the moraliſts have not given it a name, I ſhall diſtinguiſh as the LYE of VANITY.

To vanity may juſtly be imputed moſt of the falſehoods which every man perceives hourly playing upon his ear, and, perhaps, moſt of thoſe that are propagated with ſucceſs. To the lye of commerce, and the lye of malice, the motive is ſo apparent, that they are ſeldom negligently or implicitly received; ſuſpicion is always watchful over the practices of intereſt; and whatever the hope of gain, or deſire of miſchief, can prompt one man to aſſert, another is by reaſons equally cogent incited to refute. But vanity pleaſes herſelf with ſuch ſlight gratifications, and looks forward to pleaſure ſo remotely conſequential, that her practices raiſe no alarm, and her ſtratagems are not eaſily diſcovered.

VANITY is, indeed, often ſuffered to paſs unpurſued by ſuſpicion; becauſe he that would watch her motions, can never be at reſt: fraud and malice are bounded in their influence; ſome opportunity of time and place is neceſſary to their agency; but ſcarce any man is abſtracted one moment from his vanity; and he, to whom truth affords no gratifications, is generally inclined to ſeek them in falſehoods.

It is remarked by Sir *Kenelm Digby*, "that every "man has a deſire to appear ſuperior to others, though "it were only in having ſeen what they have not ſeen."

Such an accidental advantage, ſince it neither implies merit, nor confers dignity, one would think ſhould not be deſired ſo much as to be counterfeited: *yet even this vanity*, trifling as it is, produces innu*merable narratives, all* equally falſe; but more or leſs *credible, in proportion* to the ſkill or confidence of the

the relater. How many may a man of diffuſive converſation count among his acquaintances, whoſe lives have been ſignalized by numberleſs eſcapes; who never croſs the river but in a ſtorm, or take a journey into the country without more adventures than befel the knight-errants of antient times in pathleſs foreſts or enchanted caſtles! How many muſt he know, to whom portents and prodigies are of daily occurrence; and for whom nature is hourly working wonders inviſible to every other eye, only to ſupply them with ſubjects of converſation!

Others there are that amuſe themſelves with the diſſemination of falſehood, at greater hazard of detection and diſgrace; men marked out by ſome lucky planet for univerſal confidence and friendſhip, who have been conſulted in every difficulty, entruſted with every ſecret, and ſummoned to every tranſaction: it is the ſupreme felicity of theſe men, to ſtun all companies with noiſy information; to ſtill doubt, and overbear oppoſition, with certain knowledge or authentic intelligence. A liar of this kind, with a ſtrong memory or briſk imagination, is often the oracle of an obſcure club, and, till time diſcovers his impoſtures, dictates to his hearers with uncontrouled authority; for if a public queſtion be ſtarted, he was preſent at the debate; if a new faſhion be mentioned, he was at court the firſt day of its appearance; if a new performance of literature draws the attention of the public, he has patroniſed the author, and ſeen his work in manuſcript; if a criminal of eminence be condemned to die, he often predicted his fate, and endeavoured his reformation: and who that lives at a diſtance from the ſcene of action, will dare to contradict a man, who reports from his own eyes and ears, and to whom all perſons and affairs are thus intimately known?

This kind of falſehood is generally ſucceſsful for a time, becauſe it is practiſed at firſt with timidity and caution; but the proſperity of the liar is of ſhort duration; *the reception of* one ſtory, is always an incitement *to the forgery of* another leſs probable; and he *goes on to triumph over* tacit credulity, till pride or

reaſon riſes up againſt him, and his companions will no longer endure to ſee him wiſer than themſelves.

It is apparent, that the inventors of all theſe fictions intend ſome exaltation of themſelves, and are led off by the purſuit of honour from their attendance upon truth: their narratives always imply ſome conſequence in favour of their courage, their ſagacity, or their activity, their familiarity with the learned, or their reception among the great; they are always bribed by the preſent pleaſure of ſeeing themſelves ſuperior to thoſe that ſurround them, and receiving the homage of ſilent attention and envious admiration.

But vanity is ſometimes excited to fiction by leſs viſible gratifications: the preſent age abounds with a race of liars who are content with the conſciouſneſs of falſehood, and whoſe pride is to deceive others without any gain or glory to themſelves. Of this tribe it is the ſupreme pleaſure to remark a lady in the playhouſe or the park, and to publiſh, under the character of a man ſuddenly enamoured, an advertiſement in the news of the next day, containing a minute deſcription of her perſon and her dreſs. From this artifice, however, no other effect can be expected, than perturbations which the writer can never ſee, and conjectures of which he can never be informed: ſome miſchief, however, he hopes he has done; and to have done miſchief, is of ſome importance. He ſets his invention to work again, and produces a narrative of a robbery, or a murder, with all the circumſtances of time and place accurately adjuſted. This is a jeſt of greater effect and longer duration: if he fixes his ſcene at a proper diſtance, he may for ſeveral days keep a wife in terror for her huſband, or a mother for her ſon; and pleaſe himſelf with reflecting, that by his abilities and addreſs ſome addition is made to the miſeries of life.

There is, I think, an antient law in *Scotland*, by which LEASING-MAKING was capitally puniſhed. I am, indeed, far from deſiring to increaſe in this kingdom *the number of* executions; yet I cannot but think, *that they who deſtroy* the confidence of ſociety, weaken *the credit of intelligence*, and interrupt the ſecurity of

life; harraſs the delicate with ſhame, and perplex the timorous with alarms; might very properly be awakened to a ſenſe of their crimes, by denunciations of a whipping poſt or pillory: ſince many are ſo inſenſible of right and wrong, that they have no ſtandard of action but the law; nor feel guilt, but as they dread puniſhment.

How far the precept to love our Enemies is practicable.

[Advent. N°. 48.]

TO LOVE AN ENEMY, is the diſtinguiſhing characteriſtic of a religion, which is not of man but of GOD. It could be delivered as a precept only by HIM, who lived and died to eſtabliſh it by his example.

At the cloſe of that ſeaſon, in which human frailty has commemorated ſufferings which it could not ſuſtain, a ſeaſon in which the moſt zealous devotion can only ſubſtitute a change of food for a total abſtinence of forty days; it cannot, ſurely, be incongruous to conſider, what approaches we can make to that divine love which theſe ſufferings expreſſed, and how far man, in imitation of his SAVIOUR, can bleſs thoſe who curſe him, and return good for evil.

We cannot, indeed, behold the example but at a diſtance; nor conſider it without being ſtruck with a ſenſe of our own debility: every man who compares his life with this divine rule, inſtead of exulting in his own excellence, will ſmite his breaſt like the publican, and cry out, "GOD be merciful to me a ſinner!" Thus to acquaint us with ourſelves, may, perhaps, be one uſe of the precept; but the precept cannot, ſurely, be conſidered as having no other.

I know it will be ſaid, that our paſſions are not in our power; and that, therefore, a precept, to love or to hate, is impoſſible; for if the gratification of all our *wiſhes was offered us to love a ſtranger as we love a child, we could not fulfil* the condition, however we *might deſire the reward.*

But admitting this to be true, and that we cannot love an enemy as we love a friend, it is yet equally certain, that we may perform thoſe actions which are produced by love from a higher principle: we may, perhaps, derive moral excellence from natural defects, and exert our reaſon inſtead of indulging a paſſion. If our enemy hungers we may feed him, and if he thirſts we may give him drink: this, if we could love him, would be our conduct; and this may ſtill be our conduct, though to love him is impoſſible. The CHRISTIAN will be prompted to relieve the neceſſities of his enemy, by his love to GOD: he will rejoice in an opportunity to expreſs the zeal of his gratitude and the alacrity of his obedience, at the ſame time that he appropriates the promiſes and anticipates his reward.

But though he who is beneficent upon theſe principles, may in the ſcripture ſenſe be ſaid to love his enemy; yet ſomething more may ſtill be effected: the paſſion itſelf in ſome degree is in our power; we may riſe to a yet nearer emulation of divine forgiveneſs, we may think as well as act with kindneſs, and be ſanctified as well in heart as in life.

Though love and hatred are neceſſarily produced in the human breaſt, when the proper objects of theſe paſſions occur, as the colour of material ſubſtances is neceſſarily perceived by an eye before which they are exhibited; yet it is in our power to change the paſſion, and to cauſe either love or hatred to be excited, by placing the ſame object in different circumſtances; as a changeable ſilk of blue and yellow may be held ſo as to excite the idea either of yellow or blue.

No act is deemed more injurious, or reſented with greater acrimony, than the marriage of a child, eſpecially of a daughter, without the conſent of a parent: it is frequently conſidered as a breach of the ſtrongeſt and tendereſt obligations; as folly and ingratitude, treachery and rebellion. By the imputation of theſe vices, a child becomes the object of indignation and reſentment: indignation and reſentment in the breaſt, therefore, of the parent are neceſſarily excited; and there can be no doubt, but that theſe are ſpecies of hatred

hatred. But if the child is conſidered as ſtill retaining the endearing ſoftneſs of a filial affection, as ſtill longing for reconciliation, and profaning the rites of marriage with tears; as having been driven from the path of duty, only by the violence of paſſions which none have always reſiſted, and which many have indulged with much greater turpitude; the ſame object that before excited indignation and reſentment, will now be regarded with pity, and pity is a ſpecies of love.

Thoſe, indeed, who reſent this breach of filial duty with implacability, though perhaps it is the only one of which the offender has been guilty, demonſtrate that they are without natural affection; and that they would have proſtituted their offspring, if not to luſt, yet to affections which are equally vile and ſordid, the thirſt of gold, or the cravings of ambition: for he can never be thought to be ſincerely intereſted in the felicity of his child, who when ſome of the means of happineſs are loſt by indiſcretion, ſuffers his reſentment to take away the reſt.

Among friends, ſallies of quick reſentment are extremely frequent. Friendſhip is a conſtant reciprocation of benefits, to which the ſacrifice of private intereſt is ſometimes neceſſary: it is common for each to ſet too much value upon thoſe which he beſtows, and too little upon thoſe which he receives; this mutual miſtake in ſo important an eſtimation, produces mutual charges of unkindneſs and ingratitude; each, perhaps, profeſſes himſelf ready to forgive, but neither will condeſcend to be forgiven. Pride, therefore, ſtill increaſes the enmity which it began; the friend is conſidered as ſelfiſh, aſſuming, injurious and revengeful; he conſequently becomes an object of hatred; and while he is thus conſidered, to love him is impoſſible. But thus to conſider him, is at once a folly and a fault: each ought to reflect, that he is, at leaſt in the opinion of the other, incurring the crimes that he imputes; that the foundation of their enmity is no more than a miſtake; and *that this miſtake is the effect* of weakneſs or vanity, *which is common to all* mankind; the character of both *would then aſſume a very* different aſpect, love would

again be excited by the return of its object, and each would be impatient to exchange acknowledgments, and recover the felicity which was so near being lost.

But if after we have admitted an acquaintance to our bosom as a friend, it should appear that we had mistaken his character; if he should betray our confidence, and use the knowledge of our affairs, which perhaps he obtained by offers of service, to effect our ruin; if he defames us to the world, and adds perjury to falsehood; if he violates the chastity of a wife, or seduces a daughter to prostitution; we may still consider him in such circumstances as will incline us to fulfil the precept, and to regard him without the rancour of hatred or the fury of revenge.

Every character, however it may deserve punishment, excites hatred only in proportion as it appears to be malicious; and pure malice has never been imputed to human beings. The wretch, who has thus deceived and injured us, should be considered as having ultimately intended, not evil to us, but good to himself. It should also be remembered, that he has mistaken the means; that he has forfeited the friendship of HIM whose favour is better than life, by the same conduct which forfeited ours; and that to whatever view he sacrificed our temporal interest, to that also he sacrificed his own hope of immortality; that he is now seeking felicity which he can never find, and incurring punishment that will last for ever. And how much better than this wretch is he, in whom the contemplation of his condition can excite no pity! Surely, if such an enemy hungers, we may, without suppressing any passion, give him food; for who that sees a criminal dragged to execution, for whatever crime, would refuse him a cup of cold water?

On the contrary, he, whom GOD has forgiven, must necessarily become amiable to man: to consider his character without prejudice or partiality, after it has been changed by repentance, is to love him; and impartially to consider it, is not only our duty but our interest.

Thus may we love our enemies, and add a dignity to *our nature of which* pagan virtue had no conception

But if to love our enemies is the glory of a CHRISTIAN, to treat others with coldneſs, neglect and malignity, is rather the reproach of a fiend than a man. Unprovoked enmity, the frown of unkindneſs, and the menaces of oppreſſion, ſhould be far from thoſe who profeſs themſelves to be followers of HIM who in his life went about doing good; who inſtantly healed a wound that was given in his defence; and who, when he was fainting in his laſt agony, and treated with mockery and deriſion, conceived at once a prayer and an apology for his murderers; FATHER FORGIVE THEM, THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO.

Rules for Converſation. [Guard. N°. 24.]

THE faculty of interchanging our thoughts with one another, or what we expreſs by the word Converſation, has always been repreſented by moral writers as one of the nobleſt privileges of reaſon, and which more particularly ſets mankind above the brute part of the creation.

Though nothing ſo much gains upon the affections as this extempore eloquence, which we have conſtantly occaſion for, and are obliged to practiſe every day, we very rarely meet with any who excel in it.

The converſation of moſt men is diſagreeable, not ſo much for want of wit and learning, as of good-breeding and diſcretion.

If you reſolve to pleaſe, never ſpeak to gratify any particular vanity or paſſion of your own, but always with a deſign either to divert or inform the company. A man who only aims at one of theſe, is always eaſy in his diſcourſe. He is never out of humour at being interrupted, becauſe he conſiders that thoſe who hear him are the beſt judges whether what he was ſaying could either divert or inform them.

A modeſt perſon ſeldom fails to gain the good-will of *thoſe he converſes with*, becauſe nobody envies a man *who does not appear to be* pleaſed with himſelf.

We ſhould talk extremely little of ourſelves. Indeed what can we ſay? It would be as imprudent to diſcover our faults, as ridiculous to count over our fancied virtues. Our private and domeſtic affairs are no leſs improper to be introduced in converſation. What does it concern the company how many horſes you keep in your ſtables? Or whether your ſervant is moſt knave or fool?

A man may equally affront the company he is in, by engroſſing all the talk, or obſerving a contemptuous ſilence.

Before you tell a ſtory it may be generally not amiſs to draw a ſhort character, and give the company a true idea of the principal perſons concerned in it. The beauty of moſt things conſiſting not ſo much in their being ſaid or done, as in their being ſaid or done by ſuch particular perſon, or on ſuch a particular occaſion.

Notwithſtanding all the advantages of youth, few young people pleaſe in converſation; the reaſon is, that want of experience makes them poſitive, and what they ſay is rather with a deſign to pleaſe themſelves than any one elſe.

It is certain that age itſelf ſhall make many things paſs well enough, which would have been laughed at in the mouth of one much younger.

Nothing, however, is more inſupportable to men of ſenſe, than an empty formal man who ſpeaks in proverbs, and decides all controverſies with a ſhort ſentence. This piece of ſtupidity is the more unſufferable, as it puts on the air of wiſdom.

A prudent man will avoid talking much of any particular ſcience, for which he is remarkably famous. There is not methinks an handſomer thing ſaid of Mr. Cowley in his whole life, than that none but his intimate friends ever diſcovered he was a great poet by his diſcourſe. Beſides the decency of this rule, it is certainly founded in good policy. A man who talks of any thing he is already famous for, has little to get, but a great deal to loſe. I might add, that he who is *ſometimes ſilent on a ſubject where every one is ſatisfied he could ſpeak well*, will often be thought no leſs know-

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ing in other matters, where perhaps he is wholly ignorant.

Women are frightened at the name of argument, and are ſooner convinced by an happy turn, or witty expreſſion, than by demonſtration.

Whenever you commend, add your reaſons for doing ſo; it is this which diſtinguiſhes the approbation of a man of ſenſe from the flattery of ſycophants and admiration of fools.

Rallery is no longer agreeable than while the whole company is pleaſed with it. I would leaſt of all be underſtood to except the perſon rallied.

Though good humour, ſenſe, and diſcretion can ſeldom fail to make a man agreeable, it may be no ill policy ſometimes to prepare yourſelf in a particular manner for converſation, by looking a little farther than your neighbours into whatever is become a reigning ſubject. If our armies are beſieging a place of importance abroad, or our Houſe of Commons debating a bill of conſequence at home, you can hardly fail of being heard with pleaſure, if you have nicely informed yourſelf of the ſtrength, ſituation, and hiſtory of the firſt, or of the reaſons for and againſt the latter. It will have the ſame effect if when any ſingle perſon begins to make a noiſe in the world, you can learn ſome of the ſmalleſt accidents in his life or converſation, which, though they are too fine for the obſervation of the vulgar, give more ſatisfaction to men of ſenſe, (as they are the beſt openings to a real character) than the recital of his moſt glaring actions. I know but one ill conſequence to be feared from this method, namely, that coming full charged into company, you ſhould reſolve to unload whether an handſome opportunity offers itſelf or no.

Though the aſking of queſtions may plead for itſelf the ſpecious names of modeſty, and a deſire of information, it affords little pleaſure to the reſt of the company who are not troubled with the ſame doubts; beſides which, he who aſks a queſtion would do well to conſider *that he lies wholly at the mercy of another before he receives an anſwer.*

Nothing is more filly than the pleaſure ſome people take in what they call "ſpeaking their minds." A man of this make will ſay a rude thing for the mere pleaſure of ſaying it, when an oppoſite behaviour, full as innocent, might have preſerved his friend, or made his fortune.

It is not impoſſible for a man to form to himſelf as exquiſite a pleaſure in complying with the humour and ſentiments of others, as of bringing others over to his own; ſince 'tis the certain ſign of a ſuperior genius, that can take and become whatever dreſs it pleaſes.

I ſhall only add, that beſides what I have here ſaid, there is ſomething which can never be learnt but in the company of the polite. The virtues of men are catching as well as their vices, and your own obſervations added to theſe, will ſoon diſcover what it is that commands attention in one man, and makes you tired and diſpleaſed with the diſcourſe of another.

The Study of Aſtronomy recommended. [Guard. No. 169.]

IN fair weather, when my heart is cheared, and I feel that exaltation of ſpirits which reſults from light and warmth, joined with a beautiful proſpect of nature, I regard myſelf as one placed by the hand of God in the midſt of an ample threatre, in which the ſun, moon, and ſtars, the fruits alſo, and vegetables of the earth, perpetually changing their poſitions, or their aſpects, exhibit an elegant entertainment to the underſtanding, as well as to the eye.

Thunder and lightening, rain and hail, the painted bow, and the glaring comets, are decorations of this mighty theatre. And the ſable hemiſphere ſtudded with ſpangles, the blue vault at noon, the glorious gildings and rich colours in the horizon, I look on as ſo many ſucceſſive ſcenes.

When I conſider things in this light, methinks it is *a ſort of impiety to have* no attention to the courſe of *nature, and the revolutions* of the heavenly bodies. To

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be regardleſs of thoſe Phænomena that are placed within our view, on purpoſe to entertain our faculties, and diſplay the wiſdom and power of their Creator, is an affront to Providence of the ſame kind, (I hope it is not impious to make ſuch a ſimile) as it would be to a good poet, to ſit out his play without minding the plot or beauties of it.

And yet how few are there who attend to the drama of nature, its artificial ſtructure, and thoſe admirable machines whereby the paſſions of a philoſopher are gratefully agitated, and his ſoul affected with the ſweet emotions of joy and ſurprize?

How many fox-hunters and rural ſquires are to be found in Great Britain, who are ignorant that they have all this while lived on a planet; that the ſun is ſeveral thouſand times bigger than the earth; and that there are other worlds within our view greater and more glorious than our own. Ay, but ſays ſome illiterate fellow, I enjoy the world, and leave others to contemplate it. Yes, you eat and drink, and run about upon it, that is, you enjoy it as a brute; but to enjoy it as a rational being, is to know it, to be ſenſible of its greatneſs and beauty, to be delighted with its harmony, and by theſe reflections to obtain juſt ſentiments of the Almighty mind that framed it.

The man who, unembarraſſed with vulgar cares, leiſurely attends to the flux of things in heaven, and things on earth, and obſerves the laws by which they are governed, hath ſecured to himſelf an eaſy and convenient ſeat, where he beholds with pleaſure all that paſſes on the ſtage of nature, while thoſe about him are, ſome faſt aſleep, and others ſtruggling for the higheſt places, or turning their eyes from the entertainment prepared by providence, to play at puſh-pin with one another.

Within this ample circumference of the world, the glorious lights that are hung on high, the meteors in the middle region, the various livery of the earth, and the profuſion of good things that diſtinguiſh the ſeaſons, yield a *proſpect which* annihilates all human grandeur. *But when we have ſeen* frequent returns of the ſame *things, when we have often* viewed the heaven and the

earth in all their various array, our attention flags and our admiration ceaſes. All the art and magnificence in nature could not make us pleaſed with the ſame entertainment, preſented a hundred years ſucceſſively to our view.

I am led into this way of thinking by a queſtion ſtarted the other night, viz. Whether it were poſſible that a man ſhould be weary of a fortunate and healthy courſe of life? My opinion was, that the bare repetition of the ſame objects, abſtracted from all other inconveniencies, was ſufficient to create in our minds a diſtaſte of the world; and that the abhorrence old men have of death, proceeds rather from a diſtruſt of what may follow, than from the proſpect of loſing any preſent enjoyments. For (as an antient author ſomewhere expreſſes it) when a man has ſeen the viciſſitudes of night and day, winter and ſummer, ſpring and autumn, the returning faces of the ſeveral parts of nature, what is there further to detain his fancy here below?

The ſpectacle indeed is glorious, and may bear viewing ſeveral times. But in a very few ſcenes of revolving years, we feel a ſatiety of the ſame images; the mind grows impatient to ſee the curtain drawn, and behold new ſcenes diſcloſed; and the imagination is in this life filled with a confuſed idea of the next.

Death, conſidered in this light, is no more than paſſing from one entertainment to another. If the preſent objects are grown tireſome and diſtaſteful, it is in order to prepare our minds for a more exquiſite reliſh of thoſe which are freſh and new. If the good things we have hitherto enjoyed are tranſient, they will be ſucceeded by thoſe which the inexhauſtible power of the Deity will ſupply to eternal ages. If the pleaſures of our preſent ſtate are blended with pain and uneaſineſs, our future will conſiſt of ſincere unmixed delights. Bleſſed hope! the thought whereof turns the very imperfections of our nature into occaſions of comfort and joy.

But what conſolation is left to the man who hath no *hope or proſpect of theſe* things? View him in that part *of life when the natural* decay of his faculties concurs *with the frequency of* the ſame objects to make him weary

weary of this world, when like a man who hangs upon a precipice, his preſent ſituation is uneaſy, and the moment that he quits his hold, he is ſure of ſinking into hell or annihilation.

There is not any character ſo hateful as his who invents racks and tortures for mankind. The free-thinkers make it their buſineſs to introduce doubts, perplexities and deſpair into the minds of men, and according to the poet's rule, are moſt juſtly puniſhed by their own ſchemes.

The Voyage of Life. An Allegory. [Ramb. N°. 182.]

"LIFE," ſays *Seneca*, "is a voyage, in the pro-"greſs of which, we are perpetually changing "our ſcenes; we firſt leave childhood behind us, then "youth, then the years of ripened manhood, then the "better and more pleaſing part of old age." The peruſal of this paſſage, having excited in me a train of reflections on the ſtate of man, the inceſſant fluctuation of his wiſhes, the gradual change of his diſpoſition to all external objects, and the thoughtleſneſs with which he floats along the ſtream of time, I ſunk into a ſlumber amidſt my meditations, and, on a ſudden, found my ears filled with the tumult of labour, the ſhouts of alacrity, the ſhrieks of alarm, the whiſtle of winds, and the daſh of waters.

My aſtoniſhment for a time repreſſed my curioſity; but ſoon recovering myſelf ſo far as to enquire whither we were going, and what was the cauſe of ſuch clamour and confuſion, I was told that they were launching out into the *ocean of life*; that we had already paſſed the ſtreights of infancy, in which multitudes had periſhed, ſome by the weakneſs and fragility of their veſſels, and more by the folly, perverſeneſs, or negligence of thoſe who undertook to ſteer them; and that we were now *on the main ſea*, abandoned to the winds and billows, *without any other* means of ſecurity, than the care of *the pilot*, *whom it* was always in our power to chooſe amon

among great numbers that offered their direction and aſſiſtance.

I then looked round with anxious eagerneſs: and firſt turning my eyes behind me, ſaw a ſtream flowing through flowery iſlands, which every one that ſailed along ſeemed to behold with pleaſure; but no ſooner touched, than the current, which, though not noiſy or turbulent, was yet irreſiſtible, bore him away. Beyond theſe iſlands all was darkneſs, nor could any of the paſſengers deſcribe the ſhore at which he firſt embarked.

Before me, and on each ſide, was an expanſe of waters violently agitated, and covered with ſo thick a miſt, that the moſt perſpicacious eye could ſee but a little way. It appeared to be full of rocks and whirlpools, for many ſunk unexpectedly while they were courting the gale with full ſails, and inſulting thoſe whom they had left behind. So numerous, indeed, were the dangers, and ſo thick the darkneſs, that no caution could confer ſecurity. Yet there were many, who by falſe intelligence, betrayed their followers into whirlpools, or by violence puſhed thoſe whom they found in their way, againſt the rocks.

The current was invariable and inſurmountable; but though it was impoſſible to ſail againſt it, or to return to the place that was once paſſed, yet it was not ſo violent as to allow no opportunities for dexterity or courage, ſince, though none could retreat back from danger, yet they might often avoid it by oblique direction.

It was, however, not very common to ſteer with much care or prudence; for by ſome univerſal infatuation, every man appeared to think himſelf ſafe, though he ſaw his conſorts every moment ſinking round him; and no ſooner had the waves cloſed over them, than their fate and their miſconduct were forgotten; the voyage was purſued with the ſame jocund confidence; every man congratulated himſelf upon the ſoundneſs of his veſſel, and believed himſelf able to ſtem the whirlpool in which his friend was ſwallowed, or glide over the rocks on which he was daſhed; nor was it often obſerved that the ſight of a wreck made any man change his courſe; if he turned aſide for a moment, he ſoon forgot

forgot the rudder, and left himſelf again to the diſpoſal of chance.

This negligence did not proceed from indifference, or from wearineſs of their preſent condition; for not one of thoſe, who thus ruſhed upon deſtruction, failed when he was ſinking, to call loudly upon his aſſociates for that help which could not now be given him; and many ſpent their laſt moments in cautioning others againſt the folly, by which they were intercepted in the midſt of their courſe. Their benevolence was ſometimes praiſed, but their admonitions were unregarded.

The veſſels in which we had embarked, being confeſſedly unequal to the turbulence of the ſtream of life, were viſibly impaired in the courſe of the voyage; ſo that every paſſenger was certain, that how long ſoever he might, by favourable accidents, or by inceſſant vigilance, be preſerved, he muſt ſink at laſt.

This neceſſity of periſhing might have been expected to ſadden the gay, and intimidate the daring, at leaſt to keep the melancholy and timorous in perpetual torments, and hinder them from any enjoyment of the varieties and gratifications which nature offered them as the ſolace of their labours; yet in effect none ſeemed leſs to expect deſtruction than thoſe to whom it was moſt dreadful; they all had the art of concealing their danger from themſelves; and thoſe who knew their inability to bear the ſight of the terrors that embarraſſed their way, took care never to look forward, but found ſome amuſement for the preſent moment, and generally entertained themſelves by playing with HOPE, who was the conſtant aſſociate of the voyage of life.

Yet all that HOPE ventured to promiſe, even to thoſe whom ſhe favoured moſt, was, not that they ſhould eſcape, but that they ſhould ſink laſt; and with this promiſe every one was ſatisfied, though he laughed at the reſt for ſeeming to believe it. HOPE, indeed, apparently mocked the credulity of her companions; for in proportion as their veſſels grew leaky, ſhe redoubled her *aſſurances of ſafety*, and none were more buſy in *making proviſions for a long voyage*, than they, whom *all but themſelves ſaw likely to periſh ſoon by irreparable decay.*

In the midſt of the current of life was the *gulph of* INTEMPERANCE, a dreadful whirlpool, interſperſed with rocks, of which the pointed crags were concealed under water, and the tops covered with herbage, on which EASE ſpread couches of repoſe, and with ſhades where PLEASURE warbled the ſong of invitation. Within ſight of theſe rocks all who ſailed on the ocean of life muſt neceſſarily paſs. REASON, indeed, was always at hand to ſteer the paſſengers through a narrow out-let by which they might eſcape; but very few could by her intreaties or remonſtrances, be induced to put the rudder into her hand, without ſtipulating that ſhe ſhould approach ſo near unto the rocks of PLEASURE, that they might ſolace themſelves with a ſhort enjoyment of that delicious region, after which they always determined to purſue their courſe without any other deviation.

REASON was too often prevailed upon ſo far by theſe promiſes, as to venture her charge within the eddy of the gulph of INTEMPERANCE, where, indeed, the circumvolution was weak, but yet interrupted the courſe of the veſſel, and drew it, by inſenſible rotations, towards the centre. She then repented her temerity, and with all her force endeavoured to retreat; but the draught of the gulph was generally too ſtrong to be overcome; and the paſſenger having danced in circles with a pleaſing and giddy velocity, was at laſt overwhelmed and loſt. Thoſe few whom REASON was able to extricate, generally ſuffered ſo many ſhocks upon the points which ſhot out from the rocks of PLEASURE, that they were unable to continue their courſe with the ſame ſtrength and facility as before, but floated along timorouſly and feebly, endangered by every breeze, and ſhattered by every ruffle of the water, till they ſunk, by ſlow degrees, after long ſtruggles, and innumerable expedients, always repining at their own folly, and warning others againſt the firſt approach to the gulph of INTEMPERANCE.

There were artiſts who profeſſed to repair the breaches *and ſtop the leaks* of the veſſels which had been ſhattered *on the rocks* of PLEASURE. Many appeared

to have great confidence in their ſkill, and ſome, indeed, were preſerved by it from ſinking, who had received only a ſingle blow; but I remarked that few veſſels laſted long which had been much repaired, nor was it found that the artiſts themſelves continued aflo.t longer than thoſe who had leaſt of their aſſiſtance.

The only advantage, which, in the voyage of life, the cautious had above the negligent, was, that they ſunk later, and more ſuddenly; for they paſſed forward till they had ſometimes ſeen all thoſe in whoſe company they had iſſued from the ſtreights of infancy, periſh in the way, and at laſt were overſet by a croſs breeze, without the toil of reſiſtance, or the anguiſh of expectation. But ſuch as had often fallen againſt the rocks of PLEASURE, commonly ſubſided by ſenſible degrees, contended long with the encroaching waters, and harraſſed themſelves by labours that ſcarce HOPE herſelf could flatter with ſucceſs.

As I was looking upon the various fate of the multitude about me, I was ſuddenly alarmed with an admonition from ſome unknown Power. "Gaze not idly "upon others when thou thyſelf art ſinking. Whence "is this thoughtleſs tranquillity, when thou and they "are equally endangered!" I looked, and ſeeing the gulph of INTEMPERANCE before me, ſtarted and awaked.

On the Deſire of Gain. [Ramb. N°. 131.]

THERE is ſcarcely any ſentiment in which, amidſt the innumerable varieties of inclination that nature or accident have ſcattered in the world, we find greater numbers concurring than in the wiſh for riches; a wiſh indeed ſo prevalent that it may be conſidered as univerſal and tranſcendental, as the deſire in which all other deſires are included, and of which the various purpoſes *which actuate* mankind are only ſubordinate *ſpecies and different modifications.*

Wealth

Wealth is indeed the general center of inclination; the point to which all minds preſerve an invariable tendency, and from which they afterwards diverge in numberleſs directions. Whatever is the remote or ultimate deſign, the immediate care is to be rich; and in whatever enjoyment we intend finally to acquieſce, we ſeldom conſider it as attainable but by the means of money. Of wealth therefore all unanimouſly confeſs the value, nor is there any diſagreement but about the uſe.

No deſire can be formed which riches do not aſſiſt us to gratify. He that places his happineſs in ſplendid equipage or numerous dependents, in refined praiſe or popular acclamations, in the accumulation of curioſities or the revels of luxury, in ſplendid edifices or wide plantations, muſt ſtill either by birth or acquiſition poſſeſs riches. They may be conſidered as the elemental principles of pleaſure, which may be combined with endleſs diverſity; as the eſſential and neceſſary ſubſtance, of which only the form is left to be adjuſted by choice.

The neceſſity of riches being thus apparent, it is not wonderful that almoſt every mind has been employed in endeavours to acquire them; that multitudes have vied with each other in arts by which life is furniſhed with accommodations, and which therefore mankind may reaſonably be expected to reward.

It had indeed been happy, if this predominant appetite had operated only in concurrence with virtue, by influencing none but thoſe who were zealous to deſerve what they were eager to poſſeſs, and had abilities to improve their own fortunes by contributing to the eaſe or happineſs of others. To have riches and to have merit would then have been the ſame, and ſucceſs might reaſonably have been conſidered as a proof of excellence.

But we do not find that any of the wiſhes of men keep a ſtated proportion to their powers of attainment. Many envy and deſire wealth, who can never procure it by honeſt induſtry or uſeful knowledge. They therefore turn their eyes about to examine what other methods can be found of gaining that which none, however impotent or worthleſs, will be content to want.

A little enquiry will diſcover that there are nearer ways to profit than through the intricacies of art, or up the ſteeps of labour; that what wiſdom and virtue ſcarcely receive at the cloſe of life, as the recompence of long toil and repeated efforts, is brought within the reach of ſubtilty and diſhoneſty by more expeditious and compendious meaſures: that the wealth of credulity is an open prey to falſehood; and that the poſſeſſions of ignorance and imbecility are eaſily ſtolen away by the conveyances of ſecret artifice, or ſeized by the gripe of unreſiſted violence.

It is likewiſe not hard to diſcover, that riches always procure protection for themſelves, that they dazzle the eyes of enquiry, divert the celerity of purſuit, or appeaſe the ferocity of vengeance. When any man is inconteſtibly known to have large poſſeſſions, very few think it requiſite to inquire by what practices they were obtained; the reſentment of mankind rages only againſt the ſtruggles of feeble and timorous corruption, but when it has ſurmounted the firſt oppoſition, it is afterwards ſupported by favour, and animated by applauſe.

The proſpect of gaining ſpeedily what is ardently deſired, and the certainty of obtaining by every acceſſion of advantage an addition of ſecurity, have ſo far prevailed upon the paſſions of mankind, that the peace of life is deſtroyed by a general and inceſſant ſtruggle for riches. It is obſerved of gold, by an old epigrammatiſt, that *to have it is to be in fear, and to want it is to be in ſorrow.* There is no condition which is not diſquieted either with the care of gaining or of keeping money; and the race of man may be divided in a political eſtimate between thoſe who are practiſing fraud, and thoſe who are repelling it.

If we conſider the preſent ſtate of the world, it will be found, that all confidence is loſt among mankind, that no man ventures to act where money can be endangered upon the faith of another. It is impoſſible to ſee the long ſcrolls in which every contract is included, with all their appendages of ſeals and atteſtation, without wondering at the depravity of thoſe beings, who muſt be reſtrained from violation of promiſe by ſuch forms

formal and public evidences, and precluded from equivocation and ſubterfuge by ſuch punctilious minuteneſs. Among all the ſatires to which folly and wickedneſs have given occaſion, none is equally ſevere with a bond or a ſettlement.

Of the various arts by which riches may be obtained, the greater part are at the firſt view irreconcileable with the laws of virtue; ſome are openly flagitious, and practiſed not only in neglect, but in defiance of faith and juſtice; and the reſt are on every ſide ſo entangled with dubious tendencies, and ſo beſet with perpetual temptations, that very few, even of thoſe who are not yet abandoned, are able to preſerve their innocence, or can produce any other claim to pardon than that they have deviated from the right leſs than others, and have ſooner and more diligently endeavoured to return.

One of the chief characteriſticks of the golden age, of the age in which neither care nor danger had intruded on mankind, is the community of poſſeſſions: ſtrife and fraud were totally excluded, and every turbulent paſſion was ſtilled, by plenty and equality. Such were indeed happy times, but ſuch times can return no more. Community of poſſeſſion muſt always include ſpontaneity of production; for what is only to be obtained by labour, muſt be of right the property of him by whoſe labour it is gained. And while a rightful claim to pleaſure or to affluence muſt be procured either by ſlow induſtry or uncertain hazard, there will always be multitudes whom cowardice or impatience will incite to more ſafe and more ſpeedy methods, who will ſtrive to pluck the fruit without cultivating the tree, and to ſhare the advantages of victory, without partaking the danger of the battle.

In later ages, the conviction of danger to which virtue is expoſed while the mind continues open to the influence of riches, has determined many to vows of perpetual poverty; they have ſuppreſſed deſire by cutting off the poſſibility of gratification, and ſecured their peace by deſtroying the enemy whom they had no hope *of reducing to* quiet ſubjection. But by debarring *themſelves from* evil, they have reſcinded many opportunities

tunities of good; they have too often ſunk into inactivity and uſeleſſneſs; and though they have forborne to injure ſociety, have not fully paid their contributions to its happineſs.

While riches are ſo neceſſary to preſent convenience, and ſo much more eaſily obtained by crimes than virtues, the mind can only be ſecured from yielding to the continual impulſe of covetouſneſs by the preponderation of unchangeable and eternal motives. Gold will generally turn the intellectual balance, when weighed only againſt reputation; but will be light and ineffectual when the oppoſite ſcale is charged with juſtice, veracity, and piety.

Politeneſs a neceſſary Auxiliary to Knowledge and Virtue. [Advent. N°. 87.]

THERE are many accompliſhments which, tho' they are comparatively trivial, and may be acquired by ſmall abilities, are yet of great importance in our common intercourſe with men. Of this kind is that general courteſy, which is called GOOD BREEDING; a name, by which, as an artificial excellence, it is at once characteriſed and recommended.

Good breeding, as it is generally employed in the gratification of vanity, a paſſion almoſt univerſally predominant, is more highly prized by the majority than any other; and he who wants it, though he may be preſerved from contempt by inconteſtible ſuperiority either of virtue or of parts, will yet be regarded with malevolence, and avoided as an enemy with whom it is dangerous to combat.

In ſome inſtances, indeed, the enmity of others cannot be avoided without the participation of guilt; but then it is the enmity of thoſe, with whom neither virtue nor wiſdom can deſire to aſſociate: and good breeding may generally be practiſed upon more eaſy and more honourable terms, than acquieſcence in the detraction of malice or the adulation of ſervility, the obſcenity of a leſche

a letcher, or the blaſphemy of an infidel. Diſagreeable truths may be ſuppreſſed; and when they can be ſuppreſſed without guilt, they cannot innocently be uttered; the boaſt of vanity may be ſuffered without ſevere reprehenſion, and the prattle of abſurdity may be heard without expreſſions of contempt.

It happens, indeed, ſomewhat unfortunately, that the practice of good breeding, however neceſſary, is obſtructed by the poſſeſſion of more valuable talents; and that great integrity, delicacy, ſenſibility, and ſpirit, exalted genius, and extenſive learning, frequently render men ill-bred.

Petrarch relates, that his admirable friend and cotemporary, *Dante Aligheri*, one of the moſt exalted and original geniuſes that ever appeared, being baniſhed his country, and having retired to the court of a prince, which was then the ſanctuary of the unfortunate, was held at firſt in great eſteem; but became daily leſs acceptable to his patron, by the ſeverity of his manners and the freedom of his ſpeech. There were at the ſame court many players and buffoons, gameſters and debauchees, one of whom, diſtinguiſhed for his impudence, ribaldry, and obſcenity, was greatly careſſed by the reſt; which the prince ſuſpecting *Dante* not to be pleaſed with, ordered the man to be brought before him, and having highly extolled him, turned to *Dante* and ſaid, "I wonder that this perſon, who is by ſome deemed a "fool, and by others a madman, ſhould yet be ſo ge-"nerally pleaſing, and ſo generally beloved; when "you, who are celebrated for wiſdom, are yet heard "without pleaſure and commended without friend-"ſhip." "You would ceaſe to wonder, replied *Dante*, "if you conſidered, that a conformity of character is "the ſource of friendſhip." This ſarcaſm, which had all the force of truth, and all the keenneſs of wit, was intolerable; and *Dante* was immediately diſgraced and baniſhed.

But by this anſwer, though the indignation which *produced it was* founded in virtue, *Dante* probably gra*tified his own vanity*, as much as he mortified that of *others: it was the* petulant reproach of reſentment an

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pride, which is always retorted with rage; and not the ſtill voice of REASON, which is heard with complacency and reverence: if *Dante* intended reformation, his anſwer was not wiſe; if he did not intend reformation, his anſwer was not good.

Great delicacy, ſenſibility, and penetration, do not leſs obſtruct the practice of good breeding than integrity. Perſons thus qualified, not only diſcover proportionably more faults and failings in the characters which they examine, but are more diſguſted with the faults and failings which they diſcover: the common topics of converſation are too trivial to engage their attention; the various turns of fortune that have lately happened at a game at whiſt, the hiſtory of a ball at *Tunbridge* or *Bath*, a deſcription of lady *Fanny*'s jewels and lady *Kitty*'s vapours, the journals of a horſe-race or a cock-match, and diſquiſitions on the game-act or the ſcarcity of partridges, are ſubjects upon which men of delicate taſte do not always chuſe to declaim, and on which they cannot patiently hear the declamation of others. But they ſhould remember, that their impatience is the impotence of reaſon and the prevalence of vanity; that if they ſit ſilent and reſerved, wrapped up in the contemplation of their own dignity, they will in their turn be deſpiſed and hated by thoſe whom they hate and deſpiſe; and with better reaſon, for perverted power ought to be more odious than debility. To hear with patience, and to anſwer with civility, ſeems to comprehend all the good breeding of converſation; and in proportion as this is eaſy, ſilence and inattention are without excuſe.

He, who does not practiſe good breeding, will not find himſelf conſidered as the object of good breeding by others. There is, however, a ſpecies of ruſticity, which it is not leſs abſurd than injurious to treat with contempt: this ſpecies of ill breeding is become almoſt proverbially the characteriſtic of a ſcholar; nor ſhould it be expected, that he who is deeply attentive to an *abſtruſe ſcience, or who* employs any of the three great *faculties of the ſoul*, the memory, the imagination, or *the judgment, in* the cloſe purſuit of their ſeveral object

jects, ſhould have ſtudied punctilios of form and ceremony, and be equally able to ſhine at a route and in the ſchools. That the bow of a chronologer, and the compliment of an aſtronomer, ſhould be improper or uncouth, cannot be thought ſtrange to thoſe, who duly conſider the narrowneſs of our faculties, and the impoſſibility of attaining univerſal excellence.

Equally excuſable, for the ſame reaſons, are that abſence of mind, and that forgetfulneſs of place and perſon to which ſcholars are ſo frequently ſubject. When Lewis XIV. was one day lamenting the death of an old comedian whom he highly extolled, "Yes," replied *Boileau*, in the preſence of madam *Maintenon*, "he "performed tolerably well in the deſpicable pieces of "*Scarron*, which are now deſervedly forgotten even in "the provinces."

As every condition of life, and every turn of mind, has ſome peculiar temptation and propenſity to evil, let not the man of uprightneſs and honeſty be moroſe and ſurly in his practice of virtue; let not him, whoſe delicacy and penetration diſcern with diſguſt thoſe imperfections in others from which he himſelf is not free, indulge perpetual peeviſhneſs and diſcontent; nor let learning and knowledge be pleaded as an excuſe for not condeſcending to the common offices and duties of civil life: for as no man ſhould be WELL-BRED, at the expence of his VIRTUE; no man ſhould practiſe virtue, ſo as to deter others from IMITATION.

Idleneſs incapable of Felicity. Story of NED FROTH. [Advent. N° 94.]

YOU have ſomewhere diſcouraged the hope of idleneſs by ſhewing, that whoever compares the number of thoſe who have poſſeſſed fortuitous advantages, and of thoſe who have been diſappointed in their expectations, will have little reaſon to regiſter himſelf in the lucky catalogue.

But

But as we have ſeen thouſands ſubſcribe to a raffle, of which one only could obtain the prize; ſo idleneſs will ſtill preſume to hope, if the advantages, however improbable, are admitted to lie within the bounds of poſſibility. Let the drone, therefore, be told, that if by the error of fortune he obtains the ſtores of the bee, he cannot enjoy the felicity; that the honey which is not gathered by induſtry, will be eaten without reliſh, if it is not waſted in riot; and that all who become poſſeſſed of the immediate object of their hope without any efforts of their own, will be diſappointed of enjoyment.

No life can be happy, but that which is ſpent in the proſecution of ſome purpoſe to which our powers are equal, and which we, therefore, proſecute with ſucceſs: for this reaſon it is abſurd to dread buſineſs, upon pretence that it will leave few intervals to pleaſure. Buſineſs is that by which induſtry purſues its purpoſe, and the purpoſe of induſtry is ſeldom diſappointed; he who endeavours to arrive at a certain point, which he perceives himſelf perpetually to approach, enjoys all the happineſs which nature has allotted to thoſe hours, that are not ſpent in the immediate gratification of appetites by which our own wants are indicated, or of affections by which we are prompted to ſupply the wants of others. The end propoſed by the buſy, is various as their temper, conſtitution, habits, and circumſtances: but in the labour itſelf is the enjoyment, whether it be purſued to ſupply the neceſſaries or the conveniencies of life, whether to cultivate a farm or decorate a palace; for when the palace is decorated, and the barn filled, the pleaſure is at an end, till the object of deſire is again placed at a diſtance, and our powers are again employed to obtain it with apparent ſucceſs. Nor is the value of life leſs, than if our enjoyment did not thus conſiſt in anticipation; for by anticipation, the pleaſure which would otherwiſe be contracted within an hour, is diffuſed through a week; and if the dread which exaggerates future evil, is confeſſed to be an increaſe of miſery, the hope which magnifies future good cannot be denied to be an acceſſion of happineſs.

with indifference, was obſerved to be ſilent and ſullen, and amuſed himſelf by going three or four times a day to ſearch the regiſter of fortune for the ſucceſs of his ticket.

In this diſpoſition *Ned* was ſitting one morning in the corner of a bench by his fire-ſide, wholly abſtracted in the contemplation of his future fortune; indulging this moment the hope of a mere poſſibility, and the next ſhuddering with the dread of loſing the felicity which his fancy had combined with the poſſeſſion of ten thouſand pounds. A man well dreſſed entered haſtily, and enquired for him of his gueſt, who many times called him aloud by his name, and curſt him for his deafneſs and ſtupidity, before *Ned* ſtarted up as from a dream, and aſked with a fretful impatience what they wanted. An affected confidence of being well received, and an air of forced jocularity in the ſtranger, gave *Ned* ſome offence; but the next moment he catched him in his arms in a tranſport of joy, upon receiving his congratulation as proprietor of the fortunate ticket, which had that morning been drawn a prize of the firſt claſs.

It was not, however, long, before *Ned* diſcovered that ten thouſand pounds did not bring the felicity which he expected; a diſcovery, which generally produces the diſſipation of ſudden affluence by prodigality. *Ned* drank, and whored, and hired fidlers, and bought fine cloaths; he bred riots at *Vauxhall*, treated flatterers, and damned plays. But ſomething was ſtill wanting; and he reſolved to ſtrike a bold ſtroke, and attempt to double the remainder of his prize at play, that he might live in a palace and keep an equipage; but in the execution of this project, he loſt the whole produce of his lottery ticket, except five hundred pounds in Bank notes, which when he would have ſtaked he could not find. This ſum was more than that which had eſtabliſhed him in the trade he had left; and yet, with the power of returning to a ſtation that was once the utmoſt of his ambition, and of renewing that purſuit which alone had made him happy, ſuch was the pungency of *his regret, that in* the deſpair of recovering the money *which he knew* had produced nothing but riot, diſeaſe, and

and vexation, he threw himſelf from the bridge into the Thames.

Fortitude founded upon the Fear of God.
[Guardian, N°. 117.]

LOOKING over the late edition of Monſieur *Boileau's* works, I was very much pleaſed with the article which he has added to his notes on the tranſlation of *Longinus*. He there tells us, that the ſublime in writing riſes either from the nobleneſs of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phraſe, and that the perfect ſublime riſes from all theſe three in conjunction together. He produces an inſtance of this perfect ſublime in four verſes from the Athalia of Monſieur *Racine*. When *Abner*, one of the chief officers of the court, repreſents to *Joad* the high-prieſt, that the queen was incenſed againſt him, the high-prieſt, not in the leaſt terrified at the news, returns this anſwer.

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des flots,
Sçait auſſi des méchans arrêter les complots.
Soumis avec reſpect à ſa volonté ſainte.
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai point d'autre crainte.

"He who ruleth the raging of the ſea, knows alſo how "to check the deſigns of the ungodly. I ſubmit my- "ſelf with reverence to his holy will. O *Abner*, I fear "my God, and I fear none but him." Such a thought gives no leſs a ſublimity to human nature, than it does to good writing. This religious fear, when it is produced by juſt apprehenſions of a divine power, naturally overlooks all human greatneſs that ſtands in competition with it, and extinguiſhes every other terror that can ſettle *itſelf in the heart of man*; it leſſens and contracts the *figure of the moſt exalted* perſon: it diſarms the tyrant *and executioner, and* repreſents to our minds the moſt

enraged and the moſt powerful as altogether harmleſs and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of ſo ſettled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from conſtitution very often forſakes a man when he has occaſion for it; and when it is only a kind of inſtinct in the ſoul, breaks out on all occaſions without judgment or diſcretion. That courage which proceeds from the ſenſe of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reaſon.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to pleaſe a Being that is omnipotent? A Being who is able to cruſh all his adverſaries? A Being that can divert any misfortunes from befalling him, or turn any ſuch misfortune to his advantage? The perſon who lives with this conſtant and habitual regard to the great ſuperintendant of the world, is indeed ſure that no real evil can come into his lot. Bleſſings may appear under the ſhape of pains, loſſes, and diſappointments, but let him have patience, and he will ſee them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him, but he may reſt ſatisfied that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the inſtruments of good to him. In ſhort, he may look upon all croſſes and accidents, ſufferings and afflictions, as means which are made uſe of to bring him to happineſs. This is even the worſt of that man's condition whoſe mind is poſſeſſed with the habitual fear of which I am now ſpeaking. But it very often happens, that thoſe which appear evils in our own eyes, appear alſo as ſuch to him who has human nature under his care, in which caſe they are certainly averted from the perſon who has made himſelf, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Hiſtories are full of inſtances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary eſcapes out of ſuch dangers as have incloſed them, and which have ſeemed inevitable.

There is no example of this kind in pagan hiſtory *which more pleaſes* me than that which is recorded in the

the life of *Timoleon*. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his ſucceſſes to providence. *Cornelius Nepos* acquaints us that he had in his houſe a private chapel in which he uſed to pay his devotions to the goddeſs who repreſented providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more diſtinguiſhed, by the Deity whom he blindly worſhipped, than the great perſon I am ſpeaking of, in ſeveral occurrences of his life, but particularly in the following one which I ſhall relate out of *Plutarch*.

Three perſons had entered into a conſpiracy to aſſaſſinate *Timoleon* as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it they took their ſeveral ſtands in the moſt convenient places for their purpoſe. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their deſign in execution, a ſtranger having obſerved one of the conſpirators fell upon him and ſlew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been diſcovered, threw themſelves at *Timoleon*'s feet, and confeſſed the whole matter. This ſtranger, upon examination, was found to have underſtood nothing of the intended aſſaſſination, but having ſeveral years before had a brother killed by the conſpirator, whom he here put to death, and having till now ſought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himſelf there for the above-mentioned purpoſe. *Plutarch* cannot forbear, on this occaſion, ſpeaking with a kind of rapture on the ſchemes of providence, which, in this particular, had ſo contrived it, that the ſtranger ſhould, for ſo great a ſpace of time, be debarred the means of doing juſtice to his brother, till, by the ſame blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preſerved the life of another.

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of *Timoleon*'s religion ſhould have his intrepidity and firmneſs of mind, or that he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by ſuch a deliverance as I have here related.

Adverſity uſeful to the Acquiſition of Knowledge.

[Rambler, N°. 150.]

AS daily experience makes it evident that misfortunes are unavoidably incident to human life, that calamity will neither be repelled by fortitude, nor eſcaped by flight, neither awed by greatneſs, nor eluded by obſcurity; philoſophers have endeavoured to reconcile us to that condition which they cannot teach us to mend, by perſuading us that moſt of our evils are made afflictive only by ignorance or perverſeneſs, and that nature has annexed to every viciſſitude of external circumſtances, ſome advantage ſufficient to overbalance all its inconveniencies.

This attempt may perhaps be juſtly ſuſpected of reſemblance to the practice of phyſicians, who when they cannot mitigate pain deſtroy ſenſibility, and endeavour to conceal by opiates the inefficacy of their other medicines. The panegyriſts of calamity have more frequently gained applauſe to their wit, than acquieſcence to their arguments; nor has it appeared that the moſt muſical oratory or ſubtle ratiocination has been able long to overpower the anguiſh of oppreſſion, the tedioufneſs of languor, or the longings of want.

Yet it may be generally remarked that, where much has been attempted, ſomething has been performed; though the diſcoveries or acquiſitions of man are not always adequate to the expectations of his pride, they are at leaſt ſufficient to animate his induſtry. The antidotes with which philoſophy has medicated the cup of life, though they cannot give it ſalubrity and ſweetneſs, have at leaſt allayed its bitterneſs, and contempered its malignity; the balm which ſhe drops upon the wounds of the mind, abates their pain though it cannot heal them.

By ſuffering willingly what we cannot avoid, we ſecure ourſelves from vain and immoderate diſquiet; we preſerve for better purpoſes that ſtrength which would be unprofitably waſted in wild efforts of deſperation, and maintain that circumſpection which may enable

enable us to ſeize every ſupport, and improve every alleviation. This calmneſs will be more eaſily obtained, as the attention is more powerfully withdrawn from the contemplation of unmingled unabated evil, and diverted to thoſe accidental benefits which prudence may confer on every ſtate.

Seneca has attempted not only to pacify us in misfortune, but almoſt to allure us to it, by repreſenting it as neceſſary to the pleaſures of the mind. *He that never was acquainted with adverſity*, ſays he, *has ſeen the world but on one ſide, and is ignorant of half the ſcenes of nature.* He invites his pupil to calamity, as the Syrens allured the paſſenger to their coaſts, by promiſing that he ſhall return with increaſe of knowledge, with enlarged views, and multiplied ideas.

Curioſity is, in great and generous minds, the firſt paſſion and the laſt; and perhaps always predominates in proportion to the ſtrength of the contemplative faculties. He who eaſily comprehends all that is before him, and ſoon exhauſts any ſingle ſubject, is always eager for new enquiries, and in proportion as the intellectual eye takes in a wider proſpect, it muſt be gratified with variety by more rapid flights, and bolder excurſions; nor perhaps can there be propoſed to thoſe who have been accuſtomed to the pleaſures of thought, a more powerful incitement to any undertaking, than the hope of filling their imagination with new images, of clearing their doubts, and enlightening their reaſon.

When *Jaſon*, in *Valerius Flaccus*, would incline the young prince *Acaſtus* to accompany him in the firſt eſſay of navigation, he diſperſes his apprehenſions of danger by repreſentations of the new tract of earth and heaven which the expedition would ſpread before their eyes; and tells him with what grief he will hear at their return, of the countries which they ſhall have ſeen, and the toil which they have ſurmounted.

O quantum terræ, quantum cognoſcere cœli!
Permiſſum eſt! pelagus quantos aperimus in uſus!
Nunc forſan grave reris opus: ſed læta recurret
Cum ratis, & caram cum jam mihi reddet Iolcon,
Quis pudor heu noſtros tibi tunc audire labores!

Acaſtus was ſoon prevailed upon by his curioſity to ſet rocks and hardſhips at defiance, and commit his life to the winds; and the ſame motives have in all ages had the ſame effect upon thoſe whom the deſire of fame or wiſdom has diſtinguiſhed from the lower orders of mankind.

If therefore it can be proved that diſtreſs is neceſſary to the attainment of knowledge, and that a happy ſituation hides from us ſo large a part of the field of meditation, the envy of many who repine at the ſight of affluence and ſplendor will be much diminiſhed; for ſuch is the delight of mental ſuperiority, that none on whom nature or ſtudy have conferred it, would purchaſe the gifts of fortune by its loſs.

It is certain, that however the rhetoric of *Seneca* may have dreſſed adverſity with extrinſic ornaments, he has juſtly repreſented it as affording ſome opportunities of obſervation, which cannot be found in continual ſucceſs; he has truly aſſerted, that to eſcape misfortune is to want inſtruction, and that to live at eaſe is to live in ignorance.

As no man can enjoy happineſs without thinking that he enjoys it, the experience of calamity is neceſſary to a juſt ſenſe of better fortune; for the good of our preſent ſtate is merely comparative, and the evil which every man feels will be ſufficient to diſturb and harraſs him if he does not know how much he eſcapes. The luſtre of diamonds is invigorated by the interpoſition of darker bodies; the lights of a picture are heightened by the ſhades. The higheſt pleaſure which nature has indulged to ſenſitive perception, is that of reſt after fatigue; yet that ſtate which labour heightens into delight is without it only eaſe, and is incapable of ſatisfying the mind without the ſuperaddition of diverſified amuſements.

Proſperity, as is truly aſſerted by *Seneca*, very much obſtructs the knowledge of ourſelves. No man can form a juſt eſtimate of his own powers by unactive ſpeculation. *That* fortitude which has encountered no dangers, *that* prudence which has ſurmounted no difficulties, *that integrity* which has been attacked by no temptations

tations, can at beſt be conſidered but as gold not yet brought to the teſt, of which therefore the true value cannot be aſſigned. *He that traverſes the liſts without an adverſary, may receive*, ſays the philoſopher, *the reward of victory, but he has no pretenſions to the honour.* If it be the higheſt happineſs of man to contemplate himſelf with ſatisfaction, and to receive the gratulations of his own conſcience, he whoſe courage has made way amidſt the turbulence of oppoſition, and whoſe vigour has broken through the ſnares of diſtreſs, has many advantages over thoſe that have ſlept in the ſhades of indolence, and whoſe retroſpect of time can entertain them with nothing but day riſing upon day, and year gliding after year.

Equally neceſſary is ſome variety of fortune to a nearer inſpection of the manners, principles and affections of mankind. Princes, when they would know the opinions or grievances of their ſubjects, find it neceſſary to ſteal away from the grandeur of guards and attendants, and mingle on equal terms among the people. To him who is known to have the power of doing good or harm, nothing is ſhewn in its natural form. The behaviour of all that approach him is regulated by his humour, their narratives are adapted to his inclination, and their reaſonings determined by his opinions; whatever can alarm ſuſpicion, or excite reſentment is carefully ſuppreſſed, and nothing appears but uniformity of ſentiments and ardor of affection. It may be obſerved, that the unvaried complaiſance which ladies have the right of exacting, keeps them generally unſkilled in human nature; proſperity will always enjoy the female prerogative, and therefore muſt be always in danger of female ignorance. Truth is ſcarcely to be heard but by thoſe from whom it can ſerve no intereſt to conceal it, and the true motives of conduct will be only ſhewn when the mind acts in its natural ſtate without any impediment from hope or fear.

The Prohibition of Revenge juſtifiable by Reaſon.
[Rambler, No. 185.]

NO vitious diſpoſitions of the mind more obſtinately reſiſt both the counſels of philoſophy, and the injunctions of religion, than thoſe which are complicated with an opinion of dignity; and which we cannot diſmiſs without leaving in the hands of oppoſition ſome advantage iniquitouſly obtained, or ſuffering from our own prejudices ſome imputation of puſillanimity.

For this reaſon ſcarcely any law of our Redeemer is more openly tranſgreſſed, or more induſtriouſly evaded, than that by which he commands his followers to forgive injuries, and prohibits under the ſanction of eternal miſery, the gratification of the deſire which every man feels to return pain upon him that inflicts it. Many who could have conquered their anger, are unable to combat againſt pride, and purſue offences to extremity of vengeance, leſt they ſhould be inſulted by the triumph of an enemy.

But certainly no precept could better become him, at whoſe birth *peace* was proclaimed *to the earth*. For what could ſo ſoon deſtroy all the order of ſociety, and deform life with violence and ravage, as a permiſſion to every one to judge his own cauſe, and to apportion his own recompence for imagined injuries.

It is difficult for a man of the ſtricteſt juſtice not to favour himſelf too much in the calmeſt moments of ſolitary meditation. Every one wiſhes for the diſtinctions for which thouſands are wiſhing at the ſame time, in their own opinion, with better claims. He that, when his reaſon operates in its full force, can thus, by the mere prevalence of ſelf-love, prefer himſelf to his fellow beings, is very unlikely to judge equitably when his paſſions are agitated by a ſenſe of wrong, and his attention wholly engroſſed by pain, intereſt, or danger. *Whoever arrogates* to himſelf the right of vengeance *ſhews how little he is* qualified to decide his own claims, ſince

face he certainly demands what he would think unfit to be granted to another.

Nothing is more apparent than that, however injured or however provoked, ſome muſt at laſt be contented to forgive. For it can never be hoped, that he who firſt commits an injury, will contentedly acquieſce in the penalty required; the ſame haughtineſs of contempt and vehemence of deſire, that prompt the act of injuſtice, will more ſtrongly incite its juſtification: and reſentment can never ſo exactly balance the puniſhment with the fault, but there will remain an overplus of vengeance which even he who condemns his firſt action will think himſelf intitled to retaliate. What then can enſue but a continual exacerbation of hatred, an unextinguiſhable feud, an inceſſant reciprocation of miſchief, a mutual vigilance to entrap, and eagerneſs to deſtroy.

Since then the imaginary right of vengeance muſt be at laſt remitted, becauſe it is impoſſible to live in perpetual hoſtility, and equally impoſſible that of two enemies, either ſhould firſt think himſelf obliged by juſtice to ſubmiſſion, it is ſurely eligible to forgive early. Every paſſion is more eaſily ſubdued before it has been long accuſtomed to poſſeſſion of the heart; every idea is obliterated with leſs difficulty as it has been more ſlightly impreſſed, and leſs frequently renewed. He who has often brooded over his wrongs, pleaſed himſelf with ſchemes of malignity, and glutted his pride with the fancied ſupplications of humbled enmity, will not eaſily open his boſom to amity and reconciliation, or indulge the gentle ſentiments of benevolence and peace.

It is eaſieſt to forgive, while there is yet little to be forgiven. A ſingle injury may be ſoon diſmiſſed from the memory; but a long ſucceſſion of ill offices by degrees aſſociates itſelf with every idea, a long conteſt involves ſo many circumſtances, that every place and action will recall it to the mind, and freſh remembrance of vexation muſt ſtill enkindle rage, and irritate revenge.

A wiſe man will make haſte to forgive, becauſe he *knows the true value of time*, and will not ſuffer it to *paſs away in unneceſſary* pain. He that willingly ſuf*fers the corroſions of inveterate* hatred, and gives up his

his days and nights to the gloom of malice, and perturbations of ſtratagem, cannot ſurely be ſaid to conſult his eaſe. Reſentment is an union of ſorrow with malignity, a combination of a paſſion which all endeavour to avoid, with a paſſion which all concur to deteſt. The man who retires to meditate miſchief, and to exaſperate his own rage; whoſe thoughts are employed only on means of diſtreſs and contrivances of ruin; whoſe mind never pauſes from the remembrance of his own ſufferings, but to indulge ſome hope of enjoying the calamities of another, may juſtly be numbered among the moſt miſerable of human beings; among thoſe who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladneſs of proſperity, nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever conſiders the weakneſs both of himſelf and others will not long want perſuaſives to forgiveneſs. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; nor how much its guilt, if we were to inſpect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by miſtake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increaſe the miſchief to ourſelves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to deſign the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only becauſe we have made ourſelves delicate and tender; we are on every ſide in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by ſpeedy forgiveneſs.

From this pacific and harmleſs temper, thus propitious to others and ourſelves, to domeſtic tranquillity and to ſocial happineſs, no man is with-held but by pride, by the fear of being inſulted by his adverſary, or deſpiſed by the world.

It may be laid down as an unfailing and univerſal axiom, that, "all pride is abject and mean." It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquieſcence in a falſe appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from conſciouſneſs of our attainments, but inſenſibility of *our wants.*

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing *which reaſon* condemns can be ſuitable to the dignity of

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uman mind. To be driven by external motives
the path which our own heart approves, to give
o any thing but conviction, to ſuffer the opinion
ers to rule our choice, or overpower our reſolves,
ſubmit tamely to the loweſt and moſt ignominious
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e intellectual eye to the reward which perſeverance
can obtain. But that pride which many who pre-
to boaſt of generous ſentiments, allow to regulate
meaſures, has nothing nobler in view than the
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r no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when
ave courted them with the utmoſt aſſiduity, can
r no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who
rantly judge of what they do not underſtand, or
ally determine what they never have examined;
whoſe ſentence is therefore of no weight till it has
ved the ratification of our own conſcience.
e that can deſcend to bribe ſuffrages like theſe at
rice of his innocence; he that can ſuffer the de-
of ſuch acclamations to with-hold his attention
the commands of the univerſal ſovereign, has
reaſon to congratulate himſelf upon the greatneſs
is mind; whenever he awakes to ſerioufneſs and
tion, he muſt become deſpicable in his own eyes,
ſhrink with ſhame from the remembrance of his
rdice and folly.

The Pleasures and Advantages of Industry.

[Advent. N° 111.]

THE evils inseparably annexed to the present condition of man, are so numerous and afflictive, that it has been, from age to age, the task of some to bewail, and of others to solace them: and he therefore will be in danger of seeming a common enemy, who shall attempt to depreciate the few pleasures and felicities which nature has allowed us.

Yet I will confess, that I have sometimes employed my thoughts in examining the pretensions that are made to happiness, by the splendid and envied conditions of life; and have not thought the hour unprofitably spent, when I have detected the imposture of counterfeit advantages, and found disquiet lurking under false appearances of gaiety and greatness.

It is asserted by a tragic poet, that "est miser nemo "nisi comparatus," "no man is miserable, but as he "is compared with others happier than himself:" this position is not strictly and philosophically true. He might have said, with rigorous propriety, that no man is happy, but as he is compared with the miserable; for such is the state of this world, that we find in it absolute misery, but happiness only comparative; we may incur as much pain as we can possibly endure, though we can never obtain as much happiness as we might possibly enjoy.

Yet it is certain likewise, that many of our miseries are merely comparative: we are often made unhappy, not by the presence of any real evil, but by the absence of some fictitious good; of something which is not required by any real want of nature, which has not in itself any power of gratification, and which neither reason nor fancy would have prompted us to wish, did we not see it in the possession of others.

For a mind diseased with vain longings after unattainable advantages, no medicine can be prescribed, but an impartial enquiry into the real worth of that which is so ardently desired. It is well known, how much

n the mind, as well as the eye, is deceived by di-
e; and, perhaps, it will be found, that of many
ined bleſſings it may be doubted, whether he that
s or poſſeſſes them has more reaſon to be ſatisfied
his lot.

he dignity of high birth and long extraction, no
, to whom nature has denied it, can confer upon
elf; and, therefore, it deſerves to be conſidered,
ther the want of that which can never be gained,
not eaſily be endured. It is true, that if we con-
the triumph and delight with which moſt of thoſe
unt their anceſtors who have anceſtors to recount,
the artifices by which ſome who have riſen to unex-
ed fortune endeavour to inſert themſelves into an
ourable ſtem, we ſhall be inclined to fancy, that
om or virtue may be had by inheritance, or that all
xcellencies of a line of progenitors are accumulated
eir deſcendant. Reaſon, indeed, will ſoon inform
that our eſtimation of birth is arbitrary and capri-
s, and that dead anceſtors can have no influence
upon imagination: let it then be examined, whe-
one dream may not operate in the place of an-
r; whether he that owes nothing to forefathers,
not receive equal pleaſure from the conſciouſneſs
ving all to himſelf; whether he may not, with a
meditation, find it more honourable to found than
ntinue a family, and to gain dignity than tranſmit
whether, if he receives no dignity from the virtues
is family, he does not likewiſe eſcape the danger of
g diſgraced by their crimes; and whether he that
gs a new name into the world, has not the conve-

their cradles, whoſe eſtate is "res non parta labore ſed "relicta," "the acquiſition of another, not of them-"ſelves;" and whom a father's induſtry has diſpenſed from a laborious attention to arts or commerce, and left at liberty to diſpoſe of life as fancy ſhall direct them.

If every man were wiſe and virtuous, capable to diſcern the beſt uſe of time, and reſolute to practiſe it; it might be granted, I think, without heſitation, that total liberty would be a bleſſing; and that it would be deſirable to be left at large to the exerciſe of religious and ſocial duties, without the interruption of importunate avocations.

But ſince felicity is relative, and that which is the means of happineſs to one man may be to another the cauſe of miſery, we are to conſider, what ſtate is beſt adapted to human nature in its preſent degeneracy and frailty. And, ſurely, to far the greater number it is highly expedient, that they ſhould by ſome ſettled ſcheme of duties be reſcued from the tyranny of caprice, that they ſhould be driven on by neceſſity through the paths of life with their attention confined to a ſtated taſk, that they may be leſs at leiſure to deviate into miſchief at the call of folly.

When we obſerve the lives of thoſe whom an ample inheritance has let looſe to their own direction, what do we diſcover that can excite our envy? Their time ſeems not to paſs with much applauſe from others, or ſatisfaction to themſelves: many ſquander their exuberance of fortune in luxury and debauchery, and have no other uſe of money than to inflame their paſſions, and riot in a wider range of licentiouſneſs; others, leſs criminal indeed, but, ſurely, not much to be praiſed, lie down to ſleep and riſe up to trifle, are employed every morning in finding expedients to rid themſelves of the day, chaſe pleaſure through all the places of public reſort, fly from London to Bath and from Bath to London, without any other reaſon for changing place, but that they go in queſt of company as idle and as vagrant as themſelves, always endeavouring to raiſe ſome new deſire that they may have ſomething to purſue

purſue, to re-kindle ſome hope which they know will be diſappointed, changing one amuſement for another which a few months will make equally inſipid, or ſinking into languor and diſeaſe for want of ſomething to actuate their bodies or exhilarate their minds.

Whoever has frequented thoſe places, where idlers aſſemble to eſcape from ſolitude, knows that this is generally the ſtate of the wealthy; and from this ſtate it is no great hardſhip to be debarred. No man can be happy in total idleneſs: he that ſhould be condemned to lie torpid and motionleſs, "would fly for recreation," ſays SOUTH, "to the mines and the gallies;" it is well when nature or fortune find employment for thoſe, who would not have known how to procure it for themſelves.

He, whoſe mind is engaged by the acquiſition or improvement of a fortune, not only eſcapes the inſipidity of indifference, and the tediouſneſs of inactivity, but gains enjoyment wholly unknown to thoſe, who live lazily on the toil of others; for life affords no higher pleaſure, than that of ſurmounting difficulties, paſſing from one ſtep of ſucceſs to another, forming new wiſhes and ſeeing them gratified. He that labours in any great or laudable undertaking, has his fatigues firſt ſupported by hope, and afterwards rewarded by joy; he is always moving to a certain end, and when he has attained it, an end more diſtant invites him to a new purſuit.

It does not, indeed, always happen, that diligence is fortunate: the wiſeſt ſchemes are broken by unexpected accidents; the moſt conſtant perſeverance ſometimes toils through life without a recompence; but labour, though unſucceſsful, is more eligible than idleneſs; he that proſecutes a lawful purpoſe by lawful means, acts always with the approbation of his own reaſon; he is animated through the courſe of his endeavours by an expectation which, though not certain, he knows to be juſt; and is at laſt comforted in his diſappointment, by the conſciouſneſs that he has not *failed by his own fault.*

That kind of life is moſt happy which affords us moſt opportunitie

opportunities of gaining our own eſteem; and what can any man infer in his own favour from a condition to which, however proſperous, he contributed nothing, and which the vileſt and weakeſt of the ſpecies would have obtained by the ſame right, had he happened to be the ſon of the ſame father.

To ſtrive with difficulties, and to conquer them, is the higheſt human felicity; the next, is to ſtrive, and deſerve to conquer: but he whoſe life has paſſed without a conteſt, and who can boaſt neither ſucceſs nor merit, can ſurvey himſelf only as a uſeleſs filler of exiſtence; and if he is content with his own character, muſt owe his ſatisfaction to inſenſibility.

Thus it appears that the ſatiriſt adviſed rightly, when he directed us to reſign ourſelves to the hands of HEAVEN, and to leave to ſuperior powers the determination of our lot:

Permittes ipſis expendere Numinibus, quid
Conveniat nobis, rebuſque ſit utile noſtris:
Carior eſt illis homo quam ſibi.

Intruſt thy fortune to the pow'rs above:
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wiſdom ſees thee want.
In goodneſs as in greatneſs they excell.
Ah! that we lov'd ourſelves but half ſo well. DRYDEN.

What ſtate of life admits moſt happineſs is uncertain; but that uncertainty ought to repreſs the petulance of compariſon, and ſilence the murmurs of diſcontent.

Danger of Relapſe after Purpoſes of Amendment.

[Advent. N°. 130.]

IT was ſaid by RALEIGH, when ſome of his friends lamented his confinement under a ſentence of death, which he knew not how ſoon he might ſuffer, "That "the world itſelf was only a larger priſon, out of "which ſome were every day ſelected for execution." That there is a time when every man is ſtruck with a ſenſe

his awful truth, I do not doubt; and, perhaps, ſpeculatiſt would conclude, that its influence ſtronger in proportion as it more frequently : but upon every mind that is become familiar lamity, calamity loſes its force; and miſery ſs only by its continuance, becauſe thoſe who g ſuffered loſe their ſenſibility.

who lies down at night in the vigour and f five and twenty, ſhould riſe in the morning infirmities of fourſcore, it is not improbable would ſink under a ſenſe of his condition; re- enjoyments which could never return, would all that remained; and the laſt mournful effects would be haſtened and aggravated by anticipa- But thoſe who have been enfeebled by degrees, e been ſhaken ten years by the palſey, or crip- the gout, frequently totter about upon their with an air of waggiſh jocularity, are always entertain their company with a jeſt, meet their tance with a toothleſs grin, and are the firſt to oung beauty when they can ſcarce lift the glaſs lips. Even criminals, who knew that in the they were to die, have often ſlept in the night; very few of thoſe who have been committed for al offence, which they knew would be eaſily have ſlept the firſt night after they were con- Danger ſo ſudden and ſo imminent, alarms, ids, and terrifies; but after a time ſtupor ſup- e want of fortitude; and as the evil approaches, effect leſs terrible, except in the moment t arrives; and then, indeed, it is common to that inſenſibility, which before perhaps was rily increaſed by drunkenneſs or diſſipation, by intemperance or tumultuous company.

re is ſome reaſon to believe, that this "power he world to come," as it is expreſſed in the ſub- of Eaſtern metaphor, is generally felt at the ge. The dread of death has ſeldom been found *ide upon the chearfulneſs*, ſimplicity and inno- *f children; they gaze at a funeral proceſſion much vacant curioſity as at any other ſhew, and*

ſe.

ſee the world change before them without the leaſt ſenſe of their own ſhare in the viciſſitude. In youth, when all the appetites are ſtrong, and every gratification is heightened by novelty, the mind reſiſts mournful impreſſions with a kind of elaſtic power, by which the ſignature that is forced upon it is immediately effaced: when this tumult firſt ſubſides, while the attachment to life is yet ſtrong, and the mind begins to look forward, and concert meaſures by which thoſe enjoyments may be ſecured which it is ſolicitous to keep, or others obtained to atone for the diſappointments that are paſt, then death ſtarts up like a ſpectre in all his terrors, the blood is chilled at his appearance, he is perceived to approach with a conſtant and irreſiſtible pace, retreat is impoſſible, and reſiſtance is vain.

The terror and anguiſh which this image produces whenever it firſt ruſhes upon the mind, are always complicated with a ſenſe of guilt and remorſe; and generally produce ſome haſty and zealous purpoſes of more uniform virtue and more ardent devotion, of ſomething that may ſecure us, not only from the worm that never dies and the fire that is not quenched, but from total mortality, and admit hope to the regions beyond the grave.

This purpoſe is ſeldom wholly relinquiſhed, though it is not always executed with vigour and perſeverance; the reflection which produced it often recurs, but it ſtill recurs with leſs force; deſire of immediate pleaſure becomes predominant; appetite is no longer reſtrained; and either all attempts to ſecure future happineſs are deferred "to a more convenient ſeaſon," or ſome expedients are ſought to render ſenſuality and virtue compatible, and to obtain every object of hope without leſſening the treaſures of poſſeſſion. Thus vice naturally becomes the diſciple of infidelity; and the wretch who dares not aſpire to the heroic virtues of a CHRISTIAN, liſtens with eagerneſs to every objection againſt the authority of that law by which he is condemned, and labours in vain to eſtabliſh another that will acquit him: he forms many arguments to juſtify natural deſires; he *learns* at length to impoſe upon himſelf, and aſſents to *principles* which yet in his heart he does not believe;

he thinks himſelf convinced, that virtue muſt be happineſs, and then dreams that happineſs is virtue.

Theſe frauds, though they would have been impoſſible in the hour of conviction and terror, are yet practiſed with great eaſe when it is paſt, and contribute very much to prevent its return. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible that it ſhould return with the ſame force, becauſe the power of novelty is neceſſarily exhauſted in the firſt onſet. Some incidents, however, there are, which renew the terror; and they ſeldom fail to renew the purpoſe: upon the death of a friend, a parent, or a wife, the comforts and the confidence of ſophiſtry are at an end; the moment that ſuſpends the influence of temptation, reſtores the power of conſcience, and at once rectifies the underſtanding. He who has been labouring to explain away thoſe duties which he had not fortitude to practiſe, then ſees the vanity of the attempt; he regrets the time that is paſt, and reſolves to improve that which remains: but if the firſt purpoſe of reformation has been ineffectual, the ſecond is ſeldom executed; as the ſenſe of danger by which it is produced is not ſo ſtrong, the motive is leſs; and as the power of appetite is increaſed by habitual gratification, the oppoſition is more; the new conviction wears off; the duties are again neglected as unneceſſary which are found to be unpleaſant; the lethargy of the ſoul returns, and as the danger increaſes ſhe becomes leſs ſuſceptible of fear.

Thus the dreadful condition of him, "who looks "back after having put his hand to the plough," may be reſolved into natural cauſes; and it may be affirmed, upon mere philoſophical principles, that there is a call which is repeated no more, and an apoſtacy from which it is extremely difficult to return.

Let thoſe who ſtill delay that which they yet believe to be of eternal moment, remember, that their motives to effect it will ſtill grow weaker, and the difficulty of the work perpetually increaſe; to neglect it now, therefore, *is a pledge that it will* be neglected for ever: and *if they are rouzed by this* thought, let them inſtantly *improve its influence: for* even this thought when it returns,

returns, will return with leſs power, and though it ſhould rouze them now will perhaps rouze them no more. But let them not confide in ſuch virtue as can be practiſed without a ſtruggle, and which interdicts the gratification of no paſſion but malice; nor adopt principles which could never be believed at the only time when they could be uſeful; like arguments which men ſometimes form when they ſlumber, and the moment they awake diſcover to be abſurd.

Let thoſe who in the anguiſh of an awakened mind have regretted the paſt, and reſolved to redeem it in the future, perſiſt invariably to do whatever they then wiſhed to have done. Let this be eſtabliſhed as a conſtant rule of action, and oppoſed to all the cavils of ſophiſtry and ſenſe; for this wiſh will inevitably return when it muſt for ever be ineffectual, at that awful moment, when "the ſhadow of death ſhall be ſtretched "over them, and that night commence in which no "man can work."

On the Antiquity of Fables, with the Fable of Pleaſure and Pain. [Spect. N°. 183.]

FABLES were the firſt pieces of wit that made their appearance in the world, and have been ſtill highly valued not only in times of the greateſt ſimplicity, but among the polite ages of mankind. *Jotham*'s fable of the tree is the oldeſt that is extant, and as beautiful as any which have been made ſince that time. *Nathan*'s fable of the poor man and his lamb is likewiſe more antient than any that is extant, beſide the abovementioned, and had ſo good an effect, as to convey inſtruction to the ear of a king without offending it, and to bring the man after God's own heart to a right ſenſe of his guilt and his duty. We find *Æſop* in the moſt diſtant ages of *Greece*; and if we look into the very beginnings of the commonwealth of *Rome*, we ſee a mutiny among the common people appeaſed by a fable of the *belly and the limbs*, which was indeed very proper to gain

gain the attention of an incenſed rabble, at a time when, perhaps, they would have torn to pieces any man who had preached the ſame doctrine to them in an open and direct manner. As fables took their birth in the very infancy of learning, they never flouriſhed more than when learning was at its greateſt height. To juſtify this aſſertion, I ſhall put my reader in mind of *Horace*, the greateſt wit and critic in the *Auguſtan* age; and of *Boileau*, the moſt correct poet among the moderns: not to mention *La Fontaine*, who, by this way of writing, is come more into vogue than any other author of our times.

The fables I have here mentioned are raiſed altogether upon brutes and vegetables, with ſome of our own ſpecies mixt among them, when the moral hath ſo required. But beſides this kind of fable, there is another in which the actors are paſſions, virtues, vices, and other imaginary perſons of the like nature. Some of the antient critics will have it, that the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey* of *Homer* are fables of this nature; and that the ſeveral names of gods and heroes are nothing elſe but the affections of the mind in a viſible ſhape and character. Thus they tell us, that *Achilles*, in the firſt Iliad, repreſents anger, or the iraſcible part of human nature; that upon drawing his ſword againſt his ſuperior in a full aſſembly, *Pallas* is only another name for reaſon, which checks and adviſes him upon that occaſion; and at her firſt appearance touches him upon the head, that part of the man being looked upon as the ſeat of reaſon. And thus the reſt of the poem. As for the *Odyſſey*, I think it is plain, that *Horace* conſidered it as one of theſe allegorical fables, by the moral which he has given us of ſeveral parts of it. The greateſt *Italian* wits have applied themſelves to the writing of this latter kind of fables: as *Spenſer's Fairy-Queen* is one continued ſeries of them from the beginning to the end of that admirable work. If we look into the fineſt proſe authors of antiquity, ſuch as *Cicero*, *Plato*, *Xenophon*, and many others, we ſhall find that this was likewiſe their *favourite kind of fable*. I ſhall only farther obſerve upon it, that the firſt of this ſort that made any conſi-

derable figure in the world, was that of *Hercules* meeting with Pleaſure and Virtue; which was invented by *Prodicus*, who lived before *Socrates*, and in the firſt dawnings of philoſophy. He uſed to travel through *Greece* by the virtue of this fable, which procured him a kind reception in all the market towns, where he never failed telling it as ſoon as he had gathered an audience about him.

After this ſhort preface, which I have made up of ſuch materials as my memory does at preſent ſuggeſt to me, before I preſent my reader with a fable of this kind, which I deſign as the entertainment of the preſent paper, I muſt, in a few words, open the occaſion of it.

In the account which *Plato* gives us of the converſation and behaviour of *Socrates*, the morning he was to die, he tells the following circumſtance.

When *Socrates* his fetters were knocked off (as was uſual to be done on the day that the condemned perſon was to be executed) being ſeated in the midſt of his diſciples, and laying one of his legs over the other, in a very unconcerned poſture, he began to rub it where it had been galled by the iron; and whether it was to ſhew the indifference with which he entertained the thoughts of his approaching death, or, after his uſual manner, to take every occaſion of philoſophizing upon ſome uſeful ſubject, he obſerved the pleaſure of that ſenſation which now aroſe in thoſe very parts of his leg, that juſt before had been ſo much pained by the fetter. Upon this he reflected on the nature of pleaſure and pain in general, and how conſtantly they ſucceed one another. To this he added, that if a man of a good genius for a fable were to repreſent the nature of pleaſure and pain in that way of writing, he would probably join them together after ſuch a manner, that it would be impoſſible for the one to come into any place without being followed by the other.

It is poſſible that if *Plato* had thought it proper at ſuch a time to deſcribe *Socrates* launching out into a diſcourſe which was not of a piece with the buſineſs of the day, he would have enlarged upon this hint, and have drawn it out into ſome beautiful allegory or fable.

But ſince he has not done it, I ſhall attempt to write one myſelf in the ſpirit of that divine author.

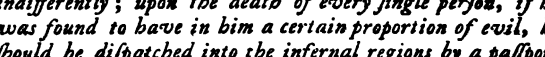
There were two families which, from the beginning of the world, were as oppoſite to each other as light and darkneſs. The one of them lived in heaven, the other in hell. The youngeſt deſcendent of the firſt family was Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, who was the child of Virtue, who was the offspring of the gods. Theſe, as I ſaid before, had their habitation in heaven. The youngeſt of the oppoſite family was Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, who was the child of Vice, who was the offspring of the furies. The habitation of this race of beings was in hell.

The middle ſtation of nature between theſe two oppoſite extremes was the earth, which was inhabited by creatures of a middle kind, neither ſo virtuous as the one, nor ſo vicious as the other, but partaking of the good and bad qualities of theſe two oppoſite families. Jupiter conſidering that this ſpecies, commonly called man, was too virtuous to be miſerable, and too vicious to be happy; that he might make a diſtinction between the good and the bad, ordered the two youngeſt of the above-mentioned families, Pleaſure, who was the daughter of Happineſs, and Pain, who was the ſon of Miſery, to meet one another upon this part of nature which lay in the half-way between them, having promiſed to ſettle it upon them both, provided they could agree upon the diviſion of it, ſo as to ſhare mankind between them.

Pleaſure and Pain were no ſooner met in their new habitation, but they immediatcly agreed upon this point, that Pleaſure ſhould take poſſeſſion of the virtuous, and Pain of the vicious part of that ſpecies which was given up to them. But upon examining to which of them any individual they met with belonged, they found each of them had a right to him; for that, contrary to what they had ſeen, in their old places of reſidence, there was no perſon ſo vicious who had not ſome good in him, nor any perſon ſo virtuous who had not in him ſome evil. The truth of it is, they generally found upon ſearch, that in the moſt vicious man Pleaſure might lay claim to an hundredth part, and that in the moſt virtuous man Pain might come

in for at leaſt two thirds. This they ſaw would occaſion endleſs diſputes between them, unleſs they could come to ſome accommodation. To this end there was a marriage propoſed between them, and at length concluded: by this means it is that we find Pleaſure and Pain are ſuch conſtant yoke-fellows, and that they either make their viſits together, or are never far aſunder. If Pain comes into a heart, he is quickly followed by Pleaſure; and if Pleaſure enter, you may be ſure Pain is not far off.

But notwithſtanding this marriage was very convenient for the two parties, it did not ſeem to anſwer the intention of Jupiter in ſending them among mankind. To remedy therefore this inconvenience, it was ſtipulated between them by article, and confirmed by the conſent of each family, that notwithſtanding they here poſſeſſed the ſpecies indifferently; upon the death of every ſingle perſon, if he was found to have in him a certain proportion of evil, he ſhould be diſpatched into the infernal regions by a paſſport from Pain, there to dwell with miſery, vice, and the furies: Or on the contrary, if he had in him a certain proportion of good, he ſhould be diſpatched into heaven by a paſſport from Pleaſure, there to dwell with happineſs, virtue, and the gods.



The Purſuit of Knowledge recommended to Youth.
[Guardian, N°. 111.]

I AM very much concerned when I ſee young gentlemen of fortune and quality ſo wholly ſet upon pleaſures and diverſions, that they neglect all thoſe improvements in wiſdom and knowledge which may make them eaſy to themſelves and uſeful to the world. The greateſt part of our Britiſh youth loſe their figure and grow out of faſhion by that time they are five and twenty. As ſoon as the natural gaiety and amiableneſs of the young man wears off, they have nothing left to recommend them, but *lie by* the reſt of their lives among the *lumber and refuſe* of the ſpecies. It ſometimes happens indeed, that for want of applying themſelves in due

due time to the purſuits of knowledge, they take up a book in their declining years, and grow very hopeful ſcholars by that time they are threeſcore. I muſt therefore earneſtly preſs my readers, who are in the flower of their youth, to labour at thoſe accompliſhments which may ſet off their perſons when their bloom is gone, and to *lay in* timely proviſions for manhood and old age. In ſhort, I would adviſe the youth of fifteen to be dreſſing up every day the man of fifty, or to conſider how to make himſelf venerable at threeſcore.

Young men, who are naturally ambitious, would do well to obſerve how the greateſt men of antiquity made it their ambition to excel all their contemporaries in knowledge. Julius Cæſar and Alexander, the moſt celebrated inſtances of human greatneſs, took a particular care to diſtinguiſh themſelves by their ſkill in the arts and ſciences. We have ſtill extant ſeveral remains of the former, which juſtify the character given of him by the learned men of his own age. As for the latter, it is a known ſaying of his, that he was more obliged to Ariſtotle who had inſtructed him, than to Philip who had given him life and empire. There is a letter of his recorded by Plutarch and Aulus Gellius, which he wrote to Ariſtotle upon hearing that he had publiſhed thoſe lectures he had given him in private. This letter was written in the following words at a time when he was in the heighth of his Perſian conqueſts.

ALEXANDER to ARISTOTLE, greeting.

'YOU have not done well to publiſh your books of ſelect knowledge; for what is there now in which I can ſurpaſs others, if thoſe things which I have been inſtructed in are communicated to every body? For my own part I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power.

'Farewel.'

We ſee by this letter, that the love of conqueſt was *but the ſecond ambition* in Alexander's ſoul. Knowledge *is indeed* that which, next to virtue, truly and

 eſſentially

eſſentially raiſes one man above another. It finiſhes one half of the human ſoul. It makes being pleaſant to us, fills the mind with entertaining views, and adminiſters to it a perpetual ſeries of gratifications. It gives eaſe to ſolitude, and gracefulneſs to retirement. It fills a publick ſtation with ſuitable abilities, and adds a luſtre to thoſe who are in poſſeſſion of them.

Learning, by which I mean all uſeful knowledge, whether ſpeculative or practical, is in popular and mixt governments the natural ſource of wealth and honour. If we look into moſt of the reigns from the conqueſt, we ſhall find that the favourites of each reign have been thoſe who have raiſed themſelves. The greateſt men are generally the growth of that particular age in which they flouriſh. A ſuperior capacity for buſineſs, and a more extenſive knowledge, are the ſteps by which a new man often mounts to favour, and outſhines the reſt of his contemporaries. But when men are actually born to titles, it is almoſt impoſſible that they ſhould fail of receiving an additional greatneſs, if they take care to accompliſh themſelves for it.

The ſtory of Solomon's choice does not only inſtruct us in that point of hiſtory, but furniſhes out a very fine moral to us, namely, that he who applies his heart to wiſdom, does at the ſame time take the moſt proper method for gaining long life, riches and reputation, which are very often not only the rewards but the effects of wiſdom.

As it is very ſuitable to my preſent ſubject, I ſhall firſt of all quote this paſſage in the words of ſacred writ, and afterwards mention an allegory, in which this whole paſſage is repreſented by a famous French poet: not queſtioning but it will be very pleaſing to ſuch of my readers as have a taſte of fine writing.

"In Gibeon the Lord appeared to Solomon in a "dream by night: and God ſaid, Aſk what I ſhall give "thee. And Solomon ſaid, Thou haſt ſhewed unto "thy ſervant David my father great mercy, according "as he walked before thee in truth and in righteouſ-"neſs, and in uprightneſs of heart with thee, and thou "*haſt kept for him* this great kindneſs, that thou haſt "given

"given him a ſon to ſit on his throne, as it is this day. "And now, O Lord my God, thou haſt made thy ſervant king inſtead of David my father: and I am but "a little child: I know not how to go out or come "in. Give therefore thy ſervant an underſtanding "heart to judge thy people, that I may diſcern between "good and bad; for who is able to judge this thy ſo "great a people? And the ſpeech pleaſed the Lord, "that Solomon had aſked this thing. And God ſaid unto him, Becauſe thou haſt aſked this thing, and haſt "not aſked for thyſelf long life, neither haſt aſked riches "for thyſelf, nor haſt aſked the life of thine enemies, "but haſt aſked for thyſelf, underſtanding to diſcern "judgment: Behold I have done according to thy "words: lo, I have given thee a wiſe and underſtanding heart, ſo that there was none like thee before "thee, neither after thee ſhall any ariſe like unto thee. "And I have alſo given thee that which thou haſt not "aſked, both riches and honour, ſo that there ſhall not "be any among the kings like unto thee all thy days. "And if thou wilt walk in my ways, to keep my ſtatutes and my commandments, as thy father David "did walk, then I will lengthen thy days. And Solomon awoke, and behold, it was a Dream."———

The French poet has ſhadowed this ſtory in an allegory, of which he ſeems to have taken the hint from the fable of the three goddeſſes appearing to Paris, or rather from the viſion of Hercules, recorded by Xenophon, where Pleaſure and Virtue are repreſented as real perſons making their court to the hero with all their ſeveral charms and allurements. Health, Wealth, Victory and Honour are introduced ſucceſſively in their proper emblems and characters, each of them ſpreading her temptations, and recommending herſelf to the young monarch's choice. Wiſdom enters the laſt, and ſo captivates him with her appearance, that he gives himſelf up to her. Upon which ſhe informs him, that thoſe who appeared before her were nothing elſe but her equipage, and that ſince he had placed his heart upon *Wiſdom, Health*, Wealth, Victory and Honour *ſhould always wait on her as* her handmaids.

The Importance of Punctuality. [Rambler, N°. 201.]

IT is obſerved in the writings of *Boyle*, that the excellency of manufactures, and facility of labour, would be much promoted, if the various expedients and contrivances which lie concealed in private hands, were by reciprocal communications made generally known, for there are few operations that are not performed by one or other with ſome peculiar advantages, which though ſingly of little importance, would by conjunction and concurrence open new inlets to knowledge, and give new powers to diligence.

There are in like manner ſeveral moral excellencies diſtributed among the various claſſes of mankind, which he that converſes in the world ſhould endeavour to aſſemble in himſelf. It was ſaid by the learned *Cujacius*, that he never read more than one book, by which he was not inſtructed; and he that ſhall enquire after virtue with ardor and attention, will ſeldom find a man by whoſe example or ſentiments he may not be improved.

Every profeſſion has ſome eſſential and appropriate virtue, without which there can be no hope of honour or ſucceſs, and which as it is more or leſs cultivated, confers within its ſphere of activity different degrees of merit and reputation. As the aſtrologers range the ſubdiviſions of mankind under the planets which they ſuppoſe to influence their lives, the moraliſt may diſtribute them according to the virtues which they neceſſarily practiſe, and conſider them as diſtinguiſhed by prudence or fortitude, diligence or patience.

So much are the modes of excellence ſettled by time and place, that men may be heard boaſting in one ſtreet of that which they would anxiouſly conceal in another. The grounds of ſcorn and eſteem, the topics of praiſe and ſatire are varied according to the ſeveral virtues or vices which the courſe of our lives has diſpoſed us to admire or abhor; but he who is ſolicitous for his own *improvement*, muſt not ſuffer his endeavours to be *limited by local reputation*, but ſelect from every tribe

of

of mortals their characteriſtical virtues, and conſtellate in himſelf the ſcattered graces which ſhine ſingle in other men.

The chief praiſe to which a trader generally aſpires is that of punctuality, or an exact and rigorous obſervance of commercial promiſes and engagements; nor is there any vice of which he ſo much dreads the imputation, as of negligence and inſtability. This is a quality which the intereſt of mankind requires to be diffuſed through all the ranks of life, but which, however uſeful and valuable, many ſeem content to want; it is conſidered as a vulgar and ignoble virtue, below the ambition of greatneſs or attention of wit, ſcarcely requiſite among men of gaiety and ſpirit, and ſold at its higheſt rate when it is ſacrificed to a frolick or a jeſt.

Every man has daily occaſion to remark what vexations and inconveniencies ariſe from this privilege of deceiving one another. The active and vivacious have ſo long diſdained the reſtraints of truth, that promiſes and appointments have loſt their cogency, and both parties neglect their ſtipulations, becauſe each concludes that they will be broken by the other.

Negligence is firſt admitted in trivial affairs, and ſtrengthened by petty indulgencies. He that is not yet hardened by cuſtom ventures not on the violation of important engagements, but thinks himſelf bound by his word in caſes of property or danger, though he allows himſelf to forget at what time he is to meet ladies in the park, or at what tavern his friends are expecting him.

This laxity of honour would be more tolerable if it could be reſtrained to the play-houſe, the ball-room, or the card-table; yet even there it is ſufficiently troubleſome, and darkens thoſe moments with expectation, ſuſpenſe, uncertainty, and reſentment, which are ſet aſide for the ſofter pleaſures of life, and from which we naturally hope for unmingled enjoyment, and total relaxation. But he that ſuffers the ſlighteſt breach in his morality, can ſeldom tell what ſhall enter it, or how *wide it ſhall be made*; when a paſſage is opened, the

influx of corruption is every moment wearing down oppoſition, and by ſlow degrees deluges the heart.

Aliger entered the world a youth of lively imagination, extenſive views, and untainted principles. His curioſity incited him to range from place to place, and try all the varieties of converſation; his elegance of addreſs and fertility of ideas, gained him friends whereever he appeared; or at leaſt he found the general kindneſs of reception always ſhewn to a young man whoſe birth and fortune gave him a claim to notice, and who has neither by vice or folly deſtroyed his privileges. *Aliger* was pleaſed with this general ſmile of mankind, and being naturally gentle and flexible, was induſtrious to preſerve it by compliance and officiouſneſs, but did not ſuffer his deſire of pleaſing to vitiate his integrity. It was his eſtabliſhed maxim, that a promiſe is never to be broken; nor was it without long reluctance that he once ſuffered himſelf to be drawn away from a feſtal engagement by the importunity of another company.

He ſpent the evening, as is uſual in the rudiments of vice, with perturbation and imperfect enjoyment, and met his diſappointed friends in the morning, with confuſion and excuſes. His companions, not accuſtomed to ſuch ſcrupulous anxiety, laughed at his uneaſineſs, compounded the offence for a bottle, gave him courage to break his word again, and again levied the penalty. He ventured the ſame experiment upon another ſociety, and found them equally ready to conſider it as a venial fault, always incident to a man of quickneſs and gaiety; till by degrees he began to think himſelf at liberty to follow the laſt invitation, and was no longer ſhocked at the turpitude of falſhood. He made no difficulty to promiſe his preſence at diſtant places, and if liſtleſſneſs happened to creep upon him, would ſit at home with great tranquillity, and has often, while he ſunk to ſleep in a chair, held ten tables in continual expectation of his entrance.

He found it ſo pleaſant to live in perpetual vacancy, *that he ſoon diſmiſſed* his attention as an uſeleſs incumbrance, *and reſigned* himſelf to careleſſneſs and diſſipation, *without any regard* to the future or the paſt,

or

or any other motive of action than the impulſe of a ſudden deſire, or the attraction of immediate pleaſure. The abſent were immediately forgotten, and the hopes or fears of others had no influence upon his conduct. He was in ſpeculation completely juſt, but never kept his promiſe to a creditor; he was benevolent, but always deceived thoſe friends whom he undertook to patronize or aſſiſt; he was prudent, but ſuffered his affairs to be embarraſſed for want of ſettling his accounts at ſtated times. He courted a young lady, and when the ſettlements were drawn, took a ramble into the country on the day appointed to ſign them. He reſolved to travel, and ſent his cheſts on ſhipboard, but delayed to follow them till he loſt his paſſage. He was ſummoned as an evidence in a cauſe of great importance, and loitered in the way till the trial was paſt. It is ſaid, that when he had with great expence formed an intereſt in a borough, his opponent contrived by ſome agents, who knew his temper, to lure him away on the day of election.

His benevolence draws him into the commiſſion of a thouſand crimes, which others, leſs kind or civil, would eſcape. His courteſy invites application, his promiſes produce dependence; he has his pockets filled with petitions, which he intends ſome time to deliver and enforce, and his table covered with letters of requeſt, with which he purpoſes to comply; but time ſlips imperceptibly away, while he is either idle or buſy: his friends loſe their opportunities, and charge upon him their miſcarriages and calamities.

This character, however contemptible, is not peculiar to *Aliger*. They whoſe activity of imagination is often ſhifting the ſcenes of expectation, are frequently ſubject to ſuch ſallies of caprice as make all their actions fortuitous, deſtroy the value of their friendſhip, obſtruct the efficacy of their virtues, and ſet them below the meaneſt of thoſe that perſiſt in their reſolutions, execute what they deſign, and perform what they have promiſed.

The great Benefit of bodily Exercise.

[Spectator, N°. 115.]

BODILY labour is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of labour for that of exercise, but differs only from ordinary labour as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a human body, without considering it in its niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour or exercise ferments the humours, casts them into their proper channels, throws off redundancies, and helps nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with chearfulness.

I might here mention the effects, which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union

union between ſoul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we muſt aſcribe the ſpleen, which is ſo frequent in men of ſtudious and ſedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which thoſe of the other ſex are ſo often ſubject.

Had not exerciſe been abſolutely neceſſary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body ſo proper for it, by giving ſuch an activity to the limbs, and ſuch a pliancy to every part, as neceſſarily produce thoſe compreſſions, extenſions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are neceſſary for the preſervation of ſuch a ſyſtem of tubes and glands as has been before-mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in ſuch an exerciſe of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is ſo ordered, that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and ſweat of the brows. Providence furniſhes materials, but expects that we ſhould work them up ourſelves. The earth muſt be laboured before it gives its increaſe, and when it is forced into its ſeveral products, how many hands muſt they paſs through before they are fit for uſe? Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the ſpecies in twenty; and as for thoſe who are not obliged to labour, by the condition in which they are born, they are more miſerable than the reſt of mankind, unleſs they indulge themſelves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of exerciſe.

My friend Sir *Roger* hath been an indefatigable man in buſineſs of this kind, and has hung ſeveral parts of his houſe with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of ſeveral kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the moſt valuable furniture of his houſe, as they afford him frequent topics of diſcourſe, and ſhew that he has not been idle. At the lower end *of the hall, is a* large otter's ſkin ſtuffed with hay, *which his mother* ordered to be hung up in that man*ner, and the knight* looks upon with great ſatisfaction, becauſ

becauſe it ſeems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arſenal filled with guns of ſeveral ſizes and inventions, with which the knight has made great havock in the woods, and deſtroyed many thouſands of pheaſants, partridges, and woodcocks. His ſtable-doors are patched with noſes that belonged to foxes of the knight's own hunting down. Sir *Roger* ſhewed me one of them that, for diſtinction ſake, has a braſs nail ſtuck through it, which coſt him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and loſt above half his dogs. This the knight looks upon as one of the greateſt exploits of his life. The perverſe widow, whom I have given ſome account of, was the death of ſeveral foxes; for Sir *Roger* has told me, that in the courſe of his amours he patched the weſtern door of his ſtable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were ſure to pay for it. In proportion as his paſſion for the widow abated, and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet ſafe that ſits within ten miles of his houſe.

There is no kind of exerciſe which I would ſo recommend to my readers of both ſexes as this of riding, as there is none which ſo much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Dr. *Sydenham* is very laviſh in its praiſes; and if the *Engliſh* reader will ſee the mechanical effects of it deſcribed at length, he may find them in a book publiſhed not many years ſince, under the title of *Medicina Gymnaſtica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of theſe opportunities, I exerciſe myſelf an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleaſes me the more becauſe it does every thing I require in the moſt profound ſilence. My landlady and her daughters are ſo well acquainted with my hours of exercile, that they never come into my room to diſturb me whilſt I am ringing.

When I was ſome years younger than I am at preſent, *I uſed to employ* myſelf in a more laborious diverſion, *which I learned from a Latin* treatiſe of exerciſes, that is

is written with great erudition: it is there called the σκιαμαχία, or the fighting with a man's own ſhadow, and conſiſts in the brandiſhing of two ſhort ſticks graſped in each hand, and loaded with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the cheſt, exerciſes the limbs, and gives a man all the pleaſure of boxing, without the blows. I could wiſh that ſeveral learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controverſies and diſputes about nothing, in *this method* of fighting with their own ſhadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the ſpleen, which makes them uneaſy to the public as well as to themſelves.

To conclude, As I am a compound of ſoul and body, I conſider myſelf as obliged to a double ſcheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the buſineſs of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exerciſe, as well as the other in ſtudy and contemplation.

Temperance the beſt Preſervative of Health.

[Spectator, N° 195.]

THERE is a ſtory in the *Arabian Nights Tales*, of a king who had long languiſhed under an ill habit of body, and had taken abundance of remedies to no purpoſe. At length, ſays the fable, a phyſician cured him by the following method: he took an hollow ball of wood, and filled it with ſeveral drugs; after which he cloſed it up ſo artificially that nothing appeared. He likewiſe took a mall, and after having hollowed the handle, and that part which ſtrikes the ball, incloſed in them ſeveral drugs after the ſame manner as in the ball itſelf. He then ordered the ſultan, who was his patient, to exerciſe himſelf early in the morning with theſe rightly prepared inſtruments, till ſuch time as he ſhould ſweat: when, as the ſtory goes, the virtue of the medicaments perſpiring through the wood, had ſo good an influence on the ſultan's conſtitution, that they cured him of an indiſpoſition which all the compoſitions he had taken inwardly had not been able

able to remove. This eaſtern allegory is finely contrived to ſhew us how beneficial bodily labour is to health, and that exerciſe is the moſt effectual phyſic I have deſcribed in my hundred and fifteenth paper, from the general ſtructure and mechaniſm of an human body, how abſolutely neceſſary exerciſe is for its preſervation: I ſhall in this place recommend another great preſervative of health, which in many caſes produces the ſame effects as exerciſe, and may, in ſome meaſure, ſupply its place, where opportunities of exerciſe are wanting. The preſervative I am ſpeaking of is temperance, which has thoſe particular advantages above all other means of health, that it may be practiſed by all ranks and conditions, at any ſeaſon or in any place. It is a kind of regimen into which every man may put himſelf, without interruption to buſineſs, expence of money, or loſs of time. If exerciſe throws off all ſuperfluities, temperance prevents them; if exerciſe clears the veſſels, temperance neither ſatiates nor overſtrains them; if exerciſe raiſes proper ferments in the humours, and promotes the circulation of the blood, temperance gives nature her full play, and enables her to exert herſelf in all her force and vigour; if exerciſe diſſipates a growing diſtemper, temperance ſtarves it.

Phyſic, for the moſt part, is nothing elſe but the ſubſtitute of exerciſe or temperance. Medicines are indeed abſolutely neceſſary in acute diſtempers, that cannot wait the ſlow operations of theſe two great inſtruments of health; but did men live in an habitual courſe of exerciſe and temperance, there would be but little occaſion for them. Accordingly we find that thoſe parts of the world are the moſt healthy, where they ſubſiſt by the chace; and that men lived longeſt when their lives were employed in hunting, and when they had little food beſides what they caught. Bliſtering, cupping, bleeding, are ſeldom of uſe but to the idle and intemperate; as all thoſe inward applications which are ſo much in practice among us, are, for the moſt part, nothing elſe but expedients to make luxury *conſiſtent with health*. The apothecary is perpetually *employed in countermining* the cook and the vintner.

is ſaid of *Diogenes*, that meeting a young man who was going to a feaſt, he took him up in the ſtreet, and carried him home to his friends, as one who was running into imminent danger, had he not prevented him. What would that philoſopher have ſaid, had he been preſent at the gluttony of a modern meal? Would not he have thought the maſter of the family mad, and have begged his ſervants to tie down his hands, had he ſeen him devour fowl, fiſh, and fleſh; ſwallow oil and vinegar, wines, and ſpices; throw down ſallads of twenty different herbs, ſauces of an hundred ingredients, confections and fruits of numberleſs ſweets and flavours? What unnatural motions and counter-ferments muſt ſuch a medley of intemperance produce in the body? For my part, when I behold a faſhionable table ſet out in all its magnificence, I fancy, that I ſee gouts and dropſies, fevers and lethargies, with other innumerable diſtempers, lying in ambuſcade among the diſhes.

Nature delights in the moſt plain and ſimple diet. Every animal, but man, keeps to one diſh. Herbs are the food of this ſpecies, fiſh of that, and fleſh of a third. Man falls upon every thing that comes in his way; not the ſmalleſt fruit or excreſcence of the earth, ſcarce a berry, or a muſhroom, can eſcape him.

It is impoſſible to lay down any determinate rule for temperance, becauſe what is luxury in one may be temperance in another; but there are few that have lived any time in the world, who are not judges of their own conſtitutions, ſo far as to know what kinds and what proportions of food do beſt agree with them. Were I to conſider my readers as my patients, and to preſcribe ſuch a kind of temperance as is accommodated to all perſons, and ſuch as is particularly ſuitable to our climate and way of living, I would copy the following rules of a very eminent phyſician. Make your whole repaſt out of one diſh. If you indulge in a ſecond, avoid drinking any thing ſtrong, till you have finiſhed your meal; at the ſame time abſtain from all ſauces, or *at leaſt ſuch as are* not the moſt plain and ſimple. A *man could not be well* guilty of gluttony, if he ſtuck *to theſe few obvious* and eaſy rules. In the firſt caſe, ther

there would be no variety of taſtes to ſolicit his palate, and occaſion exceſs; nor in the ſecond any artificial provocatives to relieve ſatiety, and create a falſe appetite. Were I to preſcribe a rule for drinking, it ſhould be formed upon a ſaying quoted by Sir *William Temple*; *The firſt glaſs for myſelf, the ſecond for my friends, the third for good humour, and the fourth for mine enemies.* But becauſe it is impoſſible for one who lives in the world to diet himſelf always in ſo philoſophical a manner, I think every man ſhould have his days of abſtinence, according as his conſtitution will permit. Theſe are great reliefs to nature, as they qualify her for ſtruggling with hunger and thirſt, whenever any diſtemper or duty of life may put her upon ſuch difficulties; and at the ſame time give her an opportunity of extricating herſelf from her oppreſſions, and recovering the ſeveral tones and ſprings of her diſtended veſſels. Beſides that, abſtinence well timed often kills a ſickneſs in embryo, and deſtroys the firſt ſeeds of an indiſpoſition. It is obſerved by two or three antient authors, that *Socrates*, notwithſtanding he lived in *Athens* during that great plague, which has made ſo much noiſe through all ages, and has been celebrated at different times by ſuch eminent hands; I ſay, notwithſtanding that he lived in the time of this devouring peſtilence, he never caught the leaſt infection, which thoſe writers unanimouſly aſcribe to that uninterrupted temperance which he always obſerved.

And here I cannot but mention an obſervation which I have often made, upon reading the lives of the philoſophers, and comparing them with any ſeries of kings or great men of the ſame number. If we conſider theſe antient ſages, a great part of whoſe philoſophy conſiſted in a temperate and abſtemious courſe of life, one would think the life of a philoſopher and the life of a man were of two different dates. For we find that the generality of theſe wiſe men were nearer a hundred than ſixty years of age at the time of their reſpective deaths. But the moſt remarkable inſtance of the efficacy of temperance towards the procuring of long life, is what we meet with in a little book publiſhed by Lewis Cornaro th

the *Venetian*; which I the rather mention, becauſe it is of undoubted credit, as the late *Venetian* ambaſſador, who was of the ſame family, atteſted more than once in converſation, when he reſided in *England*. *Cornaro*, who was the author of the little treatiſe I am mentioning, was of an infirm conſtitution, till about forty, when by obſtinately perſiſting in an exact courſe of temperance, he recovered a perfect ſtate of health; inſomuch that at fourſcore he publiſhed his book, which has been tranſlated into *Engliſh* under the title of *Sure and certain methods of attaining a long and healthy life.* He lived to give a third or fourth edition of it, and after having paſſed his hundredth year, died without pain or agony, and like one who falls aſleep. The treatiſe I mention has been taken notice of by ſeveral eminent authors, and is written with ſuch a ſpirit of chearfulneſs, religion and good ſenſe, as are the natural concomitants of temperance and ſobriety. The mixture of the old man in it is rather a recommendation than a diſcredit to it.

Repentance ſtated and explained.

[Rambler, N° 110.]

THAT to pleaſe the Lord and Father of the univerſe, is the ſupreme intereſt of created and dependent beings, as it is eaſily proved, has been univerſally confeſſed; and ſince all rational agents are conſcious of having neglected or violated thoſe duties which are preſcribed to them, the fear of being deſerted, rejected, or puniſhed by God, has always burdened and oppreſſed the human mind. The expiation of crimes and renovation of the forfeited hopes of divine favour, has therefore conſtituted a large part of every religion.

The various methods of propitiation and atonement which fear and folly have dictated, or artifice and intereſt tolerated in the different parts of the world, however they may ſometimes reproach or degrade humanity, at leaſt ſhew the general conſent of all ages and nations

in their opinion of the mercy and placability of the divine nature. That God will forgive, may, indeed, be eſtabliſhed as the firſt and fundamental truth of religion; for though the knowledge of his exiſtence is the origin of philoſophy, yet, without the belief of his mercy, it would have very little influence upon our moral conduct. There could be no proſpect of enjoying the protection or regard of him, whom the leaſt deviation from rectitude made inexorable for ever; and every man would naturally withdraw his thoughts from the contemplation of a Creator, whom he muſt conſider as a governor too pure to be pleaſed, and too ſevere to be pacified; as an enemy infinitely wiſe, and infinitely powerful, whom he could neither deceive, eſcape, nor reſiſt.

Where there is no hope, there can be no endeavour. A conſtant and unfailing obedience is above the reach of terreſtrial diligence; and therefore the progreſs of life could only have been the natural deſcent of negligent deſpair from crime to crime, had not the univerſal perſuaſion of forgiveneſs to be obtained by proper means of reconciliation recalled thoſe to the paths of virtue whom their paſſions had ſolicited aſide; and animated to new attempts, and firmer perſeverance, thoſe whom difficulty had diſcouraged, or negligence ſurprized.

In ages and regions ſo disjoined from each other, that there can ſcarcely be imagined any communication of ſentiments either by commerce or tradition, has prevailed a general and uniform expectation of propitiating God by corporal auſterities, of anticipating his vengeance by voluntary inflictions, and appeaſing his juſtice by a ſpeedy and chearful ſubmiſſion to a leſs penalty when a greater is incurred.

Incorporated minds will always feel ſome inclination towards exterior acts, and ritual obſervances. Ideas not repreſented by ſenſible objects are fleeting, variable and evaneſcent. We are not able to judge of the degree of conviction which operated at any particular time upon our own thoughts, but as it is recorded by ſome certain and definite effect. He that reviews his life in order to determine the probability of his acceptance with God, if he could once eſtabliſh the neceſſary proportio

tion between crimes and ſufferings, might ſecurely reſt upon his performance of the expiation; but while ſafety remains the reward only of mental purity, he is always afraid leſt he ſhould decide too ſoon in his own favour; leſt he ſhould not have felt the pangs of true contrition; leſt he ſhould miſtake ſatiety for abhorrence, or imagine that his paſſions are ſubdued when they are only ſleeping.

From this natural and reaſonable diffidence aroſe, in humble and timorous piety, a diſpoſition to confound penance with repentance, to repoſe on human determinations, and to receive from ſome judicial ſentence the ſtated and regular aſſignment of reconciliatory pain. We are never willing to be without reſource; we ſeek in the knowledge of others a ſuccour for our own ignorance, and are ready to truſt any that will undertake to direct us when we have no confidence in ourſelves.

This deſire to aſcertain by ſome outward marks the ſtate of the ſoul, and this willingneſs to calm the conſcience by ſome ſettled method, have produced, as they are diverſified in their effects by various tempers and principles, moſt of the diſquiſitions and rules, the doubts and ſolutions, that have embarraſſed the doctrine of repentance, and perplexed tender and flexible minds with innumerable ſcruples concerning the neceſſary meaſures of ſorrow, and adequate degrees of ſelf-abhorrence; and theſe rules corrupted by fraud, or debaſed by credulity, have, by the common reſiliency of the mind from one extreme to another, incited others to an open contempt of all ſubſidiary ordinances, all prudential caution, and the whole diſcipline of regulated piety.

Repentance, however difficult to be practiſed, is, if it be explained without ſuperſtition, eaſily underſtood. *Repentance is the relinquiſhment of any practice from the conviction that it has offended God.* Sorrow, and fear, and anxiety, are properly not parts, but adjuncts of repentance; yet they are ſo cloſely connected with it, that they cannot eaſily be ſeparated; for they not only mark *its ſincerity, but promote* its efficacy.

No man commits any act of negligence or obſtinacy, *by which his preſent* ſafety or happineſs is endangered,

The Duty of Secrecy. [Rambler, N°. 13.]

IT is related by *Quintus Curtius*, that the *Perſians* always conceived a laſting and invincible contempt of a man, who had violated the laws of ſecrecy; for they thought, that, however he might be deficient in the qualities requiſite to actual excellence, the negative virtues at leaſt were always in his power, and though he perhaps could not ſpeak well if he was to try, it was ſtill eaſy for him not to ſpeak.

In this opinion of the eaſineſs of ſecrecy, they ſeem to have conſidered it as oppoſed, not to treachery, but loquacity, and to have conceived the man, whom they thus cenſured, not frighted by menaces to reveal, or bribed by promiſes to betray, but incited by the mere pleaſure of talking, or ſome other motive equally trivial, to lay open his heart without reflection, and to let whatever he knew ſlip from him, only for want of power to retain it. Whether, by their ſettled and avowed ſcorn of thoughtleſs talkers, the *Perſians* were able to diffuſe to any great extent the virtue of taciturnity, we are hindered by the diſtance of thoſe times from being able to diſcover, there being very few memoirs remaining of the court of *Perſepolis*, nor any diſtinct accounts handed down to us of their office clerks, their ladies of the bed-chamber, their attorneys, their chamber-maids, or their footmen.

In theſe latter ages, though the old animoſity againſt a prattler is ſtill retained, it appears wholly to have loſt its effects upon the conduct of mankind; for ſecrets are ſo ſeldom kept, that it may with ſome reaſon be doubted, whether the antients were not miſtaken in their firſt poſtulate, whether the quality of retention be ſo generally beſtowed, and whether a ſecret has not ſome ſubtle volatility, by which it eſcapes almoſt imperceptibly at the ſmalleſt vent; or ſome power of fermentation, by which it expands itſelf ſo as to burſt the heart that will not give it way.

Thoſe that ſtudy either the body or the mind of man *very often find the moſt* ſpecious and pleaſing theo
fall

falling under the weight of contrary experience; and inſtead of gratifying their vanity by inferring effects from cauſes, they are always reduced at laſt to conjecture cauſes from effects. That it is eaſy to be ſecret the ſpeculatiſt can demonſtrate in his retreat, and therefore thinks himſelf juſtified in placing confidence; the man of the world knows, that, whether difficult or not, it is uncommon, and therefore finds himſelf rather inclined to ſearch after the reaſon of this univerſal failure in one of the moſt important duties of ſociety.

The vanity of being known to be truſted with a ſecret is generally one of the chief motives to diſcloſe it; for however abſurd it may be thought to boaſt an honour, by an act that ſhews that it was conferred without merit, yet moſt men ſeem rather inclined to confeſs the want of virtue than of importance, and more willingly ſhew their influence and their power, though at the expence of their probity, than glide through life with no other pleaſure than the private conſciouſneſs of fidelity; which, while it is preſerved, muſt be without praiſe, except from the ſingle perſon who tries and knows it.

There are many ways of telling a ſecret, by which a man exempts himſelf from the reproaches of his conſcience, and gratifies his pride without ſuffering himſelf to believe that he impairs his virtue. He tells the private affairs of his patron, or his friend, only to thoſe from whom he would not conceal his own; he tells them to thoſe, who have no temptation to betray their truſt, or with a denunciation of a certain forfeiture of his friendſhip, if he diſcovers that they become public.

Secrets are very frequently told in the firſt ardour of kindneſs, or of love, for the ſake of proving, by ſo important a ſacrifice, the ſincerity of profeſſions, or the warmth of tenderneſs; but with this motive, though it be ſometimes ſtrong in itſelf, vanity generally concurs, ſince every man naturally deſires to be moſt eſteemed by thoſe whom he loves, or with whom he converſes, with whom he paſſes his hours of pleaſure, *and to whom he retires* from buſineſs and from care.

When the diſcovery of ſecrets is under conſideration, *there is always a diſtinction* carefully to be made between

our own and thoſe of another, thoſe of which we are fully maſters as they affect only our own intereſt, and thoſe which are repoſited with us in truſt, and involve the happineſs or convenience of ſuch as we have no right to expoſe to hazard by experiments upon their lives, without their conſent. To tell our own ſecrets is generally folly, but that folly is without guilt; to communicate thoſe with which we are intruſted is always treachery, and treachery for the moſt part combined with folly.

There have, indeed, been ſome enthuſiaſtick and irrational zealots for friendſhip, who have maintained, and perhaps believed, that one friend has a right to all that is in poſſeſſion of another; and that therefore it is a violation of kindneſs to exempt any ſecret from this boundleſs confidence: Accordingly a late female miniſter of ſtate has been ſhameleſs enough to inform the world, that ſhe uſed, when ſhe wanted to extract any thing from her ſovereign, to remind her of *Montaigne's* reaſoning, who has determined, that to tell a ſecret to a friend is no breach of fidelity, becauſe the number of perſons truſted is not multiplied, a man and his friend being virtually the ſame.

That ſuch a fallacy could be impoſed upon any human underſtanding, or that an author could have been imagined to advance a poſition ſo remote from truth and reaſon, any otherwiſe than as a declaimer, to ſhew to what extent he could ſtretch his imagination, and with what ſtrength he could preſs his principle, would ſcarcely have been credible, had not this lady kindly ſhewn us how far weakneſs may be deluded, or indolence amuſed. But ſince it appears, that even this ſophiſtry has been able, with the help of a ſtrong deſire to repoſe in quiet upon the underſtanding of another, to miſlead honeſt intentions, and an underſtanding not contemptible, it may not be ſuperfluous to remark, that thoſe things which are common among friends are only ſuch as either poſſeſſes in his own right, and can alienate or deſtroy without injury to any other perſon. Without *this limitation*, confidence muſt run on without end, *the ſecond perſon* may tell the ſecret to the third upon th

the ſame principle as he received it from the firſt, and the third may hand it forward to a fourth, till at laſt it is told in the round of friendſhip to them from whom it was the firſt intention chiefly to conceal it.

The confidence which *Caius* has of the faithfulneſs of *Titius* is nothing more than an opinion which himſelf cannot know to be true, and which *Claudius*, who firſt tells his ſecret to *Caius*, may know, at leaſt may ſuſpect to be falſe; and therefore the truſt is transferred by *Caius*, if he reveal what has been told him, to one from whom the perſon originally concerned would probably have withheld it; and, whatever may be the event, *Caius* has hazarded the happineſs of his friend, without neceſſity and without permiſſion, and has put that truſt in the hand of fortune which was given only to virtue.

All the arguments upon which a man who is telling the private affairs of another may ground his confidence of ſecurity, he muſt upon reflection know to be uncertain, becauſe he finds them without effect upon himſelf. When he is imagining that *Titius* will be cautious from a regard to his intereſt, his reputation, or his duty, he ought to reflect that he is himſelf at that inſtant acting in oppoſition to all theſe reaſons, and revealing what intereſt, reputation and duty direct him to conceal.

Every one feels that he ſhould conſider the man incapable of truſt, who believed himſelf at liberty to tell whatever he knew to the firſt whom he ſhould conclude deſerving of his confidence; therefore *Caius*, in admitting *Titius* to the affairs imparted only to himſelf, violates his faith, ſince he acts contrary to the intention of *Claudius*, to whom that faith was given. For promiſes of friendſhip are, like all others, uſeleſs and vain, unleſs they are made in ſome known ſenſe, adjuſted and acknowledged by both parties.

I am not ignorant that many queſtions may be ſtarted relating to the duty of ſecrecy, where the affairs are of public concern; where ſubſequent reaſons may ariſe to alter the appearance and nature of the truſt; that the *manner in which the ſecret* was told may change the *degree of obligation*; and that the principles upon *which a man is choſen* for a confident may not always

equally conſtrain him. But theſe ſcruples, if no intricate, are of too extenſive conſideration for my ſent purpoſe, nor are they ſuch as generally occ common life; and though caſuiſtical knowledge b ful in proper hands, yet it ought by no means careleſsly expoſed, ſince moſt will uſe it rather t than awaken their own conſciences; and the thre reaſoning, on which truth is ſuſpended, are frequ drawn to ſuch ſubtilty, that common eyes cannot ceive, and common ſenſibility cannot feel them.

The whole doctrine as well as practice of ſe is ſo perplexing and dangerous, that, next to him is compelled to truſt, I think him unhappy who is ſen to be truſted; for he is often involved in ſc without the liberty of calling in the help of any underſtanding, he is frequently drawn into guilt, the appearance of friendſhip and honeſty; and times ſubjected to ſuſpicion by the treachery of o who are engaged without his knowledge in the ſchemes, for he that has one confident has gen more, and when he is at laſt betrayed, is in dou whom he ſhall fix the crime.

The rules therefore that I ſhall propoſe conce ſecrecy, and from which I think it not ſafe to de without long and exact deliberation, are—Nev ſolicit the knowledge of a ſecret. Not willingly without many limitations, to accept ſuch confi when it is offered. When a ſecret is once adm to conſider the truſt as of a very high nature, imp as ſociety, and ſacred as truth, and therefore not violated for any incidental convenience, or ſligh pearance of contrary fitneſs.

On Truth and Sincerity. [Spect. N°

TRUTH and reality have all the advanta appearance and many more. If the ſhew *thing be good* for any thing, I am ſure ſincerity *er: for why* does any man diſſemble, or ſee

that which he is not, but becauſe he thinks it good to have ſuch a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and diſſemble, is to put on the appearance of ſome real excellency. Now the beſt way in the world for a man to ſeem to be any thing, is really to be what he would ſeem to be. Beſides that it is many times as troubleſome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is diſcovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to ſeem to have it is loſt. There is ſomething unnatural in painting, which a ſkilful eye will eaſily diſcern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to perſonate and act a part long; for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herſelf one time or other. Therefore if any man think it convenient to ſeem good, let him be ſo indeed, and then his goodneſs will appear to every body's ſatisfaction; ſo that upon all accounts ſincerity is true wiſdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of diſſimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and eaſier, much the ſafer and more ſecure way of dealing in the world; it has leſs of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the ſhorteſt and neareſt way to our end, carrying us thither in a ſtraight line, and will hold out and laſt longeſt. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker and leſs effectual and ſerviceable to them that uſe them; whereas integrity gains ſtrength by uſe, and the more and longer any man practiſeth it, the greater ſervice it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging thoſe with whom he hath to do, to repoſe the greateſt truſt and confidence in him, which is an unſpeakable advantage in the buſineſs and affairs of life.

Truth is always conſiſtent with itſelf, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and ſits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troubleſome, and ſets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great

many more to make it good. It is like building a falſe foundation, which continually ſtands in n props to ſhore it up, and proves at laſt more charg than to have raiſed a ſubſtantial building at firſt u true and ſolid foundation; for ſincerity is firm anc ſtantial, and there is nothing hollow or unſound and becauſe it is plain and open, fears no diſco of which the crafty man is always in danger, and he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences transparent that he that runs may read them; he laſt man that finds himſelf to be found out, and he takes it for granted that he makes fools of other renders himſelf ridiculous.

Add to all this, that ſincerity is the moſt comp cus wiſdom, and an excellent inſtrument for the ſ diſpatch of buſineſs; it creates confidence in tho have to deal with, ſaves the labour of many inqu and brings things to an iſſue in few words; it i travelling in a plain beaten road, which comm brings a man ſooner to his journey's end than bye- in which men often loſe themſelves. In a word, ſoever conveniencies may be thought to be in fal and diſſimulation, it is ſoon over, but the inconven of it is perpetual, becauſe it brings a man und everlaſting jealouſy and ſuſpicion, ſo that he is nc lieved when he ſpeaks truth, nor truſted perhaps he means honeſtly. When a man has once forfeite reputation of his integrity, he is ſet faſt, and no will then ſerve his turn, neither truth nor falſhood.

And I have often thought that God hath in his wiſdom hid from men of falſe and diſhoneſt minc wonderful advantages of truth and integrity, tc proſperity even of our worldly affairs; theſe men blinded by their covetouſneſs and ambition, that cannot look beyond a preſent advantage, nor forbe ſeize upon it, though by ways never ſo indirect; cannot ſee ſo far as to the remote conſequences ſteady integrity, and the vaſt benefit and advan which it will bring a man at laſt. Were but this ſ *men wiſe and* clear-ſighted enough to diſcern this *would be honeſt* out of very knavery, not out

love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spent his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end: all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

Rules for the Knowledge of one's self. [Spect. N°. 399.]

HYPOCRISY at the fashionable end of the town is very different from hypocrisy in the city. The modish hypocrite endeavours to appear more vicious than he really is, the other kind of hypocrite more virtuous. The former is afraid of every thing that has the shew of religion in it, and would be thought engaged in many criminal gallantries and amours which he is not guilty of. The latter assumes a face of sanctity, and covers a multitude of vices under a seeming religious deportment.

But there is another kind of hypocrisy, which differs from both these, and which I intend to make the subject of this paper: I mean that hypocrisy, by which a man does not only deceive the world, but very often imposes *on himself; that* hypocrisy which conceals his own *heart from him,* and makes him believe he is more virtuous *than he really* is, and either not attend to his

vices, or miſtake even his vices for virtues. It is t fatal hypocriſy and ſelf-deceit which is taken notice in theſe words, *Who can underſtand his errors? clea thou me from ſecret faults.*

If the open profeſſors of impiety deſerve the utmo application and endeavours of moral writers, to reco ver them from vice and folly, how much more may thoſe lay a claim to their care and compaſſion, who are walking in the paths of death, while they fancy themſelves engaged in a courſe of virtue! I ſhall endeavour therefore to lay down ſome rules for the diſcovery of thoſe vices that lurk in the ſecret corners of the ſoul; and to ſhew my reader thoſe methods, by which he may arrive at a true and impartial knowledge of himſelf. The uſual means preſcribed for this purpoſe, are to examine ourſelves by the rules which are laid down for our direction in ſacred writ, and to compare our lives with the life of that perſon who acted up to the perfection of human nature, and is the ſtanding example, as well as the great guide and inſtructor, of thoſe who receive his doctrines. Though theſe two heads cannot be too much inſiſted upon, I ſhall but juſt mention them, ſince they have been handled by many great and eminent writers.

I would therefore propoſe the following methods to the conſideration of ſuch as would find out their ſecret faults, and make a true eſtimate of themſelves.

In the firſt place, let them conſider well, what are the characters which they bear among their enemies. Our friends very often flatter us as much as our own hearts. They either do not ſee our faults, or conceal them from us, or ſoften them by their repreſentations, in ſuch a manner, that we think them too trivial to be taken notice of. An adverſary, on the contrary, makes a ſtricter ſearch into us, diſcovers every flaw and imperfection in our tempers; and, though his malice may ſet them in too ſtrong a light, it has generally ſome ground for what it advances. A friend exaggerates a man's virtues, an enemy inflames his crimes. A wiſe man ſhould give a juſt attention to both of them, ſo far as they may tend to the improvement of the one, and the dimi-

diminution of the other. *Plutarch* has written an eſſay on the benefits which a man may receive from his enemies; and among the good fruits of enmity, mentions this in particular, that, by the reproaches which it caſts upon us, we ſee the worſt ſide of ourſelves, and open our eyes to ſeveral blemiſhes and defects in our lives and converſations, which we ſhould not have obſerved without the help of ſuch ill-natured monitors.

In order likewiſe to come to a true knowledge of ourſelves, we ſhould conſider on the other hand, how far we may deſerve the praiſes and approbations which the world beſtow upon us; whether the actions they celebrate proceed from laudable and worthy motives; and how far we are really poſſeſſed of the virtues which gain us applauſe among thoſe with whom we converſe. Such a reflection is abſolutely neceſſary, if we conſider how apt we are either to value or condemn ourſelves by the opinions of others, and to ſacrifice the report of our own hearts to the judgment of the world.

In the next place, that we may not deceive ourſelves in a point of ſo much importance, we ſhould not lay too great a ſtreſs on any ſuppoſed virtues we poſſeſs, that are of a doubtful nature: and ſuch we may eſteem all thoſe in which multitudes of men diſſent from us, who are as good and wiſe as ourſelves. We ſhould always act with great cautiouſneſs and circumſpection, in points where it is not impoſſible that we may be deceived. Intemperate zeal, bigotry, and perſecution for any party or opinion, how praiſe-worthy ſoever they may appear to weak men of our own principles, produce infinite calamities among mankind, and are highly criminal in their own nature; and yet how many perſons, eminent for piety, ſuffer ſuch monſtrous and abſurd principles of action to take root in their minds under the colour of virtues? For my own part, I muſt own, I never yet knew any party ſo juſt and reaſonable, that a man could follow it in its height and violence, and at the ſame time be innocent.

We ſhould likewiſe be very apprehenſive of thoſe *actions, which* proceed from natural conſtitution, *favourite paſſions,* particular education, or whatever promotes our worldly intereſt or advantage. In theſe or the

like caſes, a man's judgment is eaſily perverted, wrong bias hung upon his mind. Theſe are the of prejudice, the unguarded avenues of the min which a thouſand errors, and ſecret faults find a ſion, without being obſerved or taken notice o wiſe man will ſuſpect thoſe actions to which he rected by ſomething beſides reaſon, and always hend ſome concealed evil in every reſolution that a diſputable nature, when it is conformable particular temper, his age, or way of life, or wl favours his pleaſure or his profit.

There is nothing of greater importance to us, thus diligently to ſift our thoughts, and exami theſe dark receſſes of the mind, if we would eſt our ſouls in ſuch a ſolid and ſubſtantial virtue a turn to account in that great day, when it muſt the teſt of infinite wiſdom and juſtice.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay with obſerving that tl kinds of hypocriſy I have here ſpoken of, namely of deceiving the world, and that of impoſing or ſelves, are touched with wonderful beauty in the dred thirty-ninth pſalm. The folly of the firſt k hypocriſy is there ſet forth by reflections on God niſcience and omnipreſence, which are celebratec noble ſtrains of poetry as any other I ever met either ſacred or profane. The other kind of hyp whereby a man deceives himſelf, is intimated two laſt verſes, where the pſalmiſt addreſſes him the great ſearcher of hearts in that emphatical pet *Try me, O God, and ſeek the ground of my heart; me and examine my thoughts; look well if there be a of wickedneſs in me, and lead me in the way everl*

The Mercy of Affliction; an Eaſtern Story.

[Advent. N°

BOZALDAB, Caliph of Egypt, had dw *curely* for many years in the ſilken pavi *pleaſure,* and had every morning anointed his h

the oil of gladneſs, when his only ſon ABORAM, ſo whom he had crouded his treaſures with gold, extended his dominions with conqueſts, and ſecured them with impregnable fortreſſes, was ſuddenly wounded, as he was hunting, with an arrow from an unknown hand, and expired in the field.

BOZALDAB, in the diſtraction of grief and deſpair, refuſed to return to his palace, and retired to the gloomieſt grotto in the neighbouring mountain: he there rolled himſelf in the duſt, tore away the hairs of his hoary beard, and daſhed the cup of conſolation that PATIENCE offered him to the ground. He ſuffered not his minſtrels to approach his preſence; but liſtened to the ſcreams of the melancholy birds of midnight, that flit through the ſolitary vaults and ecchoing chambers of the Pyramids. "Can that GOD be benevolent," he cried, "who thus wounds the ſoul as from an ambuſh, with unexpected ſorrows, and cruſhes his creatures in a moment with irremediable calamity? Ye lying Imans, prate to us no more of the juſtneſs and the kindneſs of an all-directing and all-loving PROVIDENCE! He, whom ye pretend reigns in Heaven, is ſo far from protecting the miſerable ſons of men, that he perpetually delights to blaſt the ſweeteſt flowrets in the garden of HOPE; and like a malignant giant, to beat down the ſtrongeſt towers of HAPPINESS with the iron mace of his anger. If this Being poſſeſſed the goodneſs and the power with which flattering prieſts have inveſted him, he would doubtleſs be inclined and enabled to baniſh thoſe evils which render the world a dungeon of diſtreſs, a vale of vanity and woe.—I will continue in it no longer!"

At that moment he furiouſly raiſed his hand, which DESPAIR had armed with a dagger, to ſtrike deep into his boſom; when ſuddenly thick flaſhes of lightning ſhot through the cavern, and a being of more than human beauty and magnitude, arrayed in azure robes, *crowned with amaranth*, and waving a branch of palm *in his right hand*, arreſted the arm of the trembling

and aſtoniſhed CALIPH, and ſaid with a majeſtic ſmile, "Follow me to the top of this mountain."

"Look from hence, ſaid the awful conductor, I am "CALOC, the Angel of PEACE, look from hence into "the valley."

BOZALDAB opened his eyes and beheld a barren, a ſultry, and ſolitary iſland, in the midſt of which ſat a pale, meagre and ghaſtly figure: it was a merchant juſt periſhing with famine, and lamenting that he could find neither wild berries nor a ſingle ſpring in this forlorn uninhabited deſart; and begging the protection of heaven againſt the tigers that would now certainly deſtroy him, ſince he had conſumed the laſt fuel he had collected to make nightly fires to affright them. He then caſt a caſket of jewels on the ſand, as trifles of no uſe; and crept feeble and trembling to an eminence, where he was accuſtomed to ſit every evening to watch the ſetting ſun, and to give a ſignal to any ſhip that might haply approach the iſland.

"Inhabitant of heaven," cried BOZALDAB, "ſuffer "not this wretch to periſh by the fury of wild beaſts." "Peace," ſaid the ANGEL, "and obſerve."

He looked again, and behold a veſſel arrived at the deſolate iſle. What words can paint the rapture of the ſtarving merchant, when the captain offered to tranſport him to his native country if he would reward him with half the jewels of his caſket. No ſooner had this pityleſs commander received the ſtipulated ſum, than he held a conſultation with his crew, and they agreed to ſeize the remaining jewels, and leave the unhappy exile in the ſame helpleſs and lamentable condition in which they diſcovered him. He wept and trembled, intreated and implored in vain.

"Will HEAVEN permit ſuch injuſtice to be prac- "tiſed?" exclaimed BOZALDAB.—"Look again," ſaid the ANGEL, "and behold the very ſhip in which, "ſhort-ſighted as thou art, thou wiſhedſt the merchant "might embark, daſhed in pieces on a rock: doſt "thou not hear the cries of the ſinking ſailors? Pre- "ſume not to direct the GOVERNOR of the UNIVERSE "in his diſpoſal of events. The man whom thou haſt

"pitied

" pitied ſhall be taken from this dreary ſolitude, but " not by the method thou wouldſt preſcribe. His vice " was avarice, by which he became not only abomin- " able but wretched; he fancied ſome mighty charm in " wealth, which, like the wand of ABDIEL, would " gratify every wiſh and obviate every fear. This " wealth he has now been taught not only to deſpiſe " but abhor: he caſt his jewels upon the ſand, and " confeſſed them to be uſeleſs; he offered part of them " to the mariners, and perceived them to be pernici- " ous; he has now learnt, that they are rendered uſe- " ful or vain, good or evil, only by the ſituation and " temper of the poſſeſſor. Happy is he whom diſtreſs " has taught wiſdom! But turn thine eyes to another " and more intereſting ſcene."

The CALIPH inſtantly beheld a magnificent palace, adorned with the ſtatues of his anceſtors wrought in jaſper; the ivory doors of which turning on hinges of the gold of GOLCONDA, diſcovered a throne of diamonds, ſurrounded with the RAJAS of fifty nations, and with ambaſſadors in various habits and of different complexions; on which ſat ABORAM the much lamented ſon of BOZALDAB, and by his ſide a princeſs fairer than a HOURI.

" Gracious ALLA!—it is my ſon," cried the CALIPH—" O let me hold him to my heart!" " Thou " canſt not graſp an unſubſtantial viſion," replied the ANGEL: " I am now ſhewing thee what would have " been the deſtiny of thy ſon, had he continued longer " on the earth." " And why," returned BOZALDAB, " was he not permitted to continue? Why was not I " ſuffered to be a witneſs of ſo much felicity and " power?" " Conſider the ſequel," replied he that dwells in the fifth heaven. BOZALDAB looked earneſtly, and ſaw the countenance of his ſon, on which he had been uſed to behold the placid ſmile of ſimplicity and the vivid bluſhes of health, now diſtorted with rage, and now fixed in the inſenſibility of drunkenneſs; it was again animated with diſdain, it became pale with *apprehenſion, and* appeared to be withered by intem- *perance; his* hands were ſtained with blood, and he trembled

trembled by turns with fury and terror: the palace, ſo lately ſhining with oriental pomp, changed ſuddenly into the cell of a dungeon, where his ſon lay ſtretched out on the cold pavement, gagged and bound, with his eyes put out. Soon after he perceived the favourite Sultana, who before was ſeated by his ſide, enter with a bowl of poiſon, which ſhe compelled ABORAM to drink, and afterwards married the ſucceſſor to his throne.

"Happy," ſaid CALOC, "is he whom PROVIDENCE has by the angel of death ſnatched from "guilt! from whom that power is with-held, which, "if he had poſſeſſed, would have accumulated upon "himſelf yet greater miſery than it could bring upon "others."

"It is enough," cried BOZALDAB; "I adore the "inſcrutable ſchemes of OMNISCIENCE!—From what "dreadful evil has my ſon been reſcued, by a death "which I raſhly bewailed as unfortunate and prema"ture! a death of innocence and peace, which has "bleſſed his memory upon earth, and tranſmitted his "ſpirit to the ſkies."

"Caſt away the dagger," replied the heavenly meſſenger, "which thou waſt preparing to plunge into "thine own heart. Exchange complaint for ſilence, "and doubt for adoration. Can a mortal look down, "without giddineſs and ſtupefaction, into the vaſt "abyſs of ETERNAL WISDOM? Can a mind that ſees "not infinitely, perfectly comprehend any thing "among an infinity of objects mutually relative? Can "the channels, which thou commandeſt to be cut to "receive the annual inundations of the NILE, con"tain the waters of the OCEAN? Remember, that "perfect happineſs cannot be conferred on a creature; "for perfect happineſs is an attribute as incommuni"cable as perfect power and eternity."

The ANGEL, while he was ſpeaking thus, ſtretched out his pinions to fly back to the empyreum; and the flutter of his wings was like the ruſhing of a cataract.

Perſonal Beauty produced by Moral Sentiment.
[Advent. N°. 82.]

THOUGH the danger of diſappointment is always in proportion to the height of expectation, yet I this day claim the attention of the ladies, and profeſs to teach an art by which all may obtain what has hitherto been deemed the prerogative of a few: an art by which their predominant paſſion may be gratified, and their conqueſts not only extended but ſecured; "The art of being PRETTY."

But though my ſubject may intereſt the ladies, it may, perhaps, offend thoſe profound moraliſts, who have long ſince determined, that BEAUTY ought rather to be deſpiſed than deſired; that, like ſtrength, it is a mere natural excellence, the effect of cauſes wholly out of our power, and not intended either as the pledge of happineſs or the diſtinction of merit.

To theſe gentlemen I ſhall remark, that beauty is among thoſe qualities, which no effort of human wit could ever bring into contempt: it is, therefore, to be wiſhed at leaſt, that beauty was in ſome degree dependant upon SENTIMENT and MANNERS, that ſo high a privilege might not be poſſeſſed by the unworthy, and that human reaſon might no longer ſuffer the mortification of thoſe who are compelled to adore an idol, which differs from a ſtone or a log only by the ſkill of the artificer: and if they cannot themſelves behold beauty with indifference, they muſt, ſurely, approve an attempt to ſhew that it merits their regard.

I ſhall, however, principally conſider that ſpecies of beauty which is expreſſed in the countenance; for this alone is peculiar to human beings, and is not leſs complicated than their nature. In the countenance there are but two requiſites to perfect BEAUTY, which are wholly produced by external cauſes, colour and proportion: and it will appear, that even in common eſtimation theſe are not the chief; but that though there may be beauty without them, yet there cannot be beauty *without ſomething* more.

The fineſt features, ranged in the moſt exact ſymmetry

try, and heightened by the moſt blooming complexion, muſt be animated before they can ſtrike; and when they are animated, will generally excite the ſame paſſions which they expreſs. If they are fixed in the dead calm of inſenſibility, they will be examined without emotion; and if they do not expreſs kindneſs, they will be beheld without love. Looks of contempt, diſdain, or malevolence, will be reflected, as from a mirrour, by every countenance on which they are turned; and if a wanton aſpect excites deſire, it is but like that of a ſavage for his prey, which cannot be gratified without the deſtruction of its object.

Among particular graces the dimple has always been allowed the pre-eminence, and the reaſon is evident; dimples are produced by a ſmile, and a ſmile is an expreſſion of complacency: ſo the contraction of the brows into a frown, as it is an indication of a contrary temper, has always been deemed a capital defect.

The lover is generally at a loſs to define the beauty, by which his paſſion was ſuddenly and irreſiſtibly determined to a particular object; but this could never happen, if it depended upon any known rule of proportion, upon the ſhape or diſpoſition of the features, or the colour of the ſkin: he tells you that it is ſomething which he cannot fully expreſs, ſomething not fixed in any part, but diffuſed over the whole: he calls it a ſweetneſs, a ſoftneſs, a placid ſenſibility, or gives it ſome other appellation which connects beauty with SENTIMENT, and expreſſes a charm which is not peculiar to any ſet of features, but is perhaps poſſible to all.

This beauty, however, does not always conſiſt in ſmiles, but varies as expreſſions of meekneſs and kindneſs vary with their objects; it is extremely forcible in the ſilent complaint of patient ſufferance, the tender ſolicitude of friendſhip, and the glow of filial obedience; and in tears, whether of joy, of pity, or of grief, it is almoſt irreſiſtible.

This is the charm which captivates without the aid of nature, and without which her utmoſt bounty is ineffectual. *But it* cannot be aſſumed as a maſk to conceal *inſenſibility* or malevolence; it muſt be the genuine

nuine effect of correſponding ſentiments, or it will impreſs upon the countenance a new and more diſguſting deformity, AFFECTATION; it will produce the grin, the ſimper, the ſtare, the languiſh, the pout, and innumerable other grimaces, that render folly ridiculous, and change pity to contempt. By ſome, indeed, this ſpecies of hypocriſy has been practiſed with ſuch ſkill as to deceive ſuperficial obſervers, though it can deceive even thoſe but for a moment. Looks which do not correſpond with the heart, cannot be aſſumed without labour, nor continued without pain; the motive to relinquiſh them muſt, therefore, ſoon preponderate, and the aſpect and apparel of the viſit will be laid by together; the ſmiles and the languiſhments of art will vaniſh, and the fierceneſs of rage, or the gloom of diſcontent, will either obſcure or deſtroy all the elegance of ſymmetry and complexion.

The artificial aſpect is, indeed, as wretched a ſubſtitute for the expreſſion of ſentiment, as the ſmear of paint for the bluſhes of health: it is not only equally tranſient, and equally liable to detection; but as paint leaves the countenance yet more withered and ghaſtly, the paſſions burſt out with more violence after reſtraint, the features become more diſtorted, and excite more determined averſion.

Beauty, therefore, depends principally upon the mind, and conſequently may be influenced by education. It has been remarked, that the predominant paſſion may generally be diſcovered in the countenance, becauſe the muſcles by which it is expreſſed, being almoſt perpetually contracted, loſe their tone, and never totally relax; ſo that the expreſſion remains, when the paſſion is ſuſpended: thus an angry, a diſdainful, a ſubtil, and a ſuſpicious temper, is diſplayed in characters that are almoſt univerſally underſtood. It is equally true of the pleaſing and the ſofter paſſions, that they leave their ſignatures upon the countenance when they ceaſe to act: the prevalence of theſe paſſions, therefore, produces a mechanical effect upon the aſpect, and gives a turn and caſt to the features which make a more favourable and forcible impreſſion upon the mind of others

others, than any charm produced by mere external cauſes.

Neither does the beauty which depends upon temper and ſentiment, equally endanger the poſſeſſor; "It is," to uſe an eaſtern metaphor, "like the towers of a city, "not only an ornament but a defence;" if it excites deſire, it at once controuls and refines it; it repreſſes with awe, it ſoftens with delicacy, and it wins to imitation. The love of reaſon and of virtue is mingled with the love of beauty; becauſe this beauty is little more than the emanation of intellectual excellence, which is not an object of corporeal appetite. As it excites a purer paſſion, it alſo more forcibly engages to fidelity: every man finds himſelf more powerfully reſtrained from giving pain to goodneſs than to beauty; and every look of a countenance in which they are blended, in which beauty is the expreſſion of goodneſs, is a ſilent reproach of the firſt irregular wiſh; and the purpoſe immediately appears to be diſingenuous and cruel, by which the tender hope of ineffable affection would be diſappointed, the placid confidence of unſuſpecting ſimplicity abuſed, and the peace even of virtue endangered, by the moſt ſordid infidelity and the breach of the ſtrongeſt obligations.

But the hope of the hypocrite muſt periſh. When the fictitious beauty has laid by her ſmiles, when the luſtre of her eyes and the bloom of her cheeks have loſt their influence with their novelty; what remains but a tyrant diveſted of power, who will never be ſeen without a mixture of indignation and diſdain? The only deſire which this object could gratify, will be transferred to another, not only without reluctance but with triumph. As reſentment will ſucceed to diſappointment, a deſire to mortify will ſucceed to a deſire to pleaſe; and the huſband may be urged to ſolicit a miſtreſs, merely by a remembrance of the beauty of his wife, which laſted only till ſhe was known.

Let it, therefore, be remembered, that none can be diſciples of the GRACES, but in the ſchool of VIRTUE; *and that thoſe* who wiſh to be LOVELY, muſt learn *early to be* GOOD.

On OMENS. [Spect. N° 7.]

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion, he told me that his wife had dreamed a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room, I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, *My dear*, says she, turning to her husband, *you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night.* Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on *Thursday. Thursday?* says she, *No, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon* Childermas-day; *tell your writing master that* Friday *will be soon enough.* I was reflecting with myself on the oddness of her fancy, and wondering that any body would establish it as a rule to lose a day in every week. In the midst of these my musings, she desired me to reach her a little salt upon the point of my knife, which I did in such a trepidation and hurry of obedience, that I let it drop by the way; at which she immediately startled, and said it fell towards her. Upon this I looked very blank; and observing the concern of the whole table, began to consider myself, with some confusion, as a person that had brought a disaster upon the family. The lady, however, recovering herself after a little space, said to her husband, with a sigh, *My dear, misfortunes never come single.* My friend, I found, acted but an underpart at his table, and being a man of more good-nature than understanding, thinks himself obliged to fall in with all the passions and humours of his yoke-fellow: *Do not you remember, child,* says she, *that the pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that our careless wench spilt the salt upon the table? Yes,* says he, *my dear,* and the

next

next poſt brought us an account of the battle of Almanza. The reader may gueſs at the figure I made, after having done all this miſchief. I diſpatched my dinner, as ſoon as I could, with my uſual taciturnity; when, to my utter confuſion, the lady ſeeing me quitting my knife and fork, and laying them acroſs one another upon my plate, deſired me that I would humour her ſo far as to take them out of that figure, and place them ſide by ſide. What the abſurdity was which I had committed I did not know, but I ſuppoſe there was ſome traditionary ſuperſtition in it; and therefore, in obedience to the lady of the houſe, I diſpoſed of my knife and fork in two parallel lines, which is the figure I ſhall always lay them in for the future, though I do not know any reaſon for it.

It is not difficult for a man to ſee that a perſon has conceived an averſion to him. For my own part, I quickly found, by the lady's looks, that ſhe regarded me as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aſpect. For which reaſon I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend theſe ſuperſtitious follies of mankind; how they ſubject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional ſorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not ſufficient for it, we turn the moſt indifferent circumſtances into misfortunes, and ſuffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the ſhooting of a ſtar ſpoil a night's reſt; and have ſeen a man in love grow pale and loſe his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A ſcreech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath ſtruck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing ſo inconſiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognoſtics. A ruſty nail, or a crooked pin, ſhoot up into prodigies.

I remember I was once in a mixed aſſembly, that was *full of noiſe and* mirth, when on a ſudden an old woman *unluckily obſerved* there were thirteen of us in com

company. This remark ſtruck a panic terror into ſeveral who were preſent, inſomuch that one or two of the ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, inſtead of portending one of the company ſhould die, it plainly foretold one of them ſhould be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I queſtion not but half the women in the company would have fallen ſick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite diſturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of theſe antiquated *Sibyls*, that forebodes and propheſies from one end of the year to the other. She is always ſeeing apparitions and hearing death-watches; and was the other day almoſt frighted out of her wits by the great houſe-dog, that howled in the ſtable at a time when ſhe lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant caſt of mind engages multitudes of people, not only in impertinent terrors, but in ſupernumerary duties of life; and ariſes from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the ſoul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death, or indeed of any future evil, and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholly mind with innumerable apprehenſions and ſuſpicions, and conſequently diſpoſe it to the obſervation of ſuch groundleſs prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wiſe men to retrench the evils of life by the reaſonings of philoſophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the ſentiments of ſuperſtition.

For my own part, I ſhould be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it ſhould inform me truly of every thing that can befal me. I would not anticipate the reliſh of any happineſs, nor feel the weight of any miſery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my ſoul againſt *theſe gloomy preſages* and terrors of mind, and that is

by ſecuring to myſelf the friendſhip and protection of that Being who diſpoſes of events, and governs futurity. He ſees, at one view, the whole thread of my exiſtence, not only that part of it which I have already paſſed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to ſleep, I recommend myſelf to his care; when I awake, give myſelf up to his direction. Amidſt all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and queſtion not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all ſolicitous about it; becauſe I am ſure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and ſupport me under them.

The Viſion of MIRZA. [Spect. N°. 159.]

ON the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the cuſtom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having waſhed myſelf, and offered up my morning devotions, I aſcended the high hills of *Bagdat*, in order to paſs the reſt of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myſelf on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and paſſing from one thought to another, Surely, ſaid I, man is but a ſhadow, and life a dream. Whilſt I was thus muſing, I caſt my eyes towards the ſummit of a rock that was not far from me, where I diſcovered one in the habit of a ſhepherd, with a little muſical inſtrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The ſound of it was exceeding ſweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpreſſibly melodious, and altogether different from any thing I had ever heard: they put me in mind of thoſe heavenly airs that are played to the departed ſouls of good men upon their *firſt arrival in Paradiſe*, to wear out the impreſſions of *the laſt agonies*, and qualify them for the pleaſures of that

that happy place. My heart melted away in ſecret raptures.

I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that ſeveral had been entertained with that muſic, who had paſſed by it, but never heard that the muſician had before made himſelf viſible. When he had raiſed my thoughts by thoſe tranſporting airs which he played, to taſte the pleaſures of his converſation, as I looked upon him like one aſtoniſhed, he beckoned to me, and by the waving of his hand directed me to approach the place where he ſat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a ſuperior nature; and as my heart was entirely ſubdued by the captivating ſtrains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius ſmiled upon me with a look of compaſſion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once diſpelled all the fears and apprehenſions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand, *Mirza*, ſaid he, I have heard thee in thy ſoliloquies: follow me.

He then led me to the higheſt pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, Caſt thy eyes eaſtward, ſaid he, and tell me what thou ſeeſt. I ſee, ſaid I, a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it. The valley that thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is the vale of miſery, and the tide of water that thou ſeeſt is part of the great tide of eternity. What is the reaſon, ſaid I, that the tide I ſee riſes out of a thick miſt at one end, and again loſes itſelf in a thick miſt at the other? What thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is that portion of eternity which is called time, meaſured out by the ſun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its conſummation. Examine now, ſaid he, this ſea that is bounded with darkneſs at both ends, and tell me what thou diſcovereſt in it. I ſee a bridge, ſaid I, ſtanding in the midſt of the tide. The bridge thou ſeeſt, ſaid he, is human life; conſider it attentively. Upon a more leiſurely ſurvey of it, I found that it conſiſted *of threeſcore* and ten entire arches, with ſeveral *broken arches*, which, added to thoſe that were entire, made

made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge conſiſted at firſt of a thouſand arches; but that a great flood ſwept away the reſt, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it: but tell me further, ſaid he, what thou diſcovereſt on it. I ſee multitudes of people paſſing over it, ſaid I, and a black cloud hanging on each end of it. As I looked more attentively, I ſaw ſeveral of the paſſengers dropping through the bridge, into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the paſſengers no ſooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide and immediately diſappeared. Theſe hidden pit-falls were ſet very thick at the entrance of the bridge, ſo that throngs of people no ſooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner, towards the middle, but multiplied and lay cloſer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed ſome perſons, but their number was very ſmall, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and ſpent with ſo long a walk.

I paſſed ſome time in the contemplation of this wonderful ſtructure, and the great variety of objects which it preſented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to ſee ſeveral dropping unexpectedly in the midſt of mirth and jollity, and catching at every thing that ſtood by them to ſave themſelves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful poſture, and in the midſt of a ſpeculation ſtumbled and fell out of ſight. Multitudes were very buſy in the purſuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themſelves within the reach of them, their footing failed, and down they ſunk. In this confuſion of objects, I obſerved ſome with ſcimiters in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to *and fro upon the* bridge, thruſting ſeveral perſons on *trap-doors which* did not ſeem to lie in their way, and

which

which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it; Take thine eyes off the bridge, said he, and tell me if thou seest any thing thou dost not comprehend. Upon looking up, What mean, said I, those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches. These, said the genius, are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.

I here fetched a deep sigh, Alas, said I, man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mortality! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death! The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. Look no more, said, he, on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it. I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it: but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of *flowers; and could hear* a confused harmony of *singing birds, falling waters,* human voices, and musical *instruments.* Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so

delightful a ſcene. I wiſhed for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to thoſe happy ſeats; but the genius told me there was no paſſage to them, except thro' the gates of death that I ſaw opening every moment upon the bridge. The iſlands, ſaid he, that lye ſo freſh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears ſpotted as far as thou canſt ſee, are more in number than the ſand on the ſea-ſhore: there are myriads of iſlands behind thoſe which thou here diſcovereſt, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can extend itſelf. Theſe are the manſions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are diſtributed among theſe ſeveral iſlands, which abound with pleaſures of different kinds and degrees, ſuitable to the reliſhes and perfections of thoſe who are ſettled in them; every iſland is a paradiſe accommodated to its reſpective inhabitants. Are not theſe, O *Mirzah*, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miſerable, that gives thee opportunities of earning ſuch a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to ſo happy an exiſtence? Think not man was made in vain, who has ſuch an eternity reſerved for him. I gazed with inexpreſſible pleaſure on theſe happy iſlands. At length, ſaid I, ſhew me now, I beſeech thee, the ſecrets that lie hid under thoſe dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other ſide of the rock of adamant. The genius making me no anſwer, I turned about to addreſs myſelf to him a ſecond time, but I found that he had left me; I then turned again to the viſion which I had been ſo long contemplating; but inſtead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy iſlands, I ſaw nothing but the long hollow valley of *Bagdat*, with oxen, ſheep, and camels grazing upon the ſides of it.

A Letter to Sir CHARLES EASY *in Town, from the Parſon of his Pariſh in the Country.*
[Beaumont's Moralities, p. 16.]

Dear Sir CHARLES,

YOU will forgive your old friend, who has troubled you, now-and-then, with ſomething like advice, if he ſhould do ſo once more, now there ſeems to be particular occaſion for it. You ſay, in your laſt, that you are two thouſand pounds the poorer this year for play. I am ſorry to hear it, with all my heart! for we people in the country look upon two thouſand pounds as a very ſerious matter; and had I not known you ſo well, I ſhould have been much ſurpriſed to find that you could write ſo gayly, on loſing ſuch a vaſt ſum as that is.

I know you gentlemen of the town look on gaming, only as an idle and weak thing, at the worſt; but I have long conſidered it as one of the greateſt *ſins* I know of. You will forgive an old parſon for uſing a *word*, which they tell me is almoſt grown out of faſhion.

Will you give me leave to tell you why I look on gaming as ſo very wicked a thing? It is, becauſe I think it may make a very bad man, of a very good one.

I know your temper very well; and am ſure, that, naturally, you were much inclined to do good, and very deſirous of having a good name in the world. You were of a ſweet diſpoſition, from a boy; and I have ſeen you give ſix-pence to a poor old man, when you had not two-pence more left in your pocket. How then can you go on to be ſo fond of a thing, that may in time render you unwiſe, inglorious, ungenerous, unmerciful, and unjuſt?

I know you will laugh, and ſay, I am preaching to you. Well, that you know is my trade; and I hope, I ſhall never be aſhamed of it. But, how does play do all the things I have been talking of? Why, if you *pleaſe, I will tell you*; and that in a few words too, *though I am ſo old a man.*

Any one's manners muſt be tinged a good deal with the company he keeps: now the groom porter's itſelf, as I take it, is not a place to learn much wiſdom in. The loweſt ſort of gameſters are as weak men, take them out of cards and dice, as ever I met with; and a man who games much, will be apt, ſometimes, to fall in even with theſe, rather than ſtand out; and conſequently, into converſations that are far enough from being improving.

As for reputation, the character of a gameſter will certainly be allowed to be one of the worſt in the world; and though the world is ſo bad, there never yet was a man in it, generally eſteemed for being a gameſter, that I know of. If there has, things are grown worſe ſince I was laſt in town; which was at King *George* IIt's coronation.

I beg you to recollect, (for I know your good diſpoſition) how often you have been willing to relieve ſome worthy perſon, whom you ſaw in diſtreſs, and could not do it, becauſe the dice had a run againſt you a night or two before. In each of thoſe inſtances, it was the dice that made you not generous, where you wanted to have been ſo with all your heart.

When an income is made too little for any gentleman, by play, his poor tenants in the country muſt be driven the harder, to pay in their rents when wanted; and the rents, in general, muſt be racked up as high as poſſible, to ſupply the annual demands of the gaming-table: and both of theſe, I fear, often in a manner, that may too fairly be called unmerciful.

Where gaming ſwallows up good part of an income; as gaming debts muſt be paid firſt, moſt other debts will be ſuffered to ſtand ſtill too long. The true value of money in trade conſiſts a good deal in the circulation of it; and if tradeſmens debts are of long continuance, there muſt be an injuſtice ſomewhere. Either they charge no more than they ſhould to a quick payer, and then you are unjuſt to them, in keeping them out of their money ſo long; or they will charge you more than *the proper value* of the goods, and then you are the *occaſion of injuſtice* to yourſelf.

So that all the things that I said, I think, are true: but the point I own which grieves me the most is, that so excellent a turn of mind, as I know to be in you, should be rendered of no effect, by such pitiful means. I have just been computing, what a vast deal of good you might have done, the year last past; all which you have let slip out of your hands, without adding any thing, either to your character, or your happiness. I will just transcribe the account I have been making, and then be your very humble servant.

An Account of what might have been done by Sir CHARLES EASY, *for the Benefit and Happiness of Mankind, in the year* 1743.

	£.
To 'prenticing out the two sons of a soldier, that fought bravely, and lost his life in the battle of *Dettingen*. —— ——	40
To a poor clergyman, that had bred up a large family, on a living of 15 *l.* a year. ——	105
To portions for five young maids, on the day of their marriage with honest tradesmen. ——	100
To cloathing and schooling of ten boys. ——	100
To 'prenticing out fourteen boys, and six girls.	200
To setting up four young men, just out of their time, in their proper trades. ——	150
Loan to poor tradesmen, without interest, for 3 years each. —— ——	200
To officers children, left in distress. ——	250
To a gentleman of birth and merit, that was fallen in the world. —— ——	300
To a gentlewoman whose father being a gamester left her without any fortune; to buy her 30 *l.* a year in annuities for her life. ——	500
To occasional charities; to persons known to be in want, and to deserve help. ——	255
Sum total	2000

Instead of this, as I apprehend, in your present account *it must stand* all under one article; thus:

	For the YEAR 1743.	£.
To cards and dice.	—— ——	2000

Ah! Sir *Charles*, let me intreat you to compare theſe two very different accounts together; and to weigh the one againſt the other!—Had you had the happineſs to follow the former, what a pleaſure muſt it have given you, every time you looked it over, to conſider how far you had gone in *one year*, toward making ſo many worthy diſtreſſed perſons happy for *their whole life?* What have you in the ſtead of this, but the mortification—I will ſay no more, but leave you to fill it up yourſelf—Think of it a little, if it is poſſible for you to ſit down and think, good Sir *Charles!* I have always loved you, as if you were my own ſon. You gave me my living, and have been ever good to me; and I could, methinks, give it all up again, to have the world ſpeak well of you all round, as they do in moſt things already. When I hear any thing good of you, it is the comfort of my grey hairs; and when I hear any thing ill, I feel it here, at my heart! If you ſhould happen to ſend me word, this time twelve-months, that you had diſpoſed of only the half of the overplus of your income, in doing good, inſtead of ſacrificing it all in this wretched way; I verily believe it would comfort me ſo much, that it might add two or three years to the declining life of,

Dear Sir CHARLES,

Your moſt faithful, and moſt obliged humble Servant to command,

PHILIP DE COVERLEY.

On Female Gameſters. [Guardian, N°. 120.]

I SHOULD ill deſerve the name of Guardian, did I not caution all my fair wards againſt a practice which when it runs to exceſs, is the moſt ſhameful, but one, that the female world can fall into. The ill conſequences of it are more than can be contained in this paper. However, that I may proceed in method, I ſhall

ſhall conſider them; Firſt, as they relate to the mind. Secondly, as they relate to the body.

Could we look into the mind of a female gameſter, we ſhould ſee it full of nothing but trumps and mattadores. Her ſlumbers are haunted with kings, queens, and knaves. The day lies heavy upon her till the play ſeaſon returns, when for half a dozen hours together all her faculties are employed in ſhuffling, cutting, dealing, and ſorting out a pack of cards, and no ideas to be diſcovered in a ſoul which calls itſelf rational, excepting little ſquare figures of painted and ſpotted paper. Was the underſtanding, that divine part in our compoſition, given for ſuch an uſe? Is it thus that we improve the greateſt talent human nature is endowed with? What would a ſuperior being think, were he ſhewn this intellectual faculty in a female gameſter, and at the ſame time told, that it was by this ſhe was diſtinguiſhed from brutes, and allied to angels.

When our women thus fill their imaginations with pips and counters, I cannot wonder at the ſtory I have lately heard of a new-born child that was marked with the five of clubs.

Their paſſions ſuffer no leſs by this practice than their underſtandings and imaginations. What hope and fear, joy and anger, ſorrow and diſcontent break out all at once in a fair aſſembly, upon ſo noble an occaſion as that of turning up a card? Who can conſider without a ſecret indignation that all thoſe affections of the mind which ſhould be conſecrated to their children, huſbands and parents, are thus vilely proſtituted and thrown away upon a hand at Loo? For my own part, I cannot but be grieved when I ſee a fine woman fretting and bleeding inwardly from ſuch trivial motives: when I behold the face of an angel agitated and diſcompoſed by the heart of a fury.

Our minds are of ſuch a make, that they naturally give themſelves up to every diverſion which they are much accuſtomed to, and we always find that play, when followed with aſſiduity, engroſſes the whole *woman. She* quickly grows uneaſy in her own family, *takes but little* pleaſure in all the domeſtic innocent en-

dearments of life, and grows more fond of *Pam*, than of her huſband. My friend *Theophraſtus*, the beſt of huſbands and of fathers, has often complained to me, with tears in his eyes, of the late hours he is forced to keep if he would enjoy his wife's converſation. When ſhe returns to me with joy in her face, it does not ariſe, ſays he, from the ſight of her huſband, but from the good luck ſhe has had at cards. On the contrary, ſays he, if ſhe has been a loſer, I am doubly a ſufferer by it. She comes home out of humour, is angry with every body, diſpleaſed with all I can do or ſay, and in reality for no other reaſon, but becauſe ſhe has been throwing away my eſtate. What charming bed-fellows and companions for life are men likely to meet with that chooſe their wives out of ſuch women of vogue and faſhion? What a race of worthies, what patriots, what heroes, muſt we expect from mothers of this make?

I come in the next place to conſider the ill conſequences which gaming has on the bodies of our female adventurers. It is ſo ordered that almoſt every thing which corrupts the ſoul decays the body. The beauties of the face and mind are generally deſtroyed by the ſame means. This conſideration ſhould have a particular weight with the female world, who were deſigned to pleaſe the eye and attract the regards of the other half of the ſpecies. Now there is nothing that wears out a fine face like the vigils of the card-table, and thoſe cutting paſſions which naturally attend them. Hollow eyes, haggard looks, and pale complexions, are the natural indications of a female gameſter. Her morning ſleeps are not able to repair her midnight watchings. I have known a woman carried off half dead from Baſſette, and have many a time grieved to ſee a perſon of quality gliding by me in her chair at two o'clock in the morning, and looking like a ſpectre amidſt a glare of flambeaux. In ſhort, I never knew a thorough-paced female gameſter hold her beauty two winters together.

But there is ſtill another caſe in which the body is more endangered than in the former. All play-debts *muſt be paid* in ſpecie, or by an equivalent. The man *that plays beyond* his income pawns his eſtate: the woman

woman muſt find out ſomething elſe to mortgage, when her pin-money is gone: the huſband has his lands to diſpoſe of, the wife her perſon. Now when the female body is once *dipped*, if the creditor be very importunate, I leave my readers to conſider the conſequences.

Account of TIM. WILDGOOSE *by himſelf.*
[Advent. N°. 98.]

To the ADVENTURER.

DEAR BROTHER,

THE thirſt of glory is I think allowed, even by the dull dogs who can ſit ſtill long enough to write books, to be a noble appetite.

My ambition is to be thought a man of life and ſpirit, who could conquer the world if he was to ſet about it, but who has too much vivacity to give the neceſſary attention to any ſcheme of length.

I am, in ſhort, one of thoſe heroic Adventurers, who have thought proper to diſtinguiſh themſelves by the titles of BUCK, BLOOD, and NERVE. When I am in the country I am always on horſeback, and I leap or break every hedge and gate that ſtands in my way: when I am in town, I am conſtantly to be ſeen at ſome of the public places, at the proper times for making my appearance; as at Vaux-Hall, or Marybone, about ten, very drunk: for though I don't love wine, I am obliged to be conſumedly drunk five or ſix nights in the week; nay ſometimes five or ſix days together, for the ſake of my character. Wherever I come, I am ſure to make all the confuſion, and do all the miſchief I can; not for the ſake of doing miſchief, but only out of frolic you know, to ſhew my vivacity. If there are women near me, I ſwear like a devil to ſhew my courage, and talk bawdy to ſhew my wit. Under the roſe, I am curſed favourite amongſt them; and have had "bon "fortune" let me tell you. I do love the little rogue *helliſhly: but faith* I make love for the good of the *public; and the* town is obliged to me for a dozen

two of the fineſt wenches that were ever brought into its ſeraglios. One, indeed, I loſt; and, poor fond ſoul! I pitied her: but it could not be helped—ſelf-preſervation obliged me to leave her—I could not tell her what was the matter with her, rot me if I could; and ſo it got ſuch a head, that the devil himſelf could not have ſaved her.

There's one thing vexes me: I have much ado to avoid having that inſignificant character, a good natured fellow, fixed upon me; ſo that I am obliged in my own defence to break the boy's head, and kick my whore down ſtairs every time I enter a night-houſe: I pick quarrels when I am not offended, break the windows of men I never ſaw, demoliſh lamps, bilk hackney coachmen, overturn wheelbarrows, and ſtorm night cellars: I beat the watchman, though he bids me good morrow, abuſe the conſtable, and inſult the juſtice: for theſe feats I am frequently kicked, beaten, pumped, proſecuted and impriſoned; but Tim is no flincher; and if he does not get fame, blood! he will deſerve it.

I am now writing at a coffee-houſe, where I am juſt arrived, after a journey of fifty miles which I have rode in four hours. I knocked up my blockhead's horſe two hours ago. The dog whipped and ſpurred at ſuch a rate, that I dare ſay you may track him half the way by the blood; but all would not do. The devil take the hindmoſt, is always my way of travelling. The moment I diſmounted, down dropt Dido, by Jove: and here am I all alive and merry, my old boy!

I'll tell thee what; I was a helliſh aſs t'other day. I ſhot a damn'd clean mare through the head, for jumping out of the road to avoid running over an old woman. But the bitch threw me, and I got a curſed ſlice on the cheek againſt a flint, which put me in a paſſion; who could help it you know? Rot me, I would not have loſt her for five hundred old women, with all their brats, and the brats of their brats to the third generation.—She was a ſweet créature! I would have run her five and twenty miles in an hour, for five hundred pounds. *But ſhe's gone!*—Poor jade! I did love thee, that *I did.*

Nov

Now what you ſhall do for me, old boy, is this; Help to raiſe my name a little, d'ye mind: write ſomething in praiſe of us ſprightly pretty fellows. I aſſure you we take a great deal of pains for fame, and 'tis hard we ſhould be bilkt. I would not trouble you, my dear! but only I fear I have not much time before me to do my own buſineſs; for between you and I, both my conſtitution and eſtate are damnably out at elbows. I intend to make them ſpin out together as evenly as poſſible; but if my purſe ſhould happen to leak faſteſt, I propoſe to go with my laſt half crown to Ranelagh-gardens, and there, if you approve the ſcheme, I'll mount one of the upper alcoves, and repeat with an heroic air,

"I'll boldly venture on the world unknown;
"It cannot uſe me worſe than this has done."

I'll then ſhoot myſelf through the head; and ſo good b'ye.

Yours, as you ſerve me,
TIM. WILDGOOSE.

Gradation from a GREENHORN to a BLOOD.

[Advent. N°. 100.]

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

THOUGH the characters of men have, perhaps, been eſſentially the ſame in all ages, yet their external appearance has changed with other peculiarities of time and place, and they have been diſtinguiſhed by different names as new modes of expreſſion have prevailed: a periodical writer, therefore, who catches the picture of evaneſcent life, and ſhews the deformity of follies which in a few years will be ſo changed as not to be known, ſhould be careful to expreſs the character when he deſcribes the appearance, and to connect it with the name by which it then happens to be called. *You have frequently* uſed the terms BUCK and BLOOD, *and have given ſome* account of the characters which are

thus denominated; but you have not conſidered as the laſt ſtages of a regular progreſſion, nor taker notice of thoſe which precede them. Their depenc upon each other is, indeed, ſo little known, that I ſuppoſe them to be diſtinct and collateral claſſes, ſo by perſons of oppoſite intereſts, taſtes, capacities, diſpoſitions: the ſcale, however, conſiſts of eight grees; GREENHORN, JEMMY, JESSAMY, SM. HONEST FELLOW, JOYOUS SPIRIT, BUCK, BLOOD. As I have myſelf paſſed through the v ſeries, I ſhall explain each ſtation by a ſhort accou my life, remarking the periods when my char changed its denomination, and the particular inci by which the change was produced.

My father was a wealthy farmer in *Yorkſhire*; when I was near eighteen years of age, he brough to *London* and put me apprentice to a conſiderable l keeper in the city. There was an aukward modeſt plicity in my manner, and a reverence of religion virtue in my converſation. The novelty of the that was now placed before me, in which there innumerable objects, that I never conceived to rendered me attentive and credulous; peculiar which, without a provincial accent, a ſlouch in gait, a long lank head of hair, and an unfaſhion ſuit of drab coloured cloth, would have denomin me a GREENHORN, or, in other words, a country very green.

Green, then, I continued even in externals, near years; and in this ſtate I was the object of univ contempt and deriſion: but being at length wea with merriment and inſult, I was very ſedulous t ſume the manners and appearance of thoſe, who in ſame ſtation were better treated. I had already proved greatly in my ſpeech; and my father ha allowed me thirty pounds a year for apparel and po money, the greater part of which I had ſaved, I beſp a ſuit of cloaths of an eminent city taylor, with ſev waiſtcoats and breeches, and two frocks for a chan *I cut off my hair*, and procured a brown bob per *of* WILDING *juſt* of the ſame colour, with a ſingl

of curls round the bottom, which I wore very nicely combed, and without powder: my hat, which had been cocked with great exactneſs in an equilateral triangle, I diſcarded, and purchaſed one of a more faſhionable ſize, the fore corner of which projected near two inches further than thoſe on each ſide, and was moulded into the ſhape of a ſpout: I alſo furniſhed myſelf with a change of white thread ſtockings, took care that my pumps were varniſhed every morning with the new German blacking ball, and when I went out, carried in my hand a little ſwitch, which as it had been long appendant to the character that I had juſt aſſumed, has taken the ſame name, and is called a JEMMY.

I ſoon perceived the advantage of this transformation. My manner had not, indeed, kept pace with my dreſs, I was ſtill modeſt and diffident, temperate and ſober, and conſequently ſtill ſubject to ridicule: but I was now admitted into company, from which I had before been excluded by the ruſticity of my appearance; I was rallied and encouraged by turns; and I was inſtructed both by precept and example. Some offers were made of carrying me to a houſe of private entertainment, which then I abſolutely refuſed; but I ſoon found the way into the play-houſe, to ſee the two laſt acts and the farce: here I learned that by breaches of chaſtity no man was thought to incur either guilt or ſhame; but that on the contrary, they were eſſentially neceſſary to the character of a fine gentleman. I ſoon copied the original, which I found to be univerſally admired, in my morals, and made ſome farther approaches to it in my dreſs: I ſuffered my hair to grow long enough to comb back over the foretop of my wig, which, when I ſallied forth to my evening amuſement, I changed to a queüe; I tied the collar of my ſhirt with half an ell of black ribbon, which appeared under my neckcloth; the fore corner of my hat was conſiderably elevated and ſhortened, ſo that it no longer reſembled a ſpout, but the corner of a minced pye; my waiſtcoat was edged with a narrow lace, my ſtockings were ſilk, and I never appeared without a pair of clean gloves. My addreſs, from its native maſculine plainneſs, was converted to

an

an exceſs of ſoftneſs and civility, eſpecially wh
ſpoke to the ladies. I had before made ſome progre
learning to ſwear; I had proceeded by fegs, faith,
plague, 'pon my life, 'pon my ſoul, rat it, and zoo
to zauns and the devil. I now advanced to by
'fore ged, geds curſe it, and demme: but I ſtill ut
theſe interjections in a tremulous tone, and my
nunciation was feminine and vicious. I was ſenſib
my defects, and, therefore, applied with great dilig
to remove them. I frequently practiſed alone, but it
a long time before I could ſwear ſo much to my
ſatisfaction in company, as by myſelf. My lat
however, was not without its reward; it recomme
me to the notice of the ladies, and procured m
gentle appellation of JESSAMY.

I now learned among other GROWN GENTLE
to dance, which greatly enlarged my acquaintance
entered into a ſubſcription for country dances on
week at a tavern, where each gentleman engage
bring a partner: at the ſame time I made conſider
advances in ſwearing; I could pronounce damme
a tolerable air and accent, give the vowel its full ſo
and look with confidence in the face of the perſo
whom I ſpoke. About this time my father's elder
ther died, and left me an eſtate of near five hun
pounds per annum. I now bought out the remainde
my time; and this ſudden acceſſion of wealth and
dependence gave me immediately an air of greater
fidence and freedom. I laid out near one hundred
fifty pounds in cloaths, though I was obliged to go
mourning: I employed a court taylor to make them
I exchanged my queüe for a bag; I put on a ſw
which, in appearance at leaſt, was a Toledo; an
proportion as I knew my dreſs to be elegant, I was
ſolicitous to be neat. My acquaintance now incre
every hour; I was attended, flattered, and careſſ
was often invited to entertainments, ſupped every n
at a tavern, and went home in a chair; was taken no
of in public places, and was univerſally confeſſed t
improved into a SMART.

There were ſome intervals in which I found it

fary to abſtain from wenching; and in theſe, at whatever riſque, I applied myſelf to the bottle: a habit of drinking came inſenſibly upon me, and I was ſoon able to walk home with a bottle and a pint. I had learned a ſufficient number of faſhionable toaſts, and got by heart ſeveral toping and ſeveral bawdy ſongs, ſome of which I ventured to roar out with a friend hanging on my arm as we ſcoured the ſtreet after our nocturnal revel. I now laboured with indefatigable induſtry to increaſe theſe acquiſitions: I enlarged my ſtock of healths; made great progreſs in finging, joking, and ſtory telling; ſwore well; could make a company of ſtaunch topers drunk; always collected the reckoning, and was the laſt man that departed. My face began to be covered with red pimples, and my eyes to be weak; I became daily more negligent of my dreſs, and more blunt in my manner; I profeſſed myſelf a foe to ſtarters and milkſops, declared that there was no enjoyment equal to that of a bottle and a friend, and ſoon gained the appellation of an HONEST FELLOW.

By this diſtinction I was animated to attempt yet greater excellence; I learned ſeveral feats of mimickry of the under players, could take off known characters, tell a ſtaring ſtory, and humbug with ſo much ſkill as ſometimes to take in a knowing one. I was ſo ſucceſsful in the practice of theſe arts, to which, indeed, I applied myſelf with unwearied diligence and aſſiduity, that I kept my company roaring with applauſe, till their voices ſunk by degrees, and they were no longer able to laugh, becauſe they were no longer able either to hear or to ſee. I had now aſcended another ſcale in the climax; and was acknowledged by all who knew me, to be a JOYOUS SPIRIT.

After all theſe topics of merriment were exhauſted, and I had repeated my tricks, my ſtories, and my jokes, and my ſong, till they grew inſipid, I became miſchievous; and was continually deviſing and executing FROLICKS, to the unſpeakable delight of my companions, and the *injury of others.* For many of them I was proſecuted, *and frequently* obliged to pay large damages: but I *bore all theſe loſſes* with an air of jovial indifference, I

puſhed

puſhed on in my career, I was more deſperate in proportion as I had leſs to loſe; and being deterred from no miſchief by the dread of its conſequences, I was ſaid to run at all, and complimented with the name of BUCK.

My eſtate was at length mortgaged for more than it was worth; my creditors were importunate; I became negligent of myſelf and of others; I made a deſperate effort at the gaming-table, and loſt the laſt ſum that I could raiſe; my eſtate was ſeized by the mortgagee; I learned to pack cards and to cog a die; became a bully to whores; paſſed my nights in a brothel, the ſtreet, or the watch-houſe; was utterly inſenſible of ſhame, and lived upon the town as a beaſt of prey in a foreſt. Thus I reached the ſummit of modern glory, and had juſt acquired the diſtinction of a BLOOD, when I was arreſted for an old debt of three hundred pounds, and thrown into the King's Bench priſon.

Theſe characters, Sir, though they are diſtinct, yet do not at all differ, otherwiſe than as ſhades of the ſame colour. And though they are ſtages of a regular progreſſion, yet the whole progreſs is not made by every individual: ſome are ſo ſoon initiated in the myſteries of the town, that they are never publicly known in their GREENHORN ſtate; others fix long in the JEMMYHOOD, others are JESSAMYS at fourſcore, and ſome ſtagnate in each of the higher ſtages for life. But I requeſt that they may never hereafter be confounded either by you or your correſpondents. Of the BLOOD, your brother Adventurer, Mr. WILDGOOSE, though he aſſumes the character, does not ſeem to have a juſt and preciſe idea as diſtinct from the BUCK, in which claſs he ſhould be placed, and will probably die; for he ſeems determined to ſhoot himſelf, juſt at the time when his circumſtances will enable him to aſſume the higher diſtinction.

But the retroſpect upon life, which this letter has made neceſſary, covers me with confuſion and aggravates deſpair. I cannot but reflect, that among all *theſe characters*, I have never aſſumed that of a MAN. *Man is a* REASONABLE BEING, which he ceaſes to be, who

who diſguiſes his body with ridiculous fopperies, or degrades his mind by deteſtable brutality. Theſe thoughts would have been of great uſe to me, if they had occurred ſeven years ago. If they are of uſe to you, I hope you will ſend me a ſmall gratuity for my labour, to alleviate the miſery of hunger and nakedneſs: but, dear Sir, let your bounty be ſpeedy, leſt I periſh before it arrive.

I am your humble ſervant,

Common-ſide King's Bench,
Oct. 18, 1753.

NOMENTANUS.

On the Force of Habit. [Spect. N°. 447.]

THERE is not a common ſaying which has a better turn of ſenſe in it, than what we often hear in the mouths of the vulgar, that cuſtom is a ſecond nature. It is indeed able to form the man anew, and to give him inclinations and capacities altogether different from thoſe he was born with. Dr. *Plot* in his hiſtory of *Staffordſhire*, tells us of an idiot that chancing to live within the ſound of a clock, and always amuſing himſelf with counting the hour of the day whenever the clock ſtruck, the clock being ſpoiled by ſome accident the idiot continued to ſtrike and count the hour without the help of it, in the ſame manner as he had done when it was intire. Though I dare not vouch for the truth of this ſtory, it is very certain that cuſtom has a mechanical effect upon the body, at the ſame time that it has a very extraordinary influence upon the mind.

I ſhall in this paper conſider one very remarkable effect which cuſtom has upon human nature; and which, if rightly obſerved, may lead us into very uſeful rules of life. What I ſhall here take notice of in cuſtom, is its wonderful efficacy in making every thing pleaſant to us. A perſon who is addicted to play or gaming, though he took but little delight in it at firſt, by degrees *contracts ſo ſtrong* an inclination towards it, and gives *himſelf up ſo intirely* to it, that it ſeems the only end

of

of his being. The love of a retired or buſy life grow upon a man inſenſibly, as he is converſant i one or the other, till he is utterly unqualified for r ing that to which he has been for ſome time di Nay, a man may ſmoke, or drink, or take ſnuf he is unable to paſs away his time without it; mention how our delight in any particular ſtudy or ſcience, riſes and improves in proportion to th plication which we beſtow upon it. Thus wha at firſt an exerciſe, becomes at length an entertain Our employments are changed into our diver The mind grows fond of thoſe actions ſhe is accuſt to, and is drawn with reluctancy from thoſe pa which ſhe has been uſed to walk.

Not only ſuch actions as were at firſt indifferent but even ſuch as were painful, will by cuſtom and tice become pleaſant. Sir *Francis Bacon* obſerves natural philoſophy, that our taſte is never pleaſe ter than with thoſe things which at firſt created guſt in it. He gives particular inſtances of claret ſee, and other liquors, which the palate ſeldom app upon the firſt taſte; but when it has once got a of them, generally retains it for life. The mind i ſtituted after the ſame manner, and after having tuated herſelf to any particular exerciſe or employ not only loſes her firſt averſion towards it, but con a certain fondneſs and affection for it. I have one of the greateſt genius's this age has produced, had been trained up in all the polite ſtudies of quity, aſſure me, upon his being obliged to ſearch ſeveral rolls and records, that notwithſtanding ſu employment was at firſt very dry and irkſome to he at laſt took an incredible pleaſure in it, and p red it even to the reading of *Virgil* or *Cicero*. reader will obſerve, that I have not here conſidere tom as it makes things eaſy, but as it renders the lightful; and though others have often made the reflections, it is poſſible they may not have drawn *vſes from it*, with which I intend to fill the rema *part of this paper*.

If we conſider attentively this property of human nature, it may inſtruct us in very fine moralities. In the firſt place, I would have no man diſcouraged with that kind of life or ſeries of action, in which the choice of others, or his own neceſſities, may have engaged him. It may perhaps be very diſagreeable to him at firſt; but uſe and application will certainly render it not only leſs painful, but pleaſing and ſatisfactory.

In the ſecond place, I would recommend to every one that admirable precept which *Pythagoras* is ſaid to have given to his diſciples, and which that philoſopher muſt have drawn from the obſervation I have enlarged upon. *Optimum vitæ genus eligito, nam conſuetudo faciet jucundiſſimum.* Pitch upon that courſe of life, which is the moſt excellent, and cuſtom will render it the moſt delightful. Men, whoſe circumſtances will permit them to chooſe their own way of life, are inexcuſable if they do not purſue that which their judgment tells them is the moſt laudable. The voice of reaſon is more to be regarded than the bent of any preſent inclination, ſince, by the rule above-mentioned, inclination will at length come over to reaſon, though we can never force reaſon to comply with inclination.

In the third place, this obſervation may teach the moſt ſenſual and irreligious man, to overlook thoſe hardſhips and difficulties, which are apt to diſcourage him from the proſecution of a virtuous life. *The gods*, ſaid *Heſiod, have placed labour before virtue; the way to her is at firſt rough and difficult, but grows more ſmooth and eaſy the farther you advance in it.* The man who proceeds in it with ſteadineſs and reſolution, will in a little time find that *her ways are ways of pleaſantneſs, and that all her paths are peace.*

To enforce this conſideration, we may further obſerve, that the practice of religion will not only be attended with that pleaſure, which naturally accompanies thoſe actions to which we are habituated, but with thoſe ſupernumerary joys of heart, that riſe from the conſciouſneſs of ſuch a pleaſure, from the ſatisfaction of acting up to the dictates of reaſon, and from the proſpect of an happy immortality.

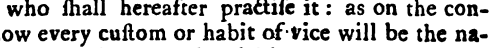
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In the fourth place, we may learn from this o
tion which we made on the mind of man, to tal
ticular care, when we are once ſettled in a regular
of life, how we too frequently indulge ourſelves
of the moſt innocent diverſions and entertainment
the mind may inſenſibly fall off from the reliſh
tuous actions, and, by degrees, exchange that p
which it takes in the performance of its duty, f
lights of a much more inferior and unprofitable

The laſt uſe which I ſhall make of this rema
property in human nature, of being delighted wit
actions to which it is accuſtomed, is to ſhow h
ſolutely neceſſary it is for us to gain habits of vi
this life, if we would enjoy the pleaſures of th
The ſtate of bliſs we call heaven will not be cap
affecting thoſe minds, which are not thus qualif
it; we muſt, in this world, gain a reliſh of tru
virtue, if we would be able to taſte that knowled
perfection, which are to make us happy in the
The ſeeds of thoſe ſpiritual joys and raptures, wh
to riſe up and flouriſh in the ſoul to all eternity
be planted in her, during this her preſent ſtate c
bation. In ſhort, heaven is not to be looked upo
as the reward, but as the natural effect of a re
life.

On the other hand, thoſe evil ſpirits, who b
cuſtom, have contracted in the body habits of l
ſenſuality, malice and revenge, an averſion to
thing that is good, juſt or laudable, are natural
ſoned and prepared for pain and miſery. The
ments have already taken root in them; they can
happy when diveſted of the body, unleſs we ma
poſe, that providence will, in a manner, creat
anew, and work a miracle in the rectification o
faculties. They may, indeed, taſte a kind of
nant pleaſure in thoſe actions to which they are
tomed, whilſt in this life; but when they are re
from all thoſe objects which are here apt to
them, they will naturally become their own torm
and cheriſh in themſelves thoſe painful habits c
which are called, in ſcripture phraſe, the wor

never dies. This notion of heaven and hell is ſo very conformable to the light of nature, that it was diſcovered by ſeveral of the moſt exalted heathens. It has been finely improved by many eminent divines of the laſt age, as in particular by Archbiſhop *Tillotſon* and Dr. *Sherlock*: but there is none who has raiſed ſuch noble ſpeculations upon it as Dr. *Scot* in the firſt book of his Chriſtian Life, which is one of the fineſt and moſt rational ſchemes of divinity that is written in our tongue, or in any other. That excellent author has ſhewn how every particular cuſtom and habit of virtue will, in its own nature, produce the heaven, or a ſtate of happineſs, in him who ſhall hereafter practiſe it: as on the contrary, how every cuſtom or habit of vice will be the natural hell of him in whom it ſubſiſts.



Directions how to ſpend our Time.

[Spectator, N°. 93.]

WE all of us complain of the ſhortneſs of time, ſaith *Seneca*, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, ſaith he, are ſpent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpoſe, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philoſopher has deſcribed our inconſiſtency with ourſelves in this particular, by all thoſe various turns of expreſſion and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often conſider mankind as wholly inconſiſtent with itſelf in a point that bears ſome affinity to the former. Though we ſeem grieved at the ſhortneſs of life in general, we are wiſhing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of buſineſs, then to make up an eſtate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be ſhort, the ſeveral diviſions of it appear long and tedious. We are for

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lengthening our ſpan in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is compoſed. The uſurer would be very well ſatisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the preſent moment and next quarter day. The politician would be contented to loſe three years in his life, could he place things in the poſture which he fancies they will ſtand in after ſuch a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to ſtrike out of his exiſtence all the moments that are to paſs away before the happy meeting. Thus, as faſt as our time runs, we ſhould be very glad in moſt parts of our lives that it ran much faſter than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wiſh away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty waſtes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at thoſe ſeveral little ſettlements or imaginary points of reſt which are diſperſed up and down in it.

If we may divide the life of moſt men into twenty parts, we ſhall find that at leaſt nineteen of them are mere gaps and chaſms, which are neither filled with pleaſure nor buſineſs. I do not however include in this calculation the life of thoſe men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of thoſe only who are not always engaged in ſcenes of action; and I hope I ſhall not do an unacceptable piece of ſervice to theſe perſons, if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty ſpaces of life. The methods I ſhall propoſe to them are as follows.

The firſt is the exerciſe of virtue, in the moſt general acceptation of the word. That particular ſcheme which comprehends the ſocial virtues, may give employment to the moſt induſtrious temper, and find a man in buſineſs more than the moſt active ſtation of life. To adviſe the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almoſt every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceneſs of a party; of doing juſtice to the character *of a deſerving* man; of ſoftening the envious, quieting *the angry,* and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all *of them employments* ſuited to a reaſonable nature, and bring

bring great ſatisfaction to the perſon who can buſy himſelf in them with diſcretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for thoſe retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourſelves, and deſtitute of company and converſation; I mean that intercourſe and communication which every reaſonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual ſenſe of the divine preſence, keeps up a perpetual chearfulneſs of temper, and enjoys every moment the ſatisfaction of thinking himſelf in company with his deareſt and beſt of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impoſſible for him to be alone. His thoughts and paſſions are the moſt buſied at ſuch hours when thoſe of other men are the moſt unactive: he no ſooner ſteps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, ſwells with hope, and triumphs in the conſciouſneſs of that preſence which every where ſurrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its ſorrows, its apprehenſions, to the great ſupporter of its exiſtence.

I have here only conſidered the neceſſity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have ſomething to do; but if we conſider further, that the exerciſe of virtue is not only an amuſement for the time it laſts, but that its influence extends to thoſe parts of our exiſtence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from thoſe hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of paſſing away our time.

When a man has but a little ſtock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what ſhall we think of him if he ſuffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or diſadvantage? But becauſe the mind cannot be always in its fervour, nor ſtrained up to a pitch of virtue, it is neceſſary to find out proper em*ployments for it in its* relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propoſe to *fill up our time,* ſhould be uſeful and innocent diver-

ſions. I muſt confeſs I think it is below reaſonable creatures to be altogether converſant in ſuch diverſions as are merely innocent, and have nothing elſe to recommend them but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to ſay for itſelf, I ſhall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to ſee perſons of the beſt ſenſe paſſing away a dozen hours together in ſhuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other converſation but what is made up of a few game phraſes, and no other ideas but thoſe of black or red ſpots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of his ſpecies complaining that life is ſhort?

The ſtage might be made a perpetual ſource of the moſt noble and uſeful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itſelf ſo agreeably as in the converſation of a well-choſen friend. There is indeed no bleſſing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a diſcreet and virtuous friend. It eaſes and unloads the mind, clears and improves the underſtanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good reſolution, ſooths and allays the paſſions, and finds employment for moſt of the vacant hours of life.

Next to ſuch an intimacy with a particular perſon, one would endeavour after a more general converſation with ſuch as are able to entertain and improve thoſe with whom they converſe, which are qualifications that ſeldom go aſunder.

There are many other uſeful amuſements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occaſions have recourſe to ſomething rather than ſuffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any paſſion that chances to riſe in it.

A man that has a taſte in muſick, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another ſenſe when compared with ſuch as have no reliſh of thoſe arts. The *floriſt, the planter*, the gardener, the huſbandman, when *they are only* as accompliſhments to the man of fortune, *are great reliefs* to a country life, and many ways uſeful *to thoſe who* are poſſeſſed of them.

Singularity cenſured. [Adventurer, N°. 131.]

FONTENELLE, in his panegyric on Sir *Iſaac Newton*, cloſes a long enumeration of that great philoſopher's virtues and attainments, with an obſervation, that "he was not diſtinguiſhed from other men, "by any ſingularity either natural or affected."

It is an eminent inſtance of *Newton*'s ſuperiority to the reſt of mankind, that he was able to ſeparate knowledge from thoſe weakneſſes by which knowledge is generally diſgraced; that he was able to excell in ſcience and wiſdom, without purchaſing them by the neglect of little things; and that he ſtood alone, merely becauſe he had left the reſt of mankind behind him, not becauſe he deviated from the beaten tract.

Whoever, after the example of *Plutarch*, ſhould compare the lives of illuſtrious men, might ſet this part of *Newton*'s character, to view with great advantage, by oppoſing it to that of *Bacon*, perhaps the only man of later ages, who has any pretenſions to diſpute with him the palm of genius or ſcience.

Bacon, after he had added to a long and careful contemplation of almoſt every other object of knowledge a curious inſpection into common life, and after having ſurveyed nature as a philoſopher, had examined "men's "buſineſs and boſoms" as a ſtateſman; yet failed ſo much in the conduct of domeſtic affairs, that in the moſt lucrative poſt to which a great and wealthy kingdom could advance him, he felt all the miſeries of diſtreſsful poverty, and committed all the crimes to which poverty incites. Such were at once his negligence and rapacity, that, as it is ſaid, he would gain by unworthy practices that money, which, when ſo acquired, his ſervants might ſteal from one end of the table, while he ſat ſtudious and abſtracted at the other.

As ſcarcely any man has reached the excellence, very few have ſunk to the weakneſs of *Bacon:* but almoſt all *the ſtudious tribe, as* they obtain any participation of *his knowledge,* feel likewiſe ſome contagion of his *defects; and obſtruct* the veneration which learning

would procure, by follies greater or leſs to which only learning could betray them.

It has been formerly remarked by the *Guardian*, that the world puniſhes with too great ſeverity the error of thoſe, who imagine that the ignorance of little things may be compenſated by the knowledge of great; for ſo it is, that as more can detect petty failings than can diſtinguiſh or eſteem great qualifications, and as mankind is in general more eaſily diſpoſed to cenſure than to admiration, contempt is often incurred by ſlight miſtakes, which real virtue or uſefulneſs cannot counterbalance.

Yet ſuch miſtakes and inadvertencies, it is not eaſy for a man deeply immerſed in ſtudy to avoid; no man can become qualified for the common intercourſes of life, by private meditation; the manners of the world are not a regular ſyſtem, planned by philoſophers upon ſettled principles, in which every cauſe has a congruous effect, and one part has a juſt reference to another. Of the faſhions prevalent in every country, a few have ariſen, perhaps, from particular temperatures of the climate, a few more from the conſtitution of the government; but the greater part have grown up by chance, been ſtarted by caprice, been contrived by affectation, or borrowed without any juſt motives of choice from other countries.

Of all theſe, the ſavage that hunts his prey upon the mountains, and the ſage that ſpeculates in his cloſet, muſt neceſſarily live in equal ignorance; yet by the obſervation of theſe trifles it is, that the ranks of mankind are kept in order, that the addreſs of one to another is regulated, and the general buſineſs of the world carried on with facility and method.

Theſe things, therefore, though ſmall in themſelves, become great by their frequency; and he very much miſtakes his own intereſt, who, to the unavoidable unſkilfulneſs of abſtraction and retirement, adds a voluntary neglect of common forms, and increaſes the diſadvantages of a ſtudious courſe of life by an arrogant *contempt of thoſe* practices, by which others endeavour to *gain favour* and multiply friendſhips.

A *real* and interior diſdain of faſhion and ceremony,

is, indeed, not very often to be found: much the greater part of thoſe who pretend to laugh at foppery and formality, ſecretly wiſh to have poſſeſſed thoſe qualifications which they pretend to deſpiſe; and becauſe they find it difficult to waſh away the tincture which they have ſo deeply imbibed, endeavour to harden themſelves in a ſullen approbation of their own colour. Neutrality is a ſtate, into which the buſy paſſions of man cannot eaſily ſubſide; and he who is in danger of the pangs of envy, is generally forced to recreate his imagination with an effort of contempt.

Some, however, may be found, who ſupported by the conſciouſneſs of great abilities and elevated by a long courſe of reputation and applauſe, voluntarily conſign themſelves to ſingularity, affect to croſs the roads of life becauſe they know that they ſhall not be juſtled, and indulge a boundleſs gratification of will becauſe they perceive that they ſhall be quietly obeyed. Men of this kind are generally known by the name of HUMOURISTS, an appellation by which he that has obtained it, and can be contented to keep it, is ſet free at once from the ſhackles of faſhion; and can go in or out, ſit or ſtand, be talkative or ſilent, gloomy or merry, advance abſurdities or oppoſe demonſtration, without any other reprehenſion from mankind, than that it is his way, that he is an odd fellow, and muſt be let alone.

This ſeems to many, an eaſy paſſport through the various factions of mankind; and thoſe on whom it is beſtowed, appear too frequently to conſider the patience with which their caprices are ſuffered, as an undoubted evidence of their own importance, of a genius to which ſubmiſſion is univerſally paid, and whoſe irregularities are only conſidered as conſequences of its vigour. Theſe peculiarities, however, are always found to ſpot a character though they may not totally obſcure it: and he who expects from mankind, that they ſhould give up eſtabliſhed cuſtoms in compliance with his ſingle will, and exacts that deference which he does not pay, may *be endured, but can never* be approved.

Singularity is, I think, in its own nature univerſally *and invariably diſpleaſing*: in whatever reſpect a man diffe

differs from others, he must be considered by them as either worse or better. By being better, it is well known that a man gains admiration oftener than love, since all approbation of his practice must necessarily condemn him that gives it; and though a man often pleases by inferiority, there are few who desire to give such pleasure. Yet the truth is, that singularity is almost always regarded as a brand of slight reproach; and where it is associated with acknowledged merit, serves as an abatement or an allay of excellence, by which weak eyes are reconciled to its lustre, and by which though kindness is not gained, at least envy is averted.

But let no man be in haste to conclude his own merit so great or conspicuous, as to require or justify singularity: it is as hazardous for a moderate understanding to usurp the prerogatives of genius, as for a common form to play over the airs of uncontested beauty. The pride of men will not patiently endure to see one, whose understanding or attainments are but level with their own, break the rules by which they have consented to be bound, or forsake the direction which they submissively follow. All violation of established practice, implies in its own nature a rejection of the common opinion, a defiance of common censure, and an appeal from general laws to private judgment: he, therefore, who differs from others without apparent advantage, ought not to be angry if his arrogance is punished with ridicule; if those, whose example he superciliously overlooks, point him out to derision, and hoot him back again into the common road.

The pride of singularity is often exerted in little things, where right and wrong are indeterminable, and where, therefore, vanity is without excuse. But there are occasions on which it is noble to dare to stand alone. To be pious among infidels, to be disinterested in a time of general venality, to lead a life of virtue and reason in the midst of sensualists, is a proof of a mind intent on nobler things than the praise or blame of men, of a *soul fixed in* the contemplation of the highest good, and *superior to* the tyranny of custom or example.

In moral and religious questions only, a wise man will hold

hold no conſultations with faſhion, becauſe theſe duties are conſtant and immutable, and depend not on the notions of men, but the commands of HEAVEN: yet even of theſe, the external mode is to be in ſome meaſure regulated by the prevailing taſte of the age in which we live; for he is certainly no friend to virtue, who neglects, to give it any lawful attraction, or ſuffers it to diſpleaſe the eye or alienate the affections for want of innocent compliance with faſhionable decorations.

It is yet remembered of the learned and pious *Nelſon*, that he was remarkably elegant in his manners, and ſplendid in his dreſs. He knew, that the eminence of his character drew many eyes upon him; and he was careful not to drive the young or gay away from religion, by repreſenting it as an enemy to any diſtinction or enjoyment, in which human nature may innocently delight.

In this cenſure of ſingularity, I have, therefore, no intention to ſubject reaſon or conſcience to cuſtom and example. To comply with the notions and practices of mankind, is in ſome degree the duty of a ſocial being; becauſe by compliance only he can pleaſe, and by pleaſing only he can become uſeful: but as the end is not to be loſt for the ſake of the means, we are not to give up virtue to complaiſance; for the end of complaiſance is only to gain the kindneſs of our fellow beings, whoſe kindneſs is deſirable only as inſtrumental to happineſs, and happineſs muſt be always loſt by departure from virtue.

No life pleaſing to God, that is not uſeful to man.
An Eaſtern Story. [Advent. No. 38.]

IT pleaſed our mighty ſovereign *Abbas Caraſcan*, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour *and dominion*, to ſet *Mirza* his ſervant over the province of *Tauris*. In the hand of *Mirza*, the balance of *diſtribution* was ſuſpended with impartiality; and ur

der his adminiſtration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich; *Mirza*, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced bleſſings upon his head. But it was obſerved that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffuſed: he became penſive and melancholy; he ſpent his leiſure in ſolitude; in his palace he ſat motionleſs upon a ſofa; and when he went out, his walk was ſlow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the buſineſs of ſtate with reluctance; and reſolved to relinquiſh the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

He, therefore, obtained permiſſion to approach the throne of our ſovereign; and being aſked what was his requeſt, he made this reply: "May the Lord of the "world forgive the ſlave whom he has honoured, if "*Mirza* preſume again to lay the bounty of *Abbas* at "his feet. Thou haſt given me the dominion of a "country, fruitful as the gardens of *Damaſcus*; and "a city glorious above all others, except that only "which reflects the ſplendor of thy preſence. But the "longeſt life is a period ſcarce ſufficient to prepare for "death: all other buſineſs is vain and trivial, as the "toil of emmets in the path of the traveller, under "whoſe foot they periſh for ever; and all enjoyment is "unſubſtantial and evaneſcent, as the colours of the "bow that appears in the interval of a ſtorm. Suffer "me, therefore, to prepare for the approach of eter-"nity, let me give up my ſoul to meditation: let ſoli-"tude and ſilence acquaint me with the myſteries of "devotion; let me forget the world, and by the world "be forgotten, till the moment arrives in which the "veil of eternity ſhall fall, and I ſhall be found at the "bar of the ALMIGHTY." *Mirza* then bowed himſelf to the earth, and ſtood ſilent.

By the command of *Abbas* it is recorded, that at theſe words he trembled upon the throne, at the foot-ſtool of which, the world pays homage: he looked *round upon* his nobles; but every countenance was pale.

pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king firſt broke ſilence, after it had continued near an hour.

"*Mirza*, terror and doubt are come upon me, I "am alarmed as a man who ſuddenly perceives that "he is near the brink of a precipice, and is urged for- "ward by an irreſiſtible force: but yet I know not, "whether my danger is a reality or a dream. I am as "thou art, a reptile of the earth; my life is a moment, "and eternity, in which days and years and ages are "nothing, eternity is before me, for which I alſo "ſhould prepare: but by whom then muſt the Faith- "ful be governed? by thoſe only who have no fear of "judgment? by thoſe only whoſe life is brutal, be- "cauſe, like brutes, they do not conſider that they "ſhall die? Or who, indeed, are the Faithful? Are the "buſy multitude that croud the city, in a ſtate of per- "dition? and is the cell of the Derviſe alone the gate "of Paradiſe? To all, the life of a Derviſe is not "poſſible: to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty. "Depart to the houſe which has in this city been pre- "pared for thy reſidence: I will meditate the reaſon "of thy requeſt; and may he who illuminates the "mind of the humble enable me to determine with "wiſdom."

Mirza departed, and on the third day having received no command, he again requeſted an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal preſence, his countenance appeared more chearful; he drew a letter from his boſom, and having kiſſed it he preſented it with his right hand. "My Lord," ſaid he, "I have learned by this letter, which I received "from *Coſrou*, the Iman who ſtands now before thee, "in what manner life may be beſt improved. I am "enabled to look back with pleaſure, and forward "with hope; and I ſhall now rejoice ſtill to be the "ſhadow of thy power at *Tauris*, and to keep thoſe "honours which I ſo lately wiſhed to reſign." The king, who had liſtened to *Mirza* with a mixture of *ſurprize and curioſity*, immediately gave the letter to *Coſrou*, and commanded that it ſhould be read. The

eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary ſage, whoſe countenance was ſuffuſed with an honeſt bluſh; and it was not without ſome heſitation that he read theſe words.

" To *Mirza*, whom the wiſdom of *Abbas*, our mighty " Lord, has honoured with dominion, be everlaſting " health! When I heard thy purpoſe to withdraw the " bleſſings of thy government from the thouſands of " *Tauris*, my heart was wounded with the arrow of " affliction, and my eyes became dim with ſorrow. But " who ſhall ſpeak before the king when he is troubled; " and who ſhall boaſt of knowledge, when he is diſ- " treſſed by doubt? To thee I will relate the events " of my youth, which thou haſt renewed before me; " and thoſe truths which they taught me, may the " Prophet multiply to thee.

" Under the inſtruction of the phyſician *Aluzar*, " I obtained an early knowledge of his art. To thoſe " who were ſmitten with diſeaſe, I could adminiſter " plants, which the ſun has impregnated with the ſpi- " rit of health. But the ſcenes of pain, languor, and " mortality, which were perpetually riſing before me, " made me often tremble for myſelf: I ſaw the grave " open at my feet: I determined therefore to contem- " plate only the regions beyond it, and deſpiſe every " acquiſition which I could not keep. I conceived an " opinion that as there was no merit but in voluntary " poverty, and ſilent meditation, thoſe who deſired " money were not proper objects of bounty; and that " by all who were proper objects of bounty, money " was deſpiſed. I, therefore, buried mine in the " earth; and renouncing ſociety, I wandered into a " wild and ſequeſtered part of the country: my dwel- " ling was a cave by the ſide of a hill, I drank the " running water from the ſpring, and eat ſuch fruits " and herbs as I could find. To increaſe the auſterity " of my life, I frequently watched all night, ſitting at " the entrance of the cave with my face to the eaſt, " reſigning myſelf to the ſecret influences of the Pro- " phet, and expecting illuminations from above. One " morning after my nocturnal vigil, juſt as I perceived

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" the horizon glow at the approach of the ſun, the " power of ſleep became irreſiſtible, and I ſunk under " it. I imagined myſelf ſtill ſitting at the entrance of " my cell; that the dawn increaſed; and that as I " looked earneſtly for the firſt beam of day, a dark " ſpot appeared to intercept it. I perceived that it " was in motion; it encreaſed in ſize as it drew near, " and at length I diſcovered it to be an eagle. I ſtill " kept my eye fixed ſtedfaſtly upon it, and ſaw it alight " at a ſmall diſtance, where I now deſcried a fox whoſe " two fore legs appeared to be broken. Before this " fox the eagle laid part of a kid, which ſhe had " brought in her talons, and then diſappeared. When " I awaked I laid my forehead upon the ground, and " bleſſed the Prophet for the inſtruction of the morn- " ing. I reviewed my dream, and ſaid thus to myſelf: " *Coſrou*, thou haſt done well to renounce the tumult, " the buſineſs, and the vanities of life: but thou haſt " as yet only done it in part: thou art ſtill every day " buſied in the ſearch of food, thy mind is not wholly " at reſt, neither is this truſt in PROVIDENCE complete. " What art thou taught by this viſion? If thou haſt " ſeen an eagle commiſſioned by HEAVEN to feed a " fox that is lame, ſhall not the hand of HEAVEN alſo " ſupply thee with food; when that which prevents " thee from procuring it for thyſelf, is not neceſſity " but devotion? I was now ſo confident of a miracu- " lous ſupply, that I neglected to walk out for my " repaſt, which, after the firſt day, I expected with an " impatience that left me little power of attending to " any other object: this impatience, however, I la- " boured to ſuppreſs, and perſiſted in my reſolution; " but my eyes at length began to fail me, and my " knees ſmote each other; I threw myſelf backward, " and hoped my weakneſs would ſoon increaſe to in- " ſenſibility. But I was ſuddenly rouſed by the voice " of an inviſible being who pronounced theſe words: *Coſru*, I am the angel, who by the command of the ALMIGHTY, have regiſtered the thoughts of thy *heart which I am* now commiſſioned to reprove. While *thou waſt attempting* to become wiſe above that which

is revealed, thy folly has perverted the inſtruction which was vouchſafed thee. Art thou diſabled as the Fox? haſt thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Ariſe, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and ſickneſs, be thou again the meſſenger of eaſe and health. Virtue is not reſt, but action. If thou doſt good to man as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happineſs which is the pledge of Paradiſe, will be thy reward upon earth.

" At theſe words I was not leſs aſtoniſhed than if a " mountain had been overturned at my feet. I hum- " bled myſelf in the duſt; I returned to the city; I " dug up my treaſure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. " My ſkill in reſtoring health to the body, gave me " frequent opportunities of curing the diſeaſes of the " ſoul. I put on the ſacred veſtments; I grew eminent " beyond my merit; and it was the pleaſure of the king " that I ſhould ſtand before him. Now, therefore, be " not offended; I boaſt of no knowledge that I have " not received; as the ſands of the deſart drink up " the drops of rain, or the dew of the morning, ſo " do I alſo who am but duſt, imbibe the inſtructions of " the Prophet. Believe then that it is he who tells " thee, all knowledge is prophane, which terminates " in thyſelf; and by a life waſted in ſpeculation, little " even of this can be gained. When the gates of pa- " radiſe are thrown open before thee, thy mind ſhall be " irradiated in a moment; here thou canſt little more " than pile error upon error; there thou ſhalt build " truth upon truth. Wait, therefore, for the glorious " viſion; and in the mean time emulate the eagle " Much is in thy power; and, therefore, much is ex- " pected of thee. Though the ALMIGHTY only " can give virtue; yet, as a prince, thou mayſt ſtimu- " late thoſe to beneficence, who act from no higher " motive than immediate intereſt: thou canſt not pro- " duce the principle, but mayſt enforce the practice. " The relief of the poor is equal, whether they receive " *it from* oſtentation, or charity; and the effect of " *example is* the ſame, whether it be intended to ob-

" tain

" tain the favour of GOD or man. Let thy virtue be " thus diffuſed; and if thou believeſt with reverence, " thou ſhalt be accepted above. Farewel. May the " ſmile of HIM who reſides in the Heaven of Heavens, " be upon thee! and againſt thy name in the volume " of HIS will, may happineſs be written!"

The King, whoſe doubts like thoſe of *Mirza* were now removed, looked up with a ſmile that communicated the joy of his mind. He diſmiſſed the prince to his government; and commanded theſe events to be recorded, to the end that poſterity may know " that no " life is pleaſing to GOD, but that which is uſeful to " MANKIND."

Reflections upon the JEWS. [Spect. Nº 495.]

AS I am one, who by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called *Jews*, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns, which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind are knit together in a general correſpondence: they are like the pegs and nails in a great building, which though they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: firſt, with regard to their number; ſecondly, their diſperſion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion; and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, firſt, what *natural reaſons*, and ſecondly, what providential reaſons *may be aſſigned for* theſe three remarkable particulars.

The *Jews* are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of *Canaan*.

This is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the *Roman* emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in *Turkey*, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The *Rabbins*, to expreſs the great havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed, as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

Their diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the *Eaſt*; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of *China*: they are ſpread thro' moſt of the nations of *Europe* and *Africa*, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the *Weſt-Indies*; not to mention whole nations bordering on *Preſter-John*'s country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of *America*, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtaſies of this people when they lived under their kings, in the land of *Promiſe*, and within ſight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons of theſe three particulars which we find in the *Jews*, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the firſt place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their conſtant employment, their abſtinence, their exemption from wars, and above all, their frequent marriages; for they look upon celibacy as an accurſed ſtate, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the *Meſſiah* may deſcend from them.

The diſperſion of the *Jews* into all the nations of *the earth*, is a ſecond remarkable particular of that people

people, though not ſo hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reaſon they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of *Promiſe*. They have as often been baniſhed out of moſt other places where they have ſettled, which muſt very much diſperſe and ſcatter a people, and oblige them to ſeek a livelihood where they can find it. Beſides, the whole people is now a race of ſuch merchants as are wanderers by profeſſion, and at the ſame time are in moſt, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This diſperſion would probably have loſt their religion, had it not been ſecured by the ſtrength of its conſtitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the ſame incloſure; to marry among themſelves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This ſhuts them out from all table-converſation, and the moſt agreeable intercourſes of life; and, by conſequence, excludes them from the moſt probable means of converſion.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider what providential reaſon may be aſſigned for theſe three particulars, we ſhall find that their numbers, diſperſion, and adherence to their religion, have furniſhed every age, and every nation of the world, with the ſtrongeſt arguments for the Chriſtian faith; not only as theſe very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themſelves are the depoſitaries of theſe and all the other propheſies, which tend to their own confuſion. Their number furniſhes us with a ſufficient cloud of witneſſes that atteſt the truth of the Old Bible. Their diſperſion ſpreads theſe witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole body of the *Jews* been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the propheſies of the Old Teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our Bleſſed Saviour, forged by *Chriſtians*, and have looked upon them, with the *propheſies of the Sibyls*, as made many years after the *events they* pretended to foretel.

'you, with a propoſal that inſults our misfortunes, and 'would throw us to a lower degree of miſery than any 'thing which is come upon us. How could this bar-'barous man think that the tendereſt of parents would 'be tempted to ſupply their want, by giving up the beſt 'of children to infamy and ruin? It is a mean and 'cruel artifice to make this propoſal at a time when he 'thinks our neceſſities muſt compel us to any thing; 'but we will not eat the bread of ſhame; and there-'fore we charge thee not to think of us, but to avoid 'the ſnare which is laid for thy virtue. Beware of pity-'ing us: it is not ſo bad as you have perhaps been 'told. All things will yet be well, and I ſhall write 'my child better news.

'I have been interrupted. I know not how I was 'moved to ſay things would mend. As I was going 'on I was ſtartled by a noiſe of one that knocked at 'the door, and had brought us an unexpected ſupply of 'a debt which had long been owing. Oh! I will now 'tell thee all. It is ſome days I have lived almoſt with-'out ſupport, having conveyed what little money I 'could raiſe to your poor father.—Thou wilt weep to 'think where he is, yet be aſſured he will ſoon be at 'liberty. That cruel letter would have broke his heart, 'but I have concealed it from him. I have no compa-'nion at preſent beſides little *Fanny*, who ſtands watch-'ing my looks as I write, and is crying for her ſiſter; 'ſhe ſays ſhe is ſure you are not well, having diſcovered 'that my preſent trouble is about you. But do not 'think I would thus repeat my ſorrows, to grieve thee. 'No, it is to intreat thee not to make them inſupport-'able, by adding what would be worſe than all. Let 'us bear chearfully an affliction, which we have not 'brought on ourſelves, and remember there is a power 'who can better deliver us out of it, than by the loſs 'of thy innocence. Heaven preſerve my dear child."

Thy affectionate Mother——

The meſſenger, notwithſtanding he promiſed to de-*liver this letter* to *Amanda*, carried it firſt to his maſter, *who he imagined* would be glad to have an opportunity

of giving it into her hands himſelf. His maſter was impatient to know the ſucceſs of his propoſal, and therefore broke open the letter privately, to ſee the contents. He was not a little moved at ſo true a picture of virtue in diſtreſs; but at the ſame time was infinitely ſurpriſed to find his offers rejected. However he reſolved not to ſuppreſs the letter, but carefully ſealed it up again, and carried it to *Amanda*. All his endeavours to ſee her were in vain, till ſhe was aſſured he brought a letter from her mother. He would not part with it but upon condition that ſhe ſhould read it without leaving the room. While ſhe was peruſing it, he fixed his eyes on her face with the deepeſt attention; her concern gave a new ſoftneſs to her beauty, and when ſhe burſt into tears, he could no longer refrain from bearing a part in her ſorrow, and telling her, that he too had read the letter, and was reſolved to make reparation for having been the occaſion of it. My reader will not be diſpleaſed to ſee the ſecond epiſtle which he now wrote to *Amanda*'s mother.

MADAM,

'I Am full of ſhame, and will never forgive myſelf, 'if I have not your pardon for what I lately wrote. 'It was far from my intention to add trouble to the af'flicted; nor could any thing but my being a ſtranger 'to you, have betrayed me into a fault, for which, if 'I live, I ſhall endeavour to make you amends, as a 'ſon. You cannot be unhappy while *Amanda* is your 'daughter: nor ſhall be, if any thing can prevent it, 'which is in the power of,

MADAM,

Your moſt obedient humble Servant ——

This letter he ſent by his ſteward, and ſoon after went up to town himſelf to complete the generous act he had now reſolved on. By his friendſhip and aſſiſtance *Amanda*'s father was quickly in a condition of retrieving his perplexed affairs. To conclude, he married *Amanda*, and enjoyed the double ſatisfaction of having reſtored a worthy family to their former proſperity.

rity, and of making himſelf happy by an alliance to their virtues.

The WHISPERERS *and* GIGGLERS *among the fair Sex complained of.* [Connoiſ. N°. 14.]

SIR,

AS the ladies are naturally become the immediate objects of your care, will you permit a complaint to be inſerted in your paper, which is founded upon a matter of fact? They will pardon me, if by laying before you a particular inſtance I was lately witneſs to of their improper behaviour, I endeavour to expoſe a reigning evil, which ſubjects them to many ſhameful imputations.

I received laſt week a dinner-card from a friend, with an intimation that I ſhould meet ſome very agreeable ladies. At my arrival, I found that the company conſiſted chiefly of females, who indeed did me the honour to riſe, but quite diſconcerted me in paying my reſpects, by their whiſpering each other, and appearing to ſtifle a laugh. When I was ſeated, the ladies grouped themſelves up in a corner, and entered into a private cabal, ſeemingly to diſcourſe upon points of great ſecrecy and importance, but of equal merriment and diverſion.

The ſame conduct of keeping cloſe to their ranks was obſerved at table, where the ladies ſeated themſelves together. Their converſation was here alſo confined wholly to themſelves, and ſeemed like the myſteries of the *Bona Dea*, in which men were forbidden to have any ſhare. It was a continued laugh and a whiſper from the beginning to the end of dinner. A whole ſentence was ſcarce ever ſpoken aloud. Single words, indeed, now and then broke forth; ſuch as *odious*, *horrible*, *deteſtable*, *ſhocking*, HUMBUG. This laſt new-coined expreſſion, which is only to be found in the nonſenſical vocabulary, ſounds abſurd and diſagreeable, whenever it is pronounced; but from the mouth of a lady it is "*ſhocking*, deteſtable, horrible, and odious."

My friend ſeemed to be in an uneaſy ſituation at his own table: but I was far more miſerable. I was mute, and ſeldom dared to lift up my eyes from my plate, or turn my head to call for ſmall beer, leſt by ſome awkward poſture I might draw upon me a whiſper or a laugh. *Sancho*, when he was forbid to eat of a delicious banquet ſet before him, could ſcarce appear more melancholy. The rueful length of my face might poſſibly encreaſe the mirth of my tormentors: at leaſt their joy ſeemed to riſe in exact proportion with my miſery. At length, however, the time of my delivery approached. Dinner ended, the ladies made their exit in pairs, and went off hand in hand whiſpering, like the two kings of *Brentford*.

Modeſt men, Mr. Town, are deeply wounded, when they imagine themſelves the objects of ridicule or contempt: and the pain is the greater, when it is given by thoſe whom they admire, and from whom they are ambitious of receiving any marks of countenance and favour. Yet we muſt allow, that affronts are pardonable from ladies, as they are often prognoſtics of future kindneſs. If a lady ſtrikes our cheek, we can very willingly follow the precept of the Goſpel, and turn the other cheek to be ſmitten. Even a blow from a fair hand conveys pleaſure. But this battery of whiſpers is againſt all legal rights of war;—poiſoned arrows, and ſtabs in the dark, are not more repugnant to the general laws of humanity.

Modern writers of comedy often introduce a pert witling into their pieces, who is very ſevere upon the reſt of the company; but all his waggery is ſpoken *aſide*. Theſe gigglers and whiſperers ſeem to be acting the ſame part in company, that this arch rogue does in the play. Every word or motion produces a train of whiſpers; the dropping of a ſnuff-box, or ſpilling the tea, is ſure to be accompanied with a titter; and upon the entrance of any one with ſomething particular in his perſon or manner, I have ſeen a whole room in a buzz like a bee-hive.

This practice of whiſpering, if it is any where allowable, *may perhaps* be indulged the fair ſex at church, where

where the converſation can only be carried on by the ſecret ſymbols of a curtſey, an ogle, or a nod. A whiſper in this place is very often of great uſe, as it ſerves to convey the moſt ſecret intelligence, which a lady would be ready to burſt with, if ſhe could not find vent for it by this kind of auricular confeſſion. A piece of ſcandal tranſpires in this manner from one pew to the other, then preſently whizzes along the chancel, from whence it crawls up to the galleries, 'till at laſt the whole church hums with it.

It were alſo to be wiſhed, that the ladies would be pleaſed to confine themſelves to whiſpering, in their *tête à tête* conferences at an opera or the play-houſe; which would be a proper deference to the reſt of the audience. In *France*, we are told, it is common for the *parterre* to join with the performers in any favourite air: but we ſeem to have carried this cuſtom ſtill further, as the company in our boxes, without concerning themſelves in the leaſt with the play, are even louder than the players. The wit and humour of a *Vanbrugh* or a *Congreve* is frequently interrupted by a brilliant dialogue between two perſons of faſhion; and a love-ſcene in the ſide-box has often been more attended to, than that on the ſtage. As to their loud burſts of laughter at the theatre, they may very well be excuſed, when they are excited by any lively ſtrokes in a comedy: but I have ſeen our ladies titter at the moſt diſtreſsful ſcenes in *Romeo* and *Juliet*, grin over the anguiſh of a *Monimia* or *Belvidera*, and fairly laugh King *Lear* off the ſtage.

Thus the whole behaviour of theſe ladies is in direct contradiction to good manners. They laugh when they ſhould cry, are loud when they ſhould be ſilent, and are ſilent when their converſation is deſirable. If a man in a ſelect company was thus to laugh or whiſper me out of countenance, I ſhould be apt to conſtrue it as an affront, and demand an explanation. As to the ladies, I would deſire them to reflect how much they would ſuffer, *if their* own weapons were turned againſt them, and *the gentlemen* ſhould attack them with the ſame arts of *laughing* and whiſpering. But, however free they may

be from our reſentment, they are ſtill open to ill-natured ſuſpicions. They do not conſider, what ſtrange conſtructions may be put on theſe laughs and whiſpers. It were, indeed, of little conſequence, if we only imagined, that they were taking the reputation of their acquaintance to pieces, or abuſing the company round; but when they indulge themſelves in this behaviour, ſome perhaps may be led to conclude, that they are diſcourſing upon topics, which they are aſhamed to ſpeak of in a leſs private manner.

If the miſconduct, which I have deſcribed, had been only to be found, Mr. TOWN, at my friend's table, I ſhould not have troubled you with this letter: but the ſame kind of ill breeding prevails too often, and in too many places. The gigglers and the whiſperers are innumerable; they beſet us wherever we go; and it is obſervable, that after a ſhort murmur of whiſpers out comes the burſt of laughter: like a gun-powder ſerpent, which, after hiſſing about for ſome time, goes off in a bounce.

Some excuſe may perhaps be framed for this ill-timed merriment in the fair ſex. *Venus*, the goddeſs of beauty, is frequently called the *laughter-loving dame*; and by laughing our modern ladies may poſſibly imagine, that they render themſelves like *Venus*. I have indeed remarked, that the ladies commonly adjuſt their laugh to their perſons, and are merry in proportion as it ſets off their particular charms. One lady is never further moved than to a ſmile or a ſimper, becauſe nothing elſe ſhews her dimples to ſo much advantage; another, who has a very fine ſet of teeth, runs into the broad grin; while a third, who is admired for a well-turned neck and graceful cheſt, calls up all her beauties to view by breaking into violent and repeated peals of laughter.

I would not be underſtood to impoſe gravity or too great a reſerve on the fair ſex. Let them laugh at a feather; but let them declare openly, that it is a feather which occaſions their mirth. I muſt confeſs, that laughter becomes the young, the gay, and the handſome: *but a whiſper is* unbecoming at all ages and in both *ſexes; nor ought it* ever to be practiſed, except in the

round

round gallery at St. *Paul*'s, or in the famous whiſpering place in *Glouceſter* cathedral, where two whiſperers hear each other at the diſtance of five and twenty yards.

I am, SIR, your humble Servant.

On BETS *and the Cuſtom of* PITTING, *as practiſed at* White's. [Connoiſ. N°. 15.]

A Friend of mine, who belongs to the Stamp-Office, acquaints me, that the revenue ariſing from the duty on cards and dice continues to increaſe every year; and that it now brings in near ſix times more than it did at firſt. This will not appear very wonderful, when we conſider, that gaming is now become rather the buſineſs than amuſement of our perſons of quality; and that they are more concerned about the tranſactions of the two clubs at *White*'s, than the proceedings of both houſes of parliament. Thus it happen, that eſtates are now almoſt as frequently made over by whiſt and hazard, as by deeds and ſettlements; and the chariots of many of our nobility may be ſaid (like *Baſſet's* in the play) "to roll upon the four aces."

This love of gaming has taken ſuch entire poſſeſſion of their ideas, that it infects their common converſation. The management of a diſpute was formerly attempted by reaſon and argument; but the new way of adjuſting all difference of opinion is by the ſword or a wager: ſo that the only genteel method of diſſenting is to riſk a thouſand pounds, or take your chance of being run through the body. The ſtrange cuſtom of deciding every thing by a wager is ſo univerſal, that if (in imitation of *Swift*) any body was to publiſh a ſpecimen of *Polite Converſation*, inſtead of old ſayings and trite repartees, he would in all probability fill his dialogues with little more than bet after bet, or now and then *a calculation* of the odds.

White's, the preſent grand ſcene of theſe tranſactions, *was formerly* diſtinguiſhed by gallantry and intrigue. *During the* publication of the TATLER, Sir Richar Ste

Steele thought proper to date all his love-news from that quarter: but it would now be as abſurd to pretend to gather any ſuch intelligence from *White*'s, as to ſend to *Batſon*'s for a lawyer, or to the *Roll*'s coffee-houſe for a man-midwife.

The gentlemen, who now frequent this place, profeſs a kind of univerſal ſcepticiſm; and as they look upon every thing as dubious, put the iſſue upon a wager. There is nothing, however trivial or ridiculous, which is not capable of producing a bet. Many pounds have been loſt upon the colour of a coach-horſe, an article in the news, or the change of the weather. The birth of a child has brought great advantages to perſons not the leaſt related to the family it was born in; and the breaking off a match has affected many in their fortunes, beſides the parties immediately concerned.

But the moſt extraordinary part of this faſhionable practice is, what in the gaming dialect is called PITTING *one man againſt another*; that is, in plain *Engliſh*, wagering which of the two will live longeſt. In this manner, people of the moſt oppoſite characters make up the ſubject of a bet. A player perhaps is pitted againſt a duke, an alderman againſt a biſhop, or a pimp with a privy-counſellor. There is ſcarce one remarkable perſon, upon whoſe life there are not many thouſand pounds depending; or one perſon of quality, whoſe death will not leave ſeveral of theſe kinds of mortgages upon his eſtate. The various changes in the health of one, who is the ſubject of many bets, occaſion very ſerious reflections in thoſe who have ventured large ſums on his life and death. Thoſe, who would be gainers by his deceaſe, upon every ſlight indiſpoſition, watch all the ſtages of his illneſs, and are as impatient for his death, as the undertaker who expects to have the care of his funeral; while the other ſide are very ſolicitous about his recovery, ſend every hour to know how he does, and take as much care of him as a clergyman's wife does of her huſband, who has no other fortune than *his living*. *I remember* a man with the conſtitution of *a porter, upon whoſe life* very great odds were laid; but *when the perſon* he was pitted againſt, was expected to

die

this has had its rise and progress entirely in E
In the laſt illneſs of *Louis* the fourteenth, lor
laid a wager on his death; and we may gueſs w
French thought of it, from the manner in whic
taire mentions it in his *Siécle de Louis* xiv. " I
" fut attaqué vers le millieu du mois d'Aoû
" Comte de Stair Ambaſſadeur d'Angleterre
" *ſelon le genie de ſa nation*, que le Roi ne p
" pas le mois de Septembre." " The king (
" was taken ill about the middle of Auguſt; whe
" *Stair*, the ambaſſador from *England*, BETTE
" *cording to the genius of his nation*, that the
" would not live beyond September."

I am in ſome pain, leſt this cuſtom ſhould get
the ladies. They are at preſent very deep in ca
dice; and while my lord is gaming abroad, he
ſhip has her route at home. I am inclined to
that our women of faſhion will alſo learn to diver
ſelves with this polite practice of laying wage
birth-day ſuit, the age of a beauty, who invented
ticular faſhion, or who were ſuppoſed to be toge
the laſt maſquerade, would frequently give occa
bets. This would afford them a new method
ready propagation of ſcandal; as the truth of
ſtories, which are continually flying about the
would naturally be brought to the ſame teſt

Indeed, it ſeems already to have got among them. We have frequent accounts in the daily papers of tradeſmen riding, walking, eating and drinking for a wager. The conteſted election in the city has occaſioned ſeveral extraordinary bets; I know a butcher in *Leaden Hall* market, who laid an ox to a ſhin of beef, on the ſucceſs of Sir *John Barnard* againſt the field; and have been told of a publican in *Thames-ſtreet*, who ventured an hogſhead of entire butt, on the candidate who ſerves him with beer.

We may obſerve, that the ſpirit of gaming diſplays itſelf with as much variety among the loweſt, as the higheſt order of people. It is the ſame thing, whether the dice rattle in an orange barrow, or at the hazard table. A couple of chairmen in a night-cellar are as eager at put or all-fours, as a party at St. *James's* at a rubber of whiſt; and the EO table is but an higher ſort of *Merry go round*, where you may get ſix halfpence for one, ſix pence for one, and ſix two-pences for one. If the practice of pitting ſhould be alſo propagated among the vulgar, it will be common for prize-fighters to ſtake their lives againſt each other; and two pick-pockets may lay which of them ſhall firſt go to the gallows.

To give the reader a full idea of a perſon of faſhion wholly employed in this manner, I ſhall conclude my paper with the character of *Montano*. *Montano* was born heir to a nobleman remarkable for deep play; from whom he very early imbibed the principles of gaming. When he firſt went to ſchool, he ſoon became the moſt expert of any of his play-fellows: he was ſure to win all their marbles at taw, and would often ſtrip them of their whole week's allowance at chuck. He was afterwards at the head of every match at foot-ball or cricket; and when he was captain, he took in all the big boys by making a lottery, but went away without drawing the prizes. He is ſtill talked of at the ſchool, for a famous diſpute he had with another of his own caſt about their *ſuperiority in* learning; which they decided, by *toſſing up heads or tails* who was the beſt ſcholar. Be*ing too great a genius* for our univerſities at home, he

was ſent abroad on his travels, but never go
than *Paris*; where having loſt a conſiderab
four to one concerning the taking a town in
he was obliged to come back with a few g
borrowed to bring him over. Here he ſoor
univerſally known by frequenting every gami
and attending every horſe-race in the kingd
firſt reduced betting into an art, and made *W*
grand market for wagers. He is at length
adept in this art, that whatever turn things
can never loſe: this he has effected, by wh
taught the world to call *hedging a bet*. There
a conteſted election in the kingdom, which
end to his advantage; and he has lately ſent c
miſſions to *Paris* to take up bets on the rec
parliament. He was the firſt, that ſtruck out t
mentioned practice of pitting; in which he i
roughly verſed, that the death of every perſo
lity may be ſaid to bring him a legacy; and l
contrived the bets on his own life, that (live o
odds are in his favour.

On the AMUSEMENTS *of* SUNI

[Connoiſ.

A Gentleman of my acquaintance lately la
me an eſtimate of the conſumption of t
cheeſe, cakes, ale, &c. in all the little towns
don every *Sunday*. It is incredible how ma
ſaud buns are devoured in that one day at *Ch*
Paddington; and how much beer is ſwallowed
ton and *Mile End*. Upon the whole I was vaſt
tained with a review of this eſtimate, and could
approving the obſervation of *Tom Brown*, "
" Sabbath is a very fine inſtitution, ſince
" breaking of it is the ſupport of half the villa
" our metropolis."

Our common people are very obſervant of
of the commandment, which enjoins them

ter of work on that day, which they alſo ſeem to underſtand as a licence to devote it to pleaſure. They take this opportunity of thruſting their heads into the pillory at *Georgia*, being ſworn at *Highgate*, and rolling down *Flamſtead-Hill* in the park at *Greenwich*. As they all aim at going into the country, nothing can be a greater misfortune to the meaner part of the inhabitants of *London* and *Weſtminſter* than a rainy Sunday; and how many honeſt people would be balked of a ride once a week, if the legiſlature was to limit the hired one-horſe chaiſes working on that day to a certain number as well as the hackney coaches.

The ſubſtantial tradeſman is carried to his ſnug box, which has nothing rural about it except the ivy that over-runs the front, and is placed as near to the road-ſide as poſſible, where the pleaſure of ſeeing carriages paſs under his window amply compenſates for his being almoſt ſmothered with duſt. The few ſmart prentices, who are able to ſit an horſe, may be ſeen ſpurring their broken-winded hacks up the hills; and the good-natured huſband together with his mate is dragged along the road to the envy and admiration of the foot-paſſenger, who (to compleat the Sunday picture) trudges patiently with a child in one arm, while his beloved doxy leans on the other, and waddles at his ſide ſweltring beneath the unuſual weight of an hoop-petticoat.

It is not to be ſuppoſed that the country has in itſelf any peculiar attractive charms to thoſe who think themſelves out of the world, if they are not within the ſound of *Bow Bell*. To moſt of our cockneys it ſerves only as an excuſe for eating and drinking; and they get out of town merely becauſe they have nothing to do at home: a brick-kiln ſmells as ſweet to them as a farm-yard; they would paſs by a barn or an hay-ſtack without notice; but they rejoice at the ſight of every hedge ale-houſe, that promiſes good home-brew'd. As the reſt of a cit's life is regular and uniform, his Sunday diverſions have as little variety; and if he was to take *a journal of them*, we might ſuppoſe that it would run much in the following manner.

Sunday—Overſlept myſelf—Did not riſe till
Was a full hour in pulling on my new double cl
pumps.—Could get no breakfaſt, my wife bei
in dreſſing herſelf for church.

At ten—Family at church—Self walked to
Redcap's—Smoked half a pipe, and drank a pi
Alderman's. *N. B.* The beer not ſo good a
Adam and Eve at *Pancraſs*.

Dined at one—Pudding not boiled enoug
muſty—Wife was to drive me in an one-hor
to ſee Mother *Wells* at *Endfield-Waſh*, but it
likely to rain—Took a nap, and poſted ſeve
from my day-book 'till five. *Mem.* Colonel
has loſt his election, and is turned out of his
To arreſt him to-morrow.

At ſix Mrs. Deputy to drink tea with my wife
their ſlip-ſlops—Called on my neighbour the C
Council-man, and took a walk with him to *Iſli*

From ſeven to eight—Smoked a pipe at the
eat an heart-cake, and drank two pints of cyder.
To drink cyder often, becauſe neighbour tells
good for the ſtone and gravel.

At nine—Got to town again, very much
with the journey—Pulled off my claret-colour
and blue ſattin waiſtcoat—Went to club, ſmok
pipes, came home at twelve, and ſlept very ſoun
the prentice called me to go and take out a wri
Colonel *Promiſe*.

As to perſons of quality, like Lady *Loverul*

induced to appear in a place of worſhip from the ſame motives, that they frequent other public places. To ſome it anſwers all the purpoſes of a rout or aſſembly,—to ſee and be ſeen by their acquaintance; and from their bows, nods, curt'ſies, and loud converſations, one might conclude that they imagined themſelves in a drawing-room. To others it affords the cheap opportunity of ſhowing their taſte for dreſs: Not a few, I believe, are drawn together in our cathedrals and larger churches by the influence of the muſic rather than the prayers, and are kept awake by a jig from the organ-loft, though they are lulled aſleep by the harangue from the pulpit. A well-diſpoſed chriſtian will go a mile from his own houſe to the Temple-Church, not becauſe a *Sherlock* is to preach, but to hear a Solo from *Stanley*.

But though going to church may be deemed a kind of amuſement, yet upon modern principles it appears ſuch a very odd one, that I am at a loſs to account for the reaſons, which induced our anceſtors to give into that method of paſſing their Sunday. At leaſt it is ſo wholly incompatible with the polite ſyſtem of life, that a perſon of faſhion (as affairs are now managed) finds it abſolutely impoſſible to comply with this practice. Then again the ſervice always begins at ſuch unfaſhionable hours, that in the morning a man muſt huddle on his clothes like a boy to run to ſchool, and in an afternoon muſt inevitably go without his dinner. In order to remove all theſe objections, and that ſome ritual may be eſtabliſhed in this kingdom agreeable to our inclinations and conſiſtent with our practice, the following SCHEME has been lately ſent me in order to ſubmit it to the ſerious conſideration of the Public.

Imprimis, It is humbly propoſed, that Chriſtianity be entirely aboliſhed by act of Parliament, and that no other religion be impoſed on us in its ſtead; but as the age grows daily more and more enlightened, we may at laſt be quite delivered from the influence of ſuperſtition and bigotry.

Secondly, That in order to prevent our ever relapſing into *pious errors*, and that the common people may-

not loſe their holiday, every Sunday be ſet commemorate our victory over all religion; Churches be turned into Free-thinking Meeting and diſcourſes read in them to confute the doct future ſtate, the immortality of the ſoul, and ſurd notions, which ſome people now regard : of belief.

Thirdly, That a Ritual be compiled exactly to our preſent Liturgy; and that inſtead o portions of Scripture, the firſt and ſecond leſ conſiſt of a ſection of the Poſt-humous Works *Bolingbroke*, or of a few pages from the writin *noza*, *Chubb*, *Maundeville*, *Hobbes*, *Collins*, *&c.* from which writers the preachers ſhall their text.

Fourthly, That the uſual Feaſts and Faſts, *vi* mas Day, Eaſter Sunday, Trinity Sunday, & preſerved, but that on thoſe days diſcourſes be ſuitable to the occaſion, containing a refutati Nativity, the Reſurrection, the Trinity, &c.

Fifthly, That inſtead of the vile melody of bawling out two ſtaves of *Sternhold* and *Hop* cathedral choir ſinging anthems from the pſal of the moſt faſhionable cantatas, opera-airs, catches, be performed by the beſt voices for t tainment of the company.

Laſtly, That the whole ſervice be conducted taſte and elegance, as may render theſe Free Meeting-Houſes as agreeable as the theatres;

time, I placed myſelf backward, with a deſign to ſurvey them, and pick a ſpeculation out of my two companions. Their different figures were ſufficient of themſelves to draw my attention. The gentleman was dreſſed in a ſuit, the ground whereof had been black, as I perceived from ſome few ſpaces that had eſcaped the powder, which was incorporated with the greateſt part of his coat: his perriwig, which coſt no ſmall ſum, was after ſo ſlovenly a manner caſt over his ſhoulders, that it ſeemed not to have been combed ſince the year 1712; his linen, which was not much concealed, was daubed with plain *Spaniſh* from the chin to the loweſt button, and the diamond upon his finger (which naturally dreaded the water) put me in mind how it ſparkled amidſt the rubbiſh of the mine, where it was firſt diſcovered. On the other hand, the pretty quaker appeared in all the elegance of cleanlineſs. Not a ſpeck was to be found on her. A clear clean oval face, juſt edged about with little thin plaits of the pureſt cambric, received great advantages from the ſhade of her black hood; as did the whiteneſs of her arms from that ſober coloured ſtuff, in which ſhe had clothed herſelf. The plainneſs of her dreſs was very well ſuited to the ſimplicity of her phraſes, all which put together, though they could not give me a great opinion of her religion, they did of her innocence.

This adventure occaſioned my throwing together a few hints upon *cleanlineſs*, which I ſhall conſider as one of the *half-virtues*, as *Ariſtotle* calls them, and ſhall recommend it under the three following heads. As it is a mark of politeneſs; as it produces love; and as it bears analogy to purity of mind.

Firſt, It is a mark of politeneſs. It is univerſally agreed upon, that no one, unadorned with this virtue, can go into company without giving a manifeſt offence. The eaſier or higher any one's fortune is, this duty riſes proportionably. The different nations of the world are as much diſtinguiſhed by their cleanlineſs, as by their arts and ſciences. The more any country is civilized, the more they conſult this part of politeneſs. We need but compare our ideas of a female Hottentot with an

Engliſh beauty to be ſatisfied of the truth of what hath been advanced.

In the next place, cleanlineſs may be ſaid to be the foſter-mother of love. Beauty indeed moſt commonly produces that paſſion in the mind, but cleanlineſs preſerves it. An indifferent face and perſon, kept in perpetual neatneſs, hath won many a heart from a pretty ſlattern. Age itſelf is not unamiable, while it is preſerved clean and unſullied: like a piece of metal conſtantly kept ſmooth and bright, we look on it with more pleaſure than on a new veſſel that is canker'd with ruſt.

I might obſerve further, that as cleanlineſs renders us agreeable to others, ſo it makes us eaſy to ourſelves; that it is an excellent preſervative of health; and that ſeveral vices, deſtructive both to mind and body, are inconſiſtent with the habit of it. But theſe reflections I ſhall leave to the leiſure of my readers, and ſhall obſerve in the third place that it bears a great analogy with purity of mind, and naturally inſpires refined ſentiments and paſſions.

We find from experience, that through the prevalence of cuſtom, the moſt vicious actions loſe their horror, by being made familiar to us. On the contrary, thoſe who live in the neighbourhood of good examples, fly from the firſt appearances of what is ſhocking. It fares with us much after the ſame manner, as our ideas. Our ſenſes, which are the inlets to all the images conveyed to the mind, can only tranſmit the impreſſion of ſuch things as uſually ſurround them. So that pure and unſullied thoughts are naturally ſuggeſted to the mind, by thoſe objects that perpetually encompaſs us, when they are beautiful and elegant in their kind.

In the Eaſt, where the warmth of the climate makes cleanlineſs more immediately neceſſary than in colder countries, it is made one part of their religion: the *Jewiſh* law (and the *Mahometan*, which in ſome things copies after it) is filled with bathings, purifications, and other rites of the like nature. Though there is the above-named convenient reaſon to be aſſigned for theſe *ceremonies*, the chief intention undoubtedly was to typify *inward purity* and cleanneſs of heart by thoſe outward waſhings

waſhings. We read ſeveral injunctions of this kind in the book of *Deuteronomy*, which confirm this truth; and which are but ill accounted for by ſaying as ſome do, that they were only inſtituted for convenience in the deſert, which otherways could not have been habitable for ſo many years.

I ſhall conclude this eſſay, with a ſtory which I have ſomewhere read in an account of *Mahometan* ſuperſtitions.

A *Dervife* of great ſanctity one morning had the misfortune as he took up a cryſtal cup, which was conſecrated to the prophet, to let it fall upon the ground, and daſh it in pieces. His ſon coming in, ſometime after, he ſtretched out his hand to bleſs him, as his manner was every morning; but the youth going out ſtumbled over the threſhold and broke his arm. As the old man wondered at theſe events, a caravan paſſed by in its way from *Mecca*. The *Dervife* approached it to beg a bleſſing; but as he ſtroked one of the holy camels, he received a kick from the beaſt, that ſorely bruiſed him. His ſorrow and amazement increaſed upon him, till he recollected that through hurry and inadvertency he had that morning come abroad without waſhing his hands.

The Story of ABDALLAH *and* BALSORA. [Guard. N°. 167.]

THE following ſtory is lately tranſlated out of an Arabian manuſcript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I queſtion not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is ſtill famous through all the eaſtern parts of the world. He is called among the Perſians, even to this day, Helim the great phyſician. He was acquainted with all the powers of ſimples, underſtood all the influences of the ſtars, and knew the ſecrets that were engraved on the ſeal of Solomon the

ſon of David. Helim was alſo governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the phyſicians to Alnareſchin the great king of Perſia.

Alnareſchin was the moſt dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, ſuſpicious, and cruel nature, having put to death upon very ſlight jealouſies and ſurmiſes, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty ſons whom he ſuſpected to have conſpired againſt his life. Being at length wearied with the exerciſe of ſo many cruelties in his own family, and fearing leſt the whole race of Caliphs ſhould be entirely loſt, he one day ſent for Helim and ſpoke to him after this manner. "Helim," ſaid he, "I have long "admired thy great wiſdom, and retired way of living. "I ſhall now ſhew thee the entire confidence which I "place in thee. I have only two ſons remaining, "who are as yet but infants. It is my deſign that "thou take them home with thee, and educate them "as thy own. Train them up in the humble unam-"bitious purſuits of knowledge. By this means ſhall "the line of Caliphs be preſerved, and my children "ſucceed after me, without aſpiring to my throne "whilſt I am yet alive." The words of my lord the king ſhall be ever obeyed, ſaid Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the King's preſence. He then received the children into his own houſe, and from that time bred them up with him in the ſtudies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and reſpected Helim as their father, and made ſuch improvements under him, that by the age of one and twenty they were inſtructed in all the learning of the Eaſt. The name of the eldeſt was Ibrahim, and of the youngeſt Abdallah. They lived together in ſuch a perfect friendſhip, that to this day it is ſaid of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine ſoul, and a moſt beautiful perſon. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the moſt accompliſhed woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the reſt of the world, they frequently converſed with this lovely virgin, who had

been

been brought up by her father in the ſame courſe of knowledge and of virtue. Abdallah, whoſe mind was of a ſofter turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees ſo enamoured of her converſation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balſora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was ſo great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to viſit the young princes his ſons, demanded of Helim the ſight of Balſora his fair daughter. The king was ſo inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he ſent for Helim the next morning, and told him it was now his deſign to recompenſe him for all his faithful ſervices; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Perſia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all thoſe unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the ſecret love which Abdallah bore his daughter; "Far be it," ſays he, "from "the king of Perſia to contaminate the blood of the "Caliphs, and join himſelf in marriage with the daugh-"ter of his phyſician." The king, however, was ſo impatient for ſuch a bride, that without hearing any excuſes, he immediately ordered Balſora to be ſent for into his preſence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her ſenſible of the honour which he deſigned her. Balſora, who was too modeſt and humble to think her beauty had made ſuch an impreſſion on the king, was a few moments after brought into his preſence as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradiſe. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, ſhe fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which ſhe was fallen, repreſented to the king, that ſo unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleaſed, he would himſelf prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and diſmiſſed him. Balſora was conveyed again to her father's houſe, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed her affliction every moment; inſomuch that at length ſhe

acquainted with his intentions, gave her a c
potion, which he knew would lay her asleep for
hours; and afterwards, in all the seeming distress
disconsolate father, informed the king she was
The king, who never let any sentiments of hum
come too near his heart, did not much trouble h
about the matter; however, for his own reputatio
told the father, that since it was known throug
empire that Balfora died at a time when he design
for his bride, it was his intention that she shou
honoured as such after her death, that her body
be laid in the Black Palace, among those of his de
queens.

In the mean time Abdallah, who had heard
king's design, was not less afflicted than his be
Balfora. As for the several circumstances of his di
as also how the king was informed of an irrecov
distemper into which he was fallen, they are to be
at length in the history of Helim. It shall suf
acquaint the reader, that Helim, some days aft
supposed death of his daughter, gave the pri
potion of the same nature with that which had
asleep Balfora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey
private manner the bodies of all the royal family, a
after their death into the Black Palace; which i

hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, beſides the governor.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repoſitory, and at the appointed time received her out of the ſleep into which ſhe was fallen, took care ſome time after to bring that of Abdallah into the ſame place. Balſora watched over him till ſuch time as the doſe he had taken loſt its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's deſign when he gave him this ſleepy potion. It is impoſſible to deſcribe the ſurpriſe, the joy, the tranſport he was in at his firſt awaking. He fancied himſelf in the retirements of the bleſt, and that the ſpirit of his dear Balſora, who he thought was juſt gone before him, was the firſt who came to congratulate his arrival. She ſoon informed him of the place he was in, which notwithſtanding all its horrors, appeared to him more ſweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balſora.

Helim, who was ſuppoſed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, viſited the place very frequently. His greateſt perplexity was how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in ſuch a manner as I have before related. This conſideration did not a little diſturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim bethought himſelf, that the firſt day of the full moon of the month Tizpah was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Perſians, that the ſouls of thoſe of the royal family, who are in a ſtate of bliſs, do, on the firſt full moon after their deceaſe, paſs through the eaſtern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of Paradiſe, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dreſſed each of the lovers in a robe of azure ſilk, wrought in the fineſt looms of Perſia, with a long train of linen whiter than ſnow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greeneſt myrtle, and on Balſora's a garland of the freſheſt roſes. Their garments were ſcented with the richeſt perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no ſooner up, and ſhining in all its brightneſs, but he privately

opened the gate of paradiſe, and ſhut it after the ſame manner, as ſoon as they had paſſed through it. The band of negroes who were poſted at a little diſtance from the gate, ſeeing two ſuch beautiful apparitions, that ſhowed themſelves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being raviſhed with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghoſts of the two perſons lately deceaſed. They fell upon their faces as they paſſed through the midſt of them, and continued proſtrate on the earth till ſuch time as they were out of ſight. They reported the next day what they had ſeen, but this was looked upon by the king himſelf, and moſt others, as the compliment that was uſually paid to any of the deceaſed of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's diſtance from the Black Temple, on the ſpot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houſes, which was ſituated on mount Khacan. The air of this mountain was ſo very healthful, that Helim had formerly tranſported the king thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of ſickneſs; which ſucceeded ſo well that the king made him a preſent of the whole mountain, with a beautiful houſe and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balſora. They were both ſo fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and poſſeſt with ſo conſtant and mutual a paſſion for each other, that their ſolitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himſelf to thoſe arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the ſituation of the place; inſomuch that in a few years he converted the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or ſpots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleaſant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place the old king died, and was ſucceeded by his ſon Ibrahim, who, upon the ſuppoſed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the *Perſian* empire. Though he was ſome years inconſolable for the death of his brother, Helim durſt not truſt him

with the ſecret, which he knew would have fatal conſequences, ſhould it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no ſooner mounted to the throne, but Helim ſought after a proper opportunity of making a diſcovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to ſo good natured and generous a prince. It ſo happened, that before Helim found ſuch an opportunity as he deſired, the new king Ibrahim, having been ſeparated from his company in a chace, and almoſt fainting with heat and thirſt, ſaw himſelf at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately aſcended the hill, and coming to Helim's houſe demanded ſome refreſhments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having ſet before the king the choiceſt of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleaſed with ſo ſeaſonable a treat, told him that the beſt part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole hiſtory of what had paſſed. The king was at once aſtoniſhed and tranſported at ſo ſtrange a relation, and ſeeing his brother enter the room with Balſora in his hand, he leaped off from the ſopha, on which he ſat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my Ab-"dallah!"—Having ſaid this, he fell upon his neck, and wept. The whole company, for ſome time, remained ſilent, and ſhedding tears of joy. The king at length, having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him ſo long of ſuch a brother, embraced Balſora with the greateſt tenderneſs, and told her that ſhe ſhould now be a queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother king of all the conquered nations on the other ſide the Tigris. He eaſily diſcovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that inſtead of being tranſported with the offer, they preferred their preſent retirement to empire. At their requeſt therefore he changed his intentions, and made them a preſent of all the open country as far as they could ſee from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole proſpect with groves and fountains, gardens and ſeats of pleaſure, till it became the moſt delicious ſpot of ground within the empire, and is therefore called the garden of Perſia. This Caliph,

Ibrahim,

Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was ſucceeded by Abdallah, a ſon of Abdallah and Balſora. This was that king Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial reſidence upon mount Khacan, which continues at this time to be the favourite palace of the Perſian empire.

The Adventures of Theodoſius *and* Conſtantia.

[Spectator, N°. 164.]

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty, but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own induſtry, took delight in nothing but his money. *Theodoſius* was the younger ſon of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age, he became acquainted with *Conſtantia*, who had not then paſſed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles diſtant from her father's houſe, he had frequent opportunities of ſeeing her; and by the advantages of a good perſon and a pleaſing converſation, made ſuch an impreſſion in her heart as it was impoſſible for time to efface: he was himſelf no leſs ſmitten with *Conſtantia*. A long acquaintance made them ſtill diſcover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raiſed in them that mutual paſſion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midſt of this intercourſe of love and friendſhip between *Theodoſius* and *Conſtantia*, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himſelf too much upon his birth, and the other upon his poſſeſſions. The father of *Conſtantia* was ſo incenſed at the father of *Theodoſius*, that he contracted an unreaſonable averſion towards his ſon, inſomuch that he forbad him his houſe, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to ſee him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, whom he knew entertained ſecret hopes of ſome favourable opportunity

that

that ſhould bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable perſon, whom he pitched upon as a huſband for his daughter. He ſoon concerted this affair ſo well, that he told *Conſtantia* it was his deſign to marry her to ſuch a gentleman, and that her wedding ſhould be celebrated on ſuch a day. *Conſtantia*, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing againſt ſo advantageous a match, received the propoſal with a profound ſilence, which her father commended in her, as the moſt decent manner of a virgin's giving her conſent to an overture of that kind. The noiſe of this intended marriage ſoon reached *Theodoſius*, who after a long tumult of paſſions, which naturally riſe in a lover's heart on ſuch an occaſion, writ the following letter to *Conſtantia*.

"THE thought of my *Conſtantia*, which for ſome "years has been my only happineſs, is now be- "come a greater torment to me than I am able to bear. "Muſt I then live to ſee you another's? The ſtreams, "the fields and meadows, where we have ſo often "talked together, grow painful to me; life itſelf is "become a burden. May you long be happy in the "world, but forget that there was ever ſuch a man in "it as THEODOSIUS."

This letter was conveyed to *Conſtantia* that very evening, who fainted at the reading of it; and the next morning ſhe was much more alarmed by two or three meſſengers, that came to her father's houſe, one after another, to enquire if they had heard any thing of *Theodoſius*, who it ſeems had left his chamber about midnight, and could no where be found. The deep melancholy, which had hung upon his mind ſome time before, made them apprehend the worſt that could befal him. *Conſtantia*, who knew that nothing but the report of her marriage could have driven him to ſuch extremities, was not to be comforted: ſhe now accuſed herſelf for having ſo tamely given an ear to the propoſal of a huſband, and looked upon the new lover as the murderer

derer of *Theodosius:* in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of *Theodosius*, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. *Constantia* had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring city, in order to look out a fitterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the *Romish* church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to *Theodosius*, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now *Constantia* resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after *Constantia*, whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Having in his youth made a good progress in learning

rning, that he might dedicate himſelf more entirely religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few ars became renowned for his ſanctity of life, and ſe pious ſentiments which he inſpired into all who nverſed with him. It was this holy man to whom *nſtantia* had determined to apply herſelf in confeſſion, ough neither ſhe nor any other, beſides the prior of the nvent, knew any thing of his name or family. The y, the amiable *Theodoſius* had now taken upon him e name of father *Francis*, and was ſo far concealed a long beard, a ſhaven head, and a religious habit, it it was impoſſible to diſcover the man of the world the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning ſhut up in his confeſſional, *nſtantia* kneeling by him, opened the ſtate of her ſoul him; and after having given him the hiſtory of a life l of innocence, ſhe burſt out into tears, and entered on that part of her ſtory in which he himſelf had ſo at a ſhare. My behaviour, ſays ſhe, has, I fear, en the death of a man who had no other fault but that loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear was to me whilſt he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me ſince his death. She e pauſed, and lifted up her eyes that ſtreamed with rs towards the father; who was ſo moved with the ſe of her ſorrows, that he could only command his ice, which was broke with ſighs and ſobbings, ſo far to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The her could not forbear weeping aloud, inſomuch that the agonies of his grief the ſeat ſhook under him. *nſtantia*, who thought the good man was thus moved his compaſſion towards her, and by the horror of her ilt, proceeded with the utmoſt contrition to acquaint n with that vow of virginity in which ſhe was going engage herſelf, as the proper atonement for her ſins, d the only ſacrifice ſhe could make to the memory of *eodoſius*. The father, who by this time had pretty ll compoſed himſelf, burſt out again in tears upon *ring that name* to which he had been ſo long diſ-

uſed,

uſed, and upon receiving this inſtance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had ſeveral years ſince given herſelf up to the poſſeſſion of another. Amidſt the interruptions of his ſorrow, ſeeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted—To tell her that her ſins were forgiven her—That her guilt was not ſo great as ſhe apprehended—That ſhe ſhould not ſuffer herſelf to be afflicted above meaſure. After which he recovered himſelf enough to give her the abſolution in form directing her at the ſame time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious reſolutions ſhe had taken, and give her ſuitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. *Conſtantia* retired, and the next morning renewed her application. *Theodoſius* having manned his ſoul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himſelf on this occaſion in the beſt manner he could to animate his penitent in the courſe of life ſhe was entering upon, and wear out of her mind thoſe groundleſs fears and apprehenſions which had taken poſſeſſion of it; concluding with a promiſe to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when ſhe ſhould have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our reſpective orders, ſays he, will not permit that I ſhould ſee you, but you may aſſure yourſelf not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving ſuch frequent inſtructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious courſe you have undertaken, and you will quickly find ſuch a peace and ſatisfaction in your mind, which is not in the power of the world to give.

CONSTANTIA's heart was ſo elevated with the diſcourſe of father *Francis*, that the very next day ſhe entered upon her vow. As ſoon as the ſolemnities of her reception were over, ſhe retired, as it is uſual, with the abbeſs into her own apartment.

The abbeſs had been informed the night before of all that had paſſed between her noviciate and father *Francis*; from whom ſhe now delivered to her the following letter.

" AS the firſt fruits of thoſe joys and conſolations
" which you may expect from the life you are
" now engaged in, I muſt acquaint you that *Theodoſius*,
" whoſe death ſits ſo heavy upon your thoughts, is ſtill
" alive; and that the father to whom you have con-
" feſſed yourſelf, was once that *Theodoſius* whom you
" ſo much lament. The love which we had for one
" another will make us more happy in its diſappoint-
" ment than it could have done in its ſucceſs. Pro-
" vidence has diſpoſed of us for our advantage, though
" not according to our wiſhes. Conſider your *Theo-*
" *doſius* ſtill as dead, but aſſure yourſelf of one who
" will not ceaſe to pray for you in father

" *FRANCIS.*"

CONSTANTIA ſaw that the hand-writing agreed with the contents of the letter; and upon reflecting on the voice of the perſon, the behaviour, and above all the extreme ſorrow of the father during her confeſſion, ſhe diſcovered *Theodoſius* in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, ſays ſhe, *Theodoſius* is ſtill in being: I ſhall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the father ſent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where ſhe reſided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inſpire them with good reſolutions and ſentiments of virtue. It ſo happened, that after *Conſtantia* had lived about ten years in the cloiſter, a violent fever broke out in the place, which ſwept away great multitudes, and among others *Theodoſius*. Upon his death-bed he ſent his benediction in a very moving manner to *Conſtantia*; who at that time was herſelf ſo far gone in the ſame fatal diſtemper, that ſhe lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in ſickneſſes of this nature, the abbeſs, finding that the phyſicians had given her over, told her that *Theodoſius* was juſt gone before her, and that he had ſent her his benediction in *his laſt moments*. *Conſtantia* received it with pleaſure: *And now*, ſays ſhe, if I do not aſk any thing improper, *let me be buried by Theodoſius*. My vow reaches no farth-

farther than the grave. What I aſk is, I hope, no violation of it.—She died ſoon after, and was interred according to her requeſt.

Their tombs are ſtill to be ſeen, with a ſhort *Latin* inſcription over them to the following purpoſe:

Here lye the bodies of father *Francis* and ſiſter *Conſtance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.*

On Oeccnomy. [Spectator, Nº 114.

OECONOMY in our affairs has the ſame effect upon our fortunes which good breeding has upon our converſations. There is a pretending behaviour in both caſes, which inſtead of making men eſteemed, renders them both miſerable and contemptible. We had yeſterday at Sir *Roger*'s a ſet of country gentlemen, who dined with them: and after dinner the glaſs was taken, by thoſe who pleaſed, pretty plentifully. Among others I obſerved a perſon of a tolerable good aſpect, who ſeemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet, methought, he did not taſte it with delight. As he grew warm, he was ſuſpicious of every thing that was ſaid; and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worſe. At the ſame time his bitterneſs ſeemed to be rather an inward diſſatisfaction in his own mind, than any diſlike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a conſiderable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peeviſhneſs of ſpirit, is, that his eſtate is dipped, and is eating out with uſury; and yet he has not the heart to ſell any part of it. His proud ſtomach, at the coſt of reſtleſs nights, conſtant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and a thouſand nameleſs inconveniencies, preſerves this canker in his fortune, *rather than* it ſhall be ſaid he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus *he endures* the torment of poverty, to avoid the name o

of being leſs rich. If you go to his houſe, you ſee great plenty; but ſerved in a manner that ſhews it is all unnatural, and that the maſter's mind is not at home. There is a certain waſte and careleſſneſs in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatneſs and chearfulneſs, which attends the table of him who lives within compaſs, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of ſervice in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and ſhould take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a ſmall paſs. To pay for, perſonate, and keep in a man's hand, a greater eſtate than he really has, is of all others the moſt unpardonable vanity, and muſt in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to diſhonour. Yet if we look round us in any county of *Great Britain*, we ſhall ſee many in this fatal error; if that may be called by ſo ſoft a name, which proceeds from a falſe ſhame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a ſhort time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

Laertes has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for ſix thouſand pounds; but it is impoſſible to convince him that if he ſold as much as would pay off that debt, he would ſave four ſhillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed maſter of it. Yet if *Laertes* did this, he would perhaps be eaſier in his own fortune; but then *Irus*, a fellow of yeſterday, who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this ſhall be, *Laertes* goes on to bring well-born beggars into the world, and every twelvemonth charges his eſtate with at leaſt one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

Laertes and *Iris* are neighbours, whoſe way of living are an abomination to each other. *Irus* is moved by the fear of poverty, and *Laertes* by the ſhame of it. Though the motive of action is of ſo near affinity in *both, and may* be reſolved into this, "that to each of "*them poverty* is the greateſt of all evils," yet are the

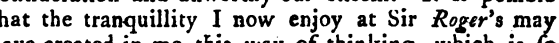
without a ſervant, ſell his own corn, attend
bourers, and be himſelf a labourer. Shame of
makes *Laertes* go every day a ſtep nearer to
fear of poverty ſtirs up *Irus* to make every da
further progreſs from it.

Theſe different motives produce the exceſſes
men are guilty of in the negligence of and provi
themſelves. Uſury, ſtock-jobbing, extortion,
preſſion, have their ſeed in the dread of want;
nity, riot, and prodigality, from the ſhame of
both theſe exceſſes are infinitely below the purſ
reaſonable creature. After we have taken care
mand ſo much as is neceſſary for maintaining o
in the order of men ſuitable to our character, t
of ſuperfluities is a vice no leſs extravagant, t
neglect of neceſſaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature
ſhe is followed with reaſon and good ſenſe. It
this reflection that I always read Mr. *Cowley* v
greateſt pleaſure: his magnanimity is as much
that of other conſiderable men, as his underſta
and it is a true diſtinguiſhing ſpirit in the
author who publiſhed his works, to dwell ſo mu
the temper of his mind, and the moderation of
ſires: by this means he has rendered his friend a

that expectation, or convert what he ſhould get above it to nobler uſes than his own pleaſures or neceſſities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of reſtleſs men above him, and a more inexcuſable contempt of happy men below him. This would be ſailing by ſome compaſs, living with ſome deſign: but to be eternally bewildered in proſpects of future gain, and putting on unneceſſary armour againſt improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good ſenſe for its direction, but is carried on by a ſort of acquired inſtinct towards things below our conſideration and unworthy our eſteem. It is poſſible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir *Roger*'s may have created in me this way of thinking, which is ſo abſtracted from the common reliſh of the world: but as I am now in a pleaſing arbour, ſurrounded with a beautiful landſkip, I find no inclination ſo ſtrong as to continue in theſe manſions, ſo remote from the oſtentatious ſcenes of life; and am at this preſent writing, philoſopher enough to conclude with Mr. *Cowley*,

If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any wiſh ſo mean as to be great;
Continue, heav'n, ſtill from me to remove
The humble bleſſings of that life I love.



On Pride. [Guardian, N°. 153.]

THERE is no paſſion which ſteals into the heart more imperceptibly, and covers itſelf under more diſguiſes, than pride. For my own part, I think if there is any paſſion or vice which I am wholly a ſtranger to, it is this; though, at the ſame time, perhaps this very judgment which I form of myſelf, proceeds in ſome meaſure from this corrupt principle.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with that ſentence in holy writ, "Pride was not made for man." There is not indeed any ſingle view of human nature under its preſent condition, which is not ſufficient to extinguiſh in us all the ſecret ſeeds of pride; and, on th

the contrary, to ſink the ſoul into the loweſt ſtate of humility, and what the ſchool-men call ſelf-annihilation. Pride was not made for man, as he is,

1. A ſinful,
2. An ignorant,
3. A miſerable being.

There is nothing in his underſtanding, in his will, or in his preſent condition, that can tempt any conſiderate creature to pride or vanity.

Theſe three very reaſons why he ſhould not be proud, are notwithſtanding the reaſons why he is ſo. Were not he a ſinful creature, he would not be ſubject to a paſſion which riſes from the depravity of his nature; were he not an ignorant creature, he would ſee that he has nothing to be proud of; and were not the whole ſpecies miſerable, he would not have thoſe wretched objects of compariſon before his eyes, which are the occaſions of his paſſion, and which make one man value himſelf more than another.

A wiſe man will be contented that his glory be deferred till ſuch time as he ſhall be truly glorified; when his underſtanding ſhall be cleared, his will rectified, and his happineſs aſſured; or, in other words, when he ſhall be neither ſinful, nor ignorant, nor miſerable.

If there be any thing which makes human nature appear *ridiculous* to beings of ſuperior faculties, it muſt be pride. They know ſo well the vanity of thoſe imaginary perfections that ſwell the heart of man, and of thoſe little ſupernumerary advantages, whether in birth, fortune, or title, which one man enjoys above another, that it muſt certainly very much aſtoniſh, if it does not very much divert them, when they ſee a mortal puffed up, and valuing himſelf above his neighbours on any of theſe accounts, at the ſame time that he is obnoxious to all the common calamities of the ſpecies.

To ſet this thought in its true light, we will fancy, if you pleaſe; that yonder mole-hill is inhabited by reaſonable creatures, and that every piſmire (his ſhape and way of life only excepted) is endowed with human paſſions. How ſhould we ſmile to hear one give us an account of the pedigrees, diſtinctions, and titles that reig

eign among them? Obſerve how the whole ſwarm di-ide and make way for the piſmire that paſſes through them! you muſt underſtand he is an emmet of quality, and has better blood in his veins than any piſmire in the molehill. Don't you ſee how ſenſible he is of it, how ſlow he marches forward, how the whole rabble of ants keep their diſtance? Here you may obſerve one placed upon a little eminence, and looking down on a long row of labourers. He is the richeſt inſect on this ſide the hillock, he has a walk of half a yard in length and a quarter of an inch in breadth, he keeps an hundred menial ſervants, and has at leaſt fifteen barley-corns in his granary. He is now chiding and beſlaving the emmet that ſtands before him, and who, for all that we can diſcover, is as good an emmet as himſelf.

But here comes an inſect of figure! Don't you take notice of a little white ſtraw that he carries in his mouth? That ſtraw, you muſt underſtand, he would not part with for the longeſt track about the mole-hill: did you but know what he has undergone to purchaſe it! See how the ants of all qualities and conditions ſwarm about him. Should this ſtraw drop out of his mouth, you would ſee all this numerous circle of attendants follow the next that took it up, and leave the diſcarded inſect, or run over his back to come at his ſucceſſor.

If now you have a mind to ſee all the ladies of the mole-hill, obſerve firſt the piſmire that liſtens to the emmet on her left-hand, at the ſame time that ſhe ſeems to turn away her head from him. He tells this poor inſect that ſhe is a goddeſs, that her eyes are brighter than the ſun, that life and death are at her diſpoſal. She believes him, and gives herſelf a thouſand little airs upon it. Mark the vanity of the piſmire on your left hand. She can ſcarce crawl with age; but you muſt know ſhe values herſelf upon her birth; and if you mind, ſpurns at every one that comes within her reach. The little nimble coquette that is running along by the ſide of her, is a wit. She has broke many a *piſmire's heart.* Do but obſerve what a drove of lovers are *running after her.*

We will here finiſh this imaginary ſcene; but firſt of all

all, to draw the parallel closer, will suppose, if you please, that death comes down upon the mole-hill, in the shape of a cock-sparrow, who picks up, without distinction, the pismire of quality and his flatterers, the pismire of substance and his day-labourers, the white-straw officer and his sycophants, with all the goddesses, wits, and beauties of the mole-hill.

May we not imagine that beings of superior natures and perfections regard all the instances of pride and vanity, among our own species, in the same kind of view when they take a survey of those who inhabit the earth; or, in the language of an ingenious *French* poet, of those pismires that people this heap of dirt, which human vanity has divided into climates and regions.

An allegorical Letter from TO-DAY.

[Adventurer, No. 113.]

To the ADVENTURER.

SIR,

IT is the fate of all who do not live in necessary or accidental obscurity, who neither pass undistinguished through the vale of poverty, nor hide themselves in the groves of solitude, to have a numerous acquaintance and few friends.

An acquaintance is a being who meets us with a smile and a salute, who tells us in the same breath that he is glad and sorry for the most trivial good and ill that befalls us, and yet who turns from us without regret, who scarce wishes to see us again, who forsakes us in hopeless sickness or adversity, and when we die remembers us no more. A friend is he with whom our interest is united, upon whose participation all our pleasures depend; who sooths us in the fretfulness of disease, and chears us in the gloom of a prison; to whom, when we die, even our remains are sacred, who follows them with tears to the grave, and preserves our image in his heart. A friend our calamities may grieve, and our wan

wants may impoveriſh, but neglect only can offend and unkindneſs alienate. Is it not therefore aſtoniſhing that a friend ſhould ever be alienated or offended? and can there be a ſtronger inſtance of the folly and caprice of mankind, than their withholding from thoſe upon whom their happineſs is confeſſed to depend, that civility which they laviſh upon others, without hope of any higher reward than a trivial and momentary gratification of their vanity, by an echo of their compliments and a return of their obeyſance?

Of this caprice there are none who have more cauſe to complain than myſelf. That I am a perſon of ſome importance has never yet been diſputed: I am allowed to have great power to pleaſe and to inſtruct: I always contribute to the felicity of thoſe by whom I am well treated; and I muſt confeſs, that I am never abuſed without leaving marks of my reſentment behind me.

I am generally regarded as a friend; and there are few who could think of parting with me for the laſt time, without the utmoſt regret, ſolicitude, and reluctance. I know, wherever I come, that I have been the object of deſire and hope; and that the pleaſure which I am expected to diffuſe, has, like all others, been enjoyed by anticipation. By the young and gay, thoſe who are entering the world either as a ſcene of buſineſs or pleaſure, I am frequently deſired with ſuch impatience, that although every moment brings on wrinkles and decrepitude with irreſiſtible rapidity, that they will be willing that the time of my abſence ſhould be annihilated, and the approach of wrinkles and decrepitude rendered yet more precipitate. There cannot ſurely be ſtronger evidence than this of my influence upon their happineſs, or of their affection for me: and yet the tranſport with which I am at firſt received quickly ſubſides; they appear to grow weary of my company, they would again ſhorten life to haſten the hour of my departure, and they reflect upon the length of my viſit with regret.

To the aged I confeſs I am not able to procure equal *advantages, and yet* there are ſome of theſe who have *been remarkable* for their virtue, among whom I experien

with complacency and good humour; and in pro
as their firſt addreſs is leſs violent, the whole te
their conduct is more equal: they ſuffer me t
them in an evening without importunity to prolo
viſit, and think of my departure with indifferenc

You will, perhaps, imagine, that I am diſtin
by ſome ſtrange ſingularity, of which the unc
treatment that I receive is a conſequence. As fe
judge with impartiality of their own character, n
believed merely upon their own evidence who a
to be good: I will, therefore, deſcribe to you th
ner in which I am received by perſons of very di
ſtations, capacities, and employments. The fac
be exhibited without falſe colouring; I will neith
preſs, ſoften, nor exaggerate any circumſtance, by
the natural and genuine ſtate of theſe facts may
covered, and I know that your ſagacity will do me

In ſummer I riſe very early; and the firſt perſo
I ſee is a peaſant at his work, who generally rega
with a ſmile, though he ſeldom participates
bounty. His labour is ſcarce ever ſuſpended whil
with him; yet he always talks of me with compla
and never treats me with neglect or indecorum,
perhaps on a holiday, when he has been tip
and this I can eaſily overlook, though he commo

feſs, ſaid to look beſt by candlelight, in her jewels, and at a publick place, where the ſplendor of her dreſs and the multiplicity of other objects prevent too minute an examination of her perſon. Some good judges have fancied, though perhaps a little whimſically, that there is ſomething inexpreſſibly pleaſing in her by moonlight, a kind of placid eaſe, a gentle languor which ſoftens her features, and gives new grace to her manner: they ſay too, that ſhe is beſt diſpoſed to be agreeable company in a walk, under the chequered ſhade of a grove, along the green banks of a river, or upon the ſandy beach by the ſea.

My ſiſter's principles in many particulars differ from mine; but there has been always ſuch a harmony between us, that ſhe ſeldom ſmiles upon thoſe who have ſuffered me to paſs with a contemptuous negligence; much leſs does ſhe uſe her influence, which is very great, to procure any advantage for thoſe who drive me from their preſence with outrage and abuſe; and yet none are more aſſiduous in their addreſſes, nor intrude longer upon her privacy, than thoſe who are moſt implacably my enemies.

She is generally better received by the poor than the rich; and indeed ſhe ſeldom viſits the indigent and the wretched, without bringing ſomething for their relief; yet thoſe who are moſt ſollicitous to engage her in parties of pleaſure, and are ſeen longeſt in her company, are always ſuſpected of ſome evil deſign.

You will, perhaps, think there is ſomething enigmatical in all this; and leſt you ſhould not yet be able to diſcover my true character ſufficiently to engage you in my intereſt, I will give you a ſhort hiſtory of the incidents that have happened to me during the laſt eight hours.

It is now four o'clock in the afternoon: about ſeven I roſe; ſoon after, as I was walking by the dial in *Covent Garden*, I was perceived by a man well dreſſed, who appeared to have been ſleeping under one of the ſheds, and whom a watchman had juſt told that I was *approaching*: after attempting to ſwear ſeveral oaths, and *ſtaggering* a few paces, he ſcowled at me under his hat

the light of me as he hated the devil: he then
that a coach or a chair might be immediately ca
carry him from my preſence.

About nine, I viſited a young lady who cou
ſee me, becauſe ſhe was but juſt returned from
I went next to a ſtudent in the *Temple*, who receiv
with great joy; but told me, that he was going t
with a gentleman, whoſe daughter he had long cc
and who at length, by the interpoſition of friend
been perſuaded to conſent to the match, though
others had offered a larger ſettlement. From this
view I had no deſire to detain him; and about tv
found a young prodigal, to whom I had afforded
opportunities of felicity, which he neglected to im
and whom I had ſcarce ever left without having
vinced him, that he was waſting life in the ſe
pleaſure which he could never find: he looked
me with a countenance full of ſuſpicion, dread an
plexity, and ſeemed to wiſh that I had delayed m
or been excluded by his ſervant; imagining, as I
ſince heard, that a bailiff was behind me. After d
I again met my friend the ſtudent; but he who
lately received me with extaſy, now leered at me
a ſullen diſcontent, and if it had been in his
would have deſtroyed me, for no other reaſon
becauſe the old gentleman whom he had viſite

by convincing the world that it is their own fault if I do not always leave them wiſer and better than I find them; and whoever has through life continued to become gradually wiſer and better, has obtained a ſource of divine felicity, a well of living water, which like the widow's oil ſhall increaſe as it is poured out, and which, though it was ſupplied by time, eternity ſhall not exhauſt.

I hope, Sir, your paper will be a means of procuring me better treatment; and that you will yourſelf be ſollicitous to ſecure the friendſhip of

Your humble Servant,
TO-DAY.

The Ladies directed in the choice of a huſband.
[Adventurer, N°. 30.]

THOUGH I devote this lucubration to the ladies, yet there are ſome parts of it which I hope will not be wholly uſeleſs to the gentlemen: and, perhaps, both may expect to be addreſſed upon a ſubject, which to both is of equal importance; eſpecially after I have admitted the public recommendation of it by my correſpondent Mr. *Townly*.

It has been univerſally allowed, and with great reaſon, that between perſons who marry there ſhould be ſome degree of equality, with reſpect to age and condition. Thoſe who violate a known truth, deſerve the infelicity they incur: I ſhall, therefore, only labour to preſerve innocence by detecting error.

With the ladies it is a kind of general maxim, "that "the beſt huſband is a reformed RAKE;" a maxim which they have probably derived from comedies and novels, in which ſuch a huſband is commonly the reward of female merit. But the belief of this maxim is an inconteſtible proof, that with the true character of a RAKE the ladies are wholly unacquainted. "They "have," indeed, "heard of a wild young gentleman, "*who would* rake about the town, and take up his "*lodging* at a bagnio; who had told many a girl a "pretty

" pretty ſtory, that was fool enough to believe him: " and that had a right to many a child that did not call " him father: but that in ſome of theſe frolicks he " thought no harm, and for others he had ſufficiently " ſuffered." But let the ADVENTURER be believed, theſe are words of dreadful import, and ſhould always be thus underſtood.

" To rake about town and lodge at a bagnio, is to " aſſociate with the vileſt and moſt abandoned of hu- " man beings; it is to become familiar with blaſphemy " and lewdneſs, and frequently to ſport with the moſt " deplorable miſery: to tell pretty ſtories to credulous " girls, is to deceive the ſimplicity of innocence by " cunning and falſhood: to be the father of a nameleſs " progeny, is to deſert thoſe, whoſe tears only can im- " plore the protection to which of all others they have " the ſtrongeſt and the tendereſt claim; it is more than " to be a man without affection, it is to be a brute " without inſtinct. To think no harm in ſome of theſe " frolics, is to have worn out all ſenſibility of the dif- " ference between right and wrong; and to have ſuf- " fered for others, is to have a body contaminated with " diſeaſes, which in ſome degree are certainly tranſ- " mitted to poſterity."

It is to be hoped, that the mere exhibition of this picture will be ſufficient to deter the ladies from precluding happineſs by marrying the original; and from diſcouraging virtue, by making vice neceſſary to the character which they prefer.

But they frequently act upon another principle, which though not equally fatal and abſurd, may yet produce great infelicity.

When the Rake is excluded, it will be generally ſuppoſed, that ſuperior intellectual abilities ought always to determine the choice. " A man of fine ſenſe," is, indeed, a character of great dignity; and the ladies have always been adviſed to prefer this to every other, as it includes a capacity to beſtow " that refined, ex- " alted, and permanent felicity, which alone is worthy " of a rational being." But I think it probable, that *this advice*, however ſpecious, has been often given ſ

no other reaſon, than becauſe to give it flattered the vanity of the writer, who fondly believed he was drawing his own character, and exciting the envy and admiration of his readers. This advice, however, the ladies univerſally affect to approve, and probably for a ſimilar reaſon; ſince every one imagines, that to hold intellectual excellence in high eſtimation, is to demonſtrate that ſhe poſſeſſes it.

As he that would perſuade, ſhould be ſcrupulouſly careful not to offend, I will not inſinuate that there are any ladies, by whom the peculiar beauties of an exalted underſtanding cannot be diſcerned; and who have not therefore a capacity for half the pleaſure which it can beſtow. And yet I think there is another excellence which is much more eſſential to conjugal felicity, GOOD NATURE.

I know that GOOD NATURE has, like *Socrates*, been ridiculed in the habit of FOLLY; and that FOLLY has been dignified by the name of GOOD NATURE. But by GOOD NATURE, I do not mean that flexible imbecility of mind which complies with every requeſt, and inclines a man at once to accompany an acquaintance to a brothel at the expence of his health, and to keep an equipage for a wife at the expence of his eſtate. Perſons of this diſpoſition have ſeldom more benevolence than fortitude, and frequently perpetrate deliberate cruelty.

In true GOOD NATURE, there is neither the acrimony of ſpleen, nor the ſullenneſs of malice; it is neither clamorous nor fretful, neither eaſy to be offended, nor impatient to revenge; it is a tender ſenſibility, a participation of the pains and pleaſures of others; and is, therefore, a forcible and conſtant motive to communicate happineſs, and alleviate miſery.

As human nature is, from whatever cauſe, in a ſtate of great imperfection, it is ſurely to be deſired, that a perſon whom it is moſt our intereſt to pleaſe, ſhould not ſee more of this imperfection than we do ourſelves.

I ſhall, perhaps, be told, that "a man of ſenſe can "*never uſe* a woman ill." The latter part of this *propoſition* is a phraſe of very extenſive and various ſignification;

nification: whether a man of ſenſe can "uſe a woman "ill," I will not enquire, but I ſhall endeavour to ſhew, that he may make her extremely wretched.

Perſons of keen penetration and great delicacy of ſentiment, as they muſt neceſſarily be more frequently offended than others; ſo as a puniſhment for the offence, they can inflict more exquiſite pain, becauſe they can wound with more poignant reproach: and by him whom GOOD NATURE does not reſtrain from retaliating the pain that he feels, the offence, whether voluntary or not, will always be thus puniſhed.

If this puniſhment is ſuffered with ſilence, confuſion, and tears, it is poſſible that the tyrant may relent; but this, like the remorſe of a murderer, is too late; the dread of incurring the ſame anguiſh by a like fault, will ſubſtitute for the ſmile of chearfulneſs, that ſunſhine of beauty, the glooms of doubt, ſollicitude, and anxiety: the offence will notwithſtanding be again repeated; the puniſhment, the diſtreſs, and the remorſe, will again return; becauſe error is involuntary, and anger is not reſtrained. If the reproach is retorted, and whether it was deſerved becomes the ſubject of debate, the conſequences are yet more dreadful: after a vain attempt to ſhew an incongruity, which can no more be perceived than ſounds by the deaf, the huſband will be inſulted for cauſeleſs and capricious diſpleaſure, and the wife for folly, perverſeneſs, and obſtinacy. In theſe circumſtances, what will become of "the refined, the "exalted, and the permanent felicity, which alone is "worthy of reaſonable beings, and which elevated ge-"nius only can beſtow."

That this conduct is by a man of ſenſe known to be wrong, I am content to allow: but it muſt alſo be granted, that the diſcernment of wrong is not always a propenſity to right; and that if pain was never inflicted, but when it was known to produce ſalutary effects, mankind would be much more happy than they are.

GOOD NATURE, therefore, if intellectual excellence *cannot* atone for the want of it, muſt be admitted as

the higheſt perſonal merit. If, without it, wiſdom is not kind; without it, folly muſt be brutal. Let it, therefore, be once more repeated, "The quality moſt "eſſential to conjugal felicity, is GOOD NATURE." And, ſurely, whatever accidental difference there may happen to be in the conceptions or judgment of a huſband and wife, if neither can give pain or pleaſure without feeling it themſelves, it is eaſy to perceive which ſenſation they will concur to produce.

It may now be expected, that I ſhould give ſome general rules, by which the ladies may diſcover the diſpoſition of thoſe, by whom they are addreſſed: but it is extremely difficult to detect malevolence amidſt the aſſiduities of courtſhip, and to diſtinguiſh the man under that almoſt inſcrutable diſguiſe the lover. GOOD NATURE, however, is not indicated by the fulſome fawning of a perpetual grin, the loud laughter which almoſt anticipates the jeſt, or the conſtant echo of every ſentiment; neither is it ſafe to truſt the appearance of profuſe liberality, or buſy officiouſneſs. Let it rather be remarked, how the lover is affected by incidents, in which the lady is not concerned; what is his behaviour to his immediate dependants, and whether they approach him with a ſlaviſh timidity, or with chearful reverence of voluntary ſervitude. Is he ever merry at the expence of another; or does he ever attempt thus to excite mirth in his miſtreſs? Does he mention the abſent with candor, and behave to thoſe who are preſent with a manly complacency? By a diligent attendance to theſe circumſtances, perhaps a probable judgment may be formed of his character.

To conclude with a general remark, GOOD NATURE is not of leſs importance to ourſelves than to others. The moroſe and petulant firſt feel the anguiſh that they give: reproach, revilings, and invective, are but the overflowings of their own infelicity, and are conſtantly again forced back upon their ſource. Sweetneſs of temper is not, indeed, an acquired but a natural excellence; and, therefore, to recommend it to thoſe who *have it not, may* be deemed rather an inſult than advice. *But let that which in happier natures is inſtinct,*

in theſe be reaſon; let them purſue the ſame conduct, impelled by a nobler motive. As the ſourneſs of the crab inhances the value of the graft, ſo that which on its parent plant is GOOD NATURE, will on a leſs kindly ſtock be improved into VIRTUE. No action by which others receive pleaſure or pain, is indifferent: the ſacred rule, "Do that to others which ye would "that others ſhould do to you," extends to every deed; and "every word ſhall be brought into judgment."

Benevolence urged from the Miſery of Solitude.
An Eaſtern Story. [Advent. N° 132.]

CARAZAN, the merchant of *Bagdat*, was eminent throughout all the Eaſt for his avarice and his wealth: his origin was obſcure, as that of the ſpark which by the colliſion of ſteel and adamant is ſtruck out of darkneſs; and the patient labour of perſevering diligence alone had made him rich. It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was ſtill acknowledged to be inexorably juſt. But whether, in his dealings with men, he diſcovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his truſt in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he diſcovered his own importance to increaſe, *Carazan* prized it more as he uſed it leſs: he gradually loſt the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time ſcattered ſnow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his boſom.

But though the door of *Carazan* was never opened by hoſpitality, nor his hand by compaſſion, yet fear led him conſtantly to the moſque at the ſtated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the moſt ſcrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the temple of the PROPHET. That devotion which ariſes from THE LOVE OF GOD, and *neceſſarily* includes THE LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon good-

neſs, and is the object not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the ſelfiſh, whether it be thought to avert the puniſhment which every one wiſhes to be inflicted, or to inſure it by the complication of hypocriſy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. *Carazan*, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circumſpective ſuſpicion, proceeded to the moſque, was followed by every eye with ſilent malignity; the poor ſuſpended their ſupplication when he paſſed by; and though he was known by every man, yet no man ſaluted him.

Such had long been the life of *Carazan*, and ſuch was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table ſhould be ſpread for the public, and that the ſtranger ſhould be welcome to his bed. The multitude ſoon ruſhed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him diſtributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye ſoftened with compaſſion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with aſtoniſhment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increaſing like the ſound of approaching thunder, *Carazan* beckoned with his hand; attention ſuſpended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curioſity which had procured him audience.

To Him who touches the mountains and they ſmoke, The Almighty and The Moſt Merciful, be everlaſting honour! He has ordained ſleep to be the miniſter of inſtruction, and his viſions have reproved me in the night. As I was ſitting alone in my Harum, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize, and exulting in the increaſe of my wealth, I fell into a deep ſleep, and the hand of Him who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he ſmote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the ſame moment I felt myſelf lifted from *the ground*, and tranſported with aſtoniſhing rapidity *through* the regions of the air. The earth was con-

tracted

the irrevocable ſentence was now to be pronounc
day of probation was paſt; and from the evil of
nothing could be taken away, nor could any t
added to the good. When I reflected that m
eternity was caſt, which not all the powers of
could reverſe, my confidence totally forſook m
while I ſtood trembling and ſilent, covered wi
fuſion and chilled with horror, I was thus addr
the radiance that flamed before me.

"CARAZAN, thy worſhip has not been ac
" becauſe it was not prompted by LOVE of GO
" ther can thy righteouſneſs be rewarded, be
" was not produced by LOVE of MAN; for t
" ſake only, haſt thou rendered to every man h
" and thou haſt approached the ALMIGHTY
" thyſelf. Thou haſt not looked up with gr
" nor round thee with kindneſs. Around the
" haſt, indeed, beheld vice and folly; but if v
" folly could juſtify thy parſimony, would th
" condemn the bounty of HEAVEN? If not u
" fooliſh and the vicious, where ſhall the ſun
" its light, or the clouds diſtil their dew? whe
" the lips of the ſpring breathe fragrance, or th
" of autumn diffuſe plenty? Remember, *Caraz*
" thou haſt ſhut compaſſion from thine hea

tude and darkneſs! Unutterable horror ſeized me at the proſpect, and this exclamation burſt from me with all the vehemence of deſire: "O that I had been doomed "for ever to the common receptacle of impenitence and "guilt! there ſociety would have alleviated the tor-"ment of deſpair, and the rage of fire could not have "excluded the comfort of light. Or if I had been con-"demned to reſide on a comet, that would return but "once in a thouſand years to the regions of light and "life; the hope of theſe periods, however diſtant, "would chear me in the dreary interval of cold and "darkneſs, and the viciſſitude would divide eternity "into time." While this thought paſſed over my mind, I loſt ſight of the remoteſt ſtar, and the laſt glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkneſs. The agonies of deſpair every moment increaſed, as every moment augmented my diſtance from the laſt habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguiſh, that when ten thouſand thouſand years had carried me beyond the reach of all but that POWER who fills infinitude, I ſhould ſtill look forward into an immenſe abyſs of darkneſs, thro' which I ſhould ſtill drive without ſuccour and without ſociety, farther and farther ſtill, for ever and for ever. I then ſtretched out my hands towards the regions of exiſtence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eſtimate ſociety like every other bleſſing, by its loſs. My heart is warmed to libe-rality; and I am zealous to communicate the happineſs which I feel, to thoſe from whom it is derived; for the ſociety of one wretch, whom in the pride of proſperity I would have ſpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful ſolitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized, than the gold of *Afric*, or the gems of *Golconda*.

At this reflection upon his dream, *Carazan* became ſuddenly ſilent, and looked upward in an extacy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were ſtruck at once with the precept and example; and the *Caliph*, to whom the event was related, that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of poſterity.

THE paſſion of love happened to be th
of diſcourſe between two or three of
table of the poets this evening; and among
ſervations, it was remarked, that the ſame ſen
this occaſion had run through all languages an
Memmius, who has a very good taſte, fell in
ſort of diſſertation on this occaſion. It is (ſai
markable, that no paſſion has been treated b
have touched upon it with the ſame bent of c
this. The poets, the moraliſts, the painte
their deſcriptions, allegories, and pictures, ha
ſented it as a ſoft torment, a bitter ſweet,
pain, or an agreeable diſtreſs, and have only
the ſame thought in a different manner.

The joining of pleaſure and pain togethe
devices, ſeems to me the only pointed thoug
read which is natural; and it muſt have proce
its being the univerſal ſenſe and experience of
that they have all ſpoken of it in the ſame m
have in my own reading remarked an hun
three epigrams, fifty odes, and ninety-one
tending to this ſole purpoſe.

It is certain, there is no other paſſion wh
produce ſuch contrary effects in ſo great a deg
this may be ſaid for love: that if you ſtrike it

ways the beſt or the worſt part of it. It is pity that a paſſion, which has in it a capacity of making life happy, ſhould not be cultivated to the utmoſt advantage. Reaſon, prudence, and good nature, rightly applied, can thoroughly accompliſh this great end, provided they have always a real and conſtant love to work upon. But this ſubject I ſhall treat more at large in the hiſtory of my married ſiſter, and in the mean time ſhall conclude my reflection on the pains and pleaſures which attend this paſſion, with one of the fineſt allegories which I think I have ever read. It is invented by the divine *Plato*, and to ſhew the opinion he himſelf had of it, aſcribed by him to his admired *Socrates*, whom he preſents as diſcourſing with his friends, and giving the hiſtory of love in the following manner.

At the birth of *Beauty*, (ſays he) there was a great feaſt made, and many gueſts invited: among the reſt, as the god *Plenty*, who was the ſon of the goddeſs *Prudence*, and inherited many of his mother's virtues. After a full entertainment, he retired into the garden of *Jupiter*, which was hung with a great variety of amorous fruits, and ſeems to have been a very proper retreat for ſuch a gueſt. In the mean time an unhappy female called *Poverty*, having heard of this great feaſt, repaired to it in hopes of finding relief. The firſt place ſhe lights upon was *Jupiter*'s garden, which generally ſtands open to people of all conditions. *Poverty* enters, and by chance finds the god *Plenty* aſleep in it. She is immediately fired with his charms, laid herſelf down by his ſide, and managed matters ſo well, that ſhe conceived a child by him. The world was very much in ſuſpence upon the occaſion, and could not imagine to themſelves what would be the nature of an infant that was to have its original from two ſuch parents. At the laſt, the child appears; and who ſhould it be but *Love*. This infant grew up, and proved in his behaviour, what he really was, a compound of oppoſite beings. As he is the ſon of *Plenty*, (who was the offspring of *Prudence*) he is ſubtle, intriguing, full of ſtratagems and devices; as the ſon of Poverty, he is always contriving, begging, ſerenading, delighting to lie at a threſhold

threſhold, or beneath a window. By the father, he is audacious, full of hopes, conſcious of merit, and therefore quick of reſentment: by the mother, he is doubtful, timorous, mean-ſpirited, fearful of offending, and abject in ſubmiſſions. In the ſame hour you may ſee him tranſported with raptures, talking of immortal pleaſures, and appearing ſatisfied as a god; and immediately after, as the mortal mother prevails in his compoſition, you behold him pining, languiſhing, deſpairing, dying.

I have been always wonderfully delighted with fables, allegories, and the like inventions, which the politeſt and the beſt inſtructors of mankind have always made uſe of: they take off from the ſeverity of inſtruction, and inforce it at the ſame time that they conceal it. The ſuppoſing *Love* to be conceived immediately after the birth of *Beauty*, the parentage of *Plenty*, and the inconſiſtency of this paſſion with its ſelf ſo naturally derived to it, are great maſter-ſtrokes in this fable; and if they fell into good hands, might furniſh out a more pleaſing canto than any in *Spencer*.

The Advantages of repreſenting Human Nature in its proper Dignity. [Tatler, N° 108.]

IT is not to be imagined, how great an effect well-diſpoſed lights, with proper forms and orders in aſſemblies, have upon ſome tempers. I am ſure I feel it in ſo extraordinary a manner, that I cannot in a day or two get out of my imagination any very beautiful or diſagreeable impreſſion which I receive on ſuch occaſions. For this reaſon I frequently look in at the play-houſe, in order to enlarge my thoughts, and warm my mind with ſome new ideas, that may be ſerviceable to me in my lucubrations.

In this diſpoſition I entered the theatre the other day, and placed myſelf in a corner of it, very convenient for *ſeeing*, without being myſelf obſerved. I found the *audience* huſhed in a very deep attention, and did not queſti

queſtion but ſome noble tragedy was juſt then in its criſis, or that an incident was to be unravelled which would determine the fate of an hero. While I was in this ſuſpence, expecting every moment to ſee my old friend Mr. *Betterton* appear in all the majeſty of diſtreſs, to my unſpeakable amazement, there came up a monſter with a face between his feet; and as I was looking on, he raiſed himſelf on one leg in ſuch a perpendicular poſture, that the other grew in a direct line above his head. It afterwards twiſted itſelf into the motions and wreathings of ſeveral different animals, and after great variety of ſhapes and transformations went off the ſtage in the figure of an human creature. The admiration, the applauſe, the ſatisfaction of the audience, during this ſtrange entertainment, is not to be expreſſed. I was very much out of countenance for my dear countrymen, and looked about with ſome apprehenſion, for fear any foreigner ſhould be preſent. Is it poſſible (thought I) that human nature can rejoice in its diſgrace, and take pleaſure in ſeeing its own figure turned to ridicule, and diſtorted into forms that raiſe horror and averſion? There is ſomething diſingenuous and immoral in the being able to bear ſuch a ſight. Men of elegant and noble minds, are ſhocked at the ſeeing characters of perſons who deſerve eſteem for their virtue, knowledge, or ſervices to their country, placed in wrong lights, and by miſrepreſentations made the ſubject of buffoonery. Such a nice abhorrence is not indeed to be found among the vulgar; but methinks it is wonderful, that thoſe, who have nothing but the outward figure to diſtinguiſh them as men, ſhould delight in ſeeing it abuſed, vilified, and diſgraced.

I muſt confeſs, there is nothing that more pleaſes me, in all that I read in books, or ſee among mankind, than ſuch paſſages as repreſent human nature in its proper dignity. As man is a creature made up of different extremes, he has ſomething in him very great and very mean: a ſkilful artiſt may draw an excellent picture of him in either of theſe views. The fineſt authors of *antiquity have taken* him on the more advantageous ſide. *They cultivate the natural* grandeur of the ſoul, raiſe

making the difference betwixt them as great a
gods and brutes. In ſhort, it is impoſſible
page in *Plato*, *Tully*, and a thouſand othe
moraliſts, without being a greater and a bette
it. On the contrary, I could never read an
modiſh *French* authors, or thoſe of our own
who are the imitators and admirers of tha
nation, without being for ſome time out of
with myſelf, and at every thing about me.
fineſs is, to depreciate human nature, and c
under its worſt appearances. They give mean
tations and baſe motives to the worthieſt actio
reſolve virtue and vice into conſtitution.
they endeavour to make no diſtinction betw
and man, or between the ſpecies of men an
brutes. As an inſtance of this kind of author
many others; let any one examine the celebrat
faucault, who is the great philoſopher for adm
of conſolation to the idle, the envious, and
part of mankind.

I remember a young gentleman of moderat
ſtanding but great vivacity, who by dipping i
authors of this nature, had got a little ſmat
knowledge, juſt enough to make an atheiſt c
thinker, but not a philoſopher or a man of ſen
theſe accompliſhments, he went to viſit his fat

heat of the argument told his father, that for his own part he expected to die like a dog. Upon which, the old man ſtarting up in a very great paſſion, cried out, Then, ſirrah, you ſhall live like one; and taking his cane in his hand, cudgelled him out of his ſyſtem. This had ſo good an effect upon him, that he took up from that day, fell to reading good books, and is now a bencher in the *Middle Temple.*

I do not mention this cudgelling part of the ſtory with a deſign to engage the ſecular arm in matters of this nature; but certainly, if it ever exerts itſelf in affairs of opinion and ſpeculation, it ought to do it on ſuch ſhallow and deſpicable pretenders to knowledge, who endeavour to give man dark and uncomfortable proſpects of his being, and deſtroy thoſe principles which are the ſupport, happineſs, and glory of all publick ſocieties, as well as private perſons.

I think it is one of *Pythagoras*'s golden ſayings, *that a man ſhould take care above all things to have a due reſpect for himſelf:* and it is certain, that this licentious ſort of authors, who are for depreciating mankind, endeavour to diſappoint and undo what the moſt refined ſpirits have been labouring to advance ſince the beginning of the world. The very deſign of dreſs, good-breeding, outward ornaments and ceremony, were to lift up human nature, and ſet it off to advantage. Architecture, painting, and ſtatuary, were invented with the ſame deſign; as indeed every art and ſcience that contributes to the embelliſhment of life, and to the wearing off and throwing into ſhades the mean and low parts of our nature. Poetry carries on this great end more than all the reſt, as may be ſeen in the following paſſage, taken out of Sir *Francis Bacon*'s *Advancement of Learning*, which gives a true and better account of this art than all the volumes that were ever written upon it.

" Poetry, eſpecially heroical, ſeems to be raiſed " altogether from a noble foundation, which makes " *much for the dignity of man's nature.* For ſeeing " *this ſenſible world* is in dignity inferior to the ſoul " of

"of man, poeſy ſeems to endow human nature with "that which hiſtory denies; and to give ſatisfaction "to the mind, with at leaſt the ſhadow of things, "where the ſubſtance cannot be had. For if the mat- "ter be thoroughly conſidered, a ſtrong argument may "be drawn from poeſy, that a more ſtately greatneſs of "things, a more perfect order, and a more beautiful "variety, delights the ſoul of man, than any way can "be found in nature ſince the fall. Wherefore ſeeing "the acts and events, which are the ſubjects of true "hiſtory, are not of that amplitude as to content the "mind of man; poeſy is ready at hand to feign acts "more heroical. Becauſe true hiſtory reports the ſuc- "ceſſes of buſineſs not proportionable to the merit of "virtues and vices, poeſy corrects it, and preſents "events and fortunes according to deſert, and accord- "ing to the law of providence: becauſe true hiſtory, "through the frequent ſatiety and ſimilitude of things, "works a diſtaſte and miſpriſion in the mind of man; "poeſy cheareth and refreſheth the ſoul, chanting "things rare and various, and full of viciſſitudes. So "as poeſy ſerveth and conferreth to delectation, mag- "nanimity and morality; and therefore it may ſeem "deſervedly to have ſome participation of divineneſs, "becauſe it doth raiſe the mind, and exalt the ſpirit with "high raptures, by proportioning the ſhews of things "to the deſires of the mind, and not ſubmitting the "mind to things as reaſon and hiſtory do. And by "theſe allurements and congruities, whereby it che- "riſheth the ſoul of man, joined alſo with conſort of "muſick, whereby it may more ſweetly inſinuate itſelf; "it hath won ſuch acceſs, that it hath been in eſtima- "tion even in rude times, and barbarous nations, when "our learning ſtood excluded."

But there is nothing which favours and falls in with this natural greatneſs and dignity of human nature ſo much as religion, which does not only promiſe the *entire refinement* of the mind, but the glorifying of *the body*, and the immortality of both.

The Efficacy of Poetry upon the Mind.
[Tatler, N°. 98.]

AN ingenious and worthy gentleman, my ancient friend, fell into diſcourſe with me this evening, upon the force and efficacy which the writings of good poets have on the minds of their intelligent readers, and recommended to me his ſenſe of the matter, thrown together in the following manner, which he deſired me to communicate to the youth of *Great Britain* in my Eſſays; which I chuſe to do in his own words.

I have always been of opinion (ſays he) that virtue ſinks deepeſt into the heart of man, when it comes recommended by the powerful charms of poetry. The moſt active principle in our mind is the imagination: to it a good poet makes his court perpetually, and by this faculty takes care to gain it firſt. Our paſſions and inclinations come over next; and our reaſon ſurrenders itſelf with pleaſure, in the end. Thus the whole ſoul is inſenſibly betrayed into morality, by bribing the fancy with beautiful and agreeable images of thoſe very things, that in the books of the philoſophers appear auſtere, and have at the beſt but a kind of forbidding aſpect. In a word, the poets do, as it were, ſtrew the rough paths of virtue ſo full of flowers, that we are not ſenſible of the uneaſineſs of them, and imagine ourſelves in the midſt of pleaſures, and the moſt bewitching allurements, at the time we are making a progreſs in the ſevereſt duties of life.

All men agree, that licentious poems do of all writings ſooneſt corrupt the heart: and why ſhould we not be as univerſally perſuaded, that the grave and ſerious performances of ſuch as write in the moſt engaging manner, by a kind of divine impulſe, muſt be the moſt effectual perſuaſives to goodneſs! If therefore I were bleſſed with a ſon, in order to the forming of his manners, (which is making him truly my ſon) I ſhould be continually putting into his hand ſome fine poet. The *graceful ſentences, and the manly ſentiments ſo frequently to be met with in every great and ſublime*

writer, are, in my judgment, the moſt ornamental and valuable furniture that can be for a young gentleman's head; methinks they ſhew like ſo much rich embroidery upon the brain. Let me add to this, that humanity and tenderneſs, (without which there can be no *true* greatneſs in the mind) are inſpired by the muſes in ſuch pathetical language, that all we find in proſe authors, towards the raiſing and improving of theſe paſſions, is in compariſon but cold, or lukewarm, at the beſt. There is beſides a certain elevation of ſoul, a ſedate magnanimity, and a noble turn of virtue, that diſtinguiſhes the hero from the plain, honeſt man, to which verſe can only raiſe us. The bold metaphors and ſounding numbers, peculiar to the poets, rouze up all our ſleeping faculties, and alarm the whole powers of the ſoul, much like that excellent trumpeter mentioned by *Virgil:*

——*Quo non præſtantior alter*
Ære ciere Viros, Martemque accendere Cantu.

I fell into this train of thinking this evening, upon reading a paſſage in a Maſk writ by *Milton*, where two brothers are introduced ſeeking after their ſiſter, whom they had loſt in a dark night and thick wood. One of the brothers is apprehenſive leſt the wandering virgin ſhould be overpowered with fears through the darkneſs and loneneſs of the time and place. This gives the other occaſion to make the following reflections, which, as I read them, made me forget my age, and renewed in me the warm deſires after virtue, ſo natural to uncorrupted youth.

I do not think my ſiſter ſo to ſeek
Or ſo unprincipled in Virtue's book,
And the ſweet peace that goodneſs boſoms ever,
As that the ſingle want of light and noiſe
(Not being in danger, as I truſt ſhe is not)
Could ſtir the conſtant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into miſbecoming plight.
Virtue could ſee to do what virtue would,
By her own radiant light, tho' ſun and moon
Were in the flat ſea ſunk. And Wiſdom's ſelf
Oft ſeeks to ſweet retired ſolitude:

Wher

Where, with her beſt nurſe, Contemplation,
She plumes her feathers, and lets grow her wings,
That in the various buſtle of reſort
Were all too ruffled, and ſometimes impair'd:
He that has light within his own clear breaſt,
May ſit i' th' center, and enjoy bright day:
But he that hides a dark ſoul and foul thoughts,
Benighted walks under the mid-day ſun;
Himſelf is his own dungeon.



Praiſe and Blame to be regarded only as relating to Things ſtrictly true. [Tatler, N°. 92.]

I Know no manner of ſpeaking ſo offenſive as that of giving praiſe, and cloſing it with an exception; which proceeds (where men do not do it to introduce malice, and make calumny more effectual) from the common error of conſidering man as a perfect creature. But if we rightly examine things, we ſhall find, that there is a ſort of œconomy in providence, that one ſhall excel where another is defective, in order to make men more uſeful to each other, and mix them in ſociety. This man having this talent, and that man another, is as neceſſary in converſation, as one profeſſing one trade, and another another, is beneficial in commerce. The happieſt climate does not produce all things; and it was ſo ordered, that one part of the earth ſhould want the product of another, for uniting mankind in a general correſpondence and good underſtanding. It is therefore want of good ſenſe as well as good nature, to ſay, *Simplicius* has a better judgment, but not ſo much wit as *Latius*; for that theſe have not each other's capacities, is no more a diminution to either, than if you ſhould ſay, *Simplicius* is not *Latius*, or *Latius* not *Simplicius*. The heathen world had ſo little notion that perfection was to be expected amongſt men, that among them any one quality or endowment in an heroic degree *made a god. Hercules* had ſtrength; but it was never *objected to him* that he wanted wit. *Apollo* preſided

over wit, and it was never aſked whether he had ſtrength. We hear no exceptions againſt the beauty of *Minerva*, or the wiſdom of *Venus*. Theſe wiſe heathens were glad to immortalize any one ſerviceable gift, and overlook all imperfections in the perſon who had it: but with us it is far otherwiſe, for we reject many eminent virtues, if they are accompanied with one apparent weakneſs. The reflecting after this manner, made me account for the ſtrange delight men take in reading lampoons and ſcandal, with which the age abounds, and of which I receive frequent complaints. Upon mature conſideration, I find it is principally for this reaſon, that the worſt of mankind, the libellers, receive ſo much encouragement in the world. The low race of men take a ſecret pleaſure in finding an eminent character levelled to their condition by a report of its defects, and keep themſelves in countenance, though they are excelled in a thouſand virtues, if they believe they have in common with a great perſon any one fault. The libeller falls in with this humour, and gratifies this baſeneſs of temper, which is naturally an enemy to extraordinary merit. It is from this, that libel and ſatire are promiſcuouſly joined together in the notions of the vulgar, though the ſatiriſt and libeller differ as much as the magiſtrate and the murderer. In the conſideration of human life, the ſatiriſt never falls upon perſons who are not glaringly faulty, and the libeller on none but who are conſpicuouſly commendable. Were I to expoſe any vice in a good or great man, it ſhould certainly be by correcting it in ſome one where that crime was the moſt diſtinguiſhing part of the character; as pages are chaſtized for the admonition of princes. When it is performed otherwiſe, the vicious are kept in credit, by placing men of merit in the ſame accuſation. But all the paſquils, lampoons and libels, we meet with now a days, are a ſort of playing with the four and twenty letters, and throwing them into names and characters, without ſenſe, truth or wit. In this caſe, I am in great *perplexity* to know whom they mean, and ſhould be in *diſtreſs* for thoſe they abuſe, if I did not ſee their judgment and ingenuity in thoſe they commend. This

the true way of examining a libel; and when men conſider, that no one man living thinks the better of their heroes and patrons for the panegyrick given them, none can think themſelves leſſened by their invective. The hero or patron in a libel, is but a ſcavenger to carry off the dirt, and by that very employment is the filthieſt creature in the ſtreet. Dedications and panegyricks are frequently ridiculous, let them be addreſſed where they will; but at the front, or in the body of a libel, to commend a man, is ſaying to the perſon applauded, "My Lord, or Sir, I have pulled down all "men that the reſt of the world think great and ho-"nourable, and here is a clear ſtage; you may as you "pleaſe be valiant or wiſe; you may chooſe to be on "the military or civil liſt; for there is no one brave who "commands, or juſt who has power: You may rule "the world now it is empty, which exploded you when "it was full: I have knocked out the brains of all "whom mankind thought good for any thing; and I "doubt not, but you will reward that invention, which "found out the only expedient to make your lordſhip, "or your worſhip, of any conſideration."

Had I the honour to be in a libel, and had eſcaped the approbation of the author, I ſhould look upon it exactly in this manner. But though it is a thing thus perfectly indifferent, who is exalted or debaſed in ſuch performances, yet it is not ſo with relation to the authors of them; therefore I ſhall, for the good of my country, hereafter take upon me to puniſh theſe wretches. What is already paſſed, may die away according to its nature, and continue in its preſent oblivion; but for the future, I ſhall take notice of ſuch enemies to honour and virtue, and preſerve them to immortal infamy: their names ſhall give freſh offence many ages hence, and be deteſted a thouſand years after the commiſſion of their crime. It ſhall not avail, that theſe children of infamy publiſh their works under feigned names, or under none at all; for I am ſo perfectly well acquainted with the ſtyles of all my contemporaries, that I ſhall not fail of doing *them juſtice, with* their proper names, and at their *full length.* Let therefore theſe miſcreants enjoy their

preſent act of oblivion, and take care how they offend hereafter.

But to avert our eyes from ſuch objects, it is methinks but requiſite to ſettle our opinion in the caſe of praiſe and blame: and I believe, the only true way to cure that ſenſibility of reproach, which is a common weakneſs with the moſt virtuous men, is to fix their regard firmly upon only what is ſtrictly true, in relation to their advantage, as well as diminution. For if I am pleaſed with commendation which I do not deſerve, I ſhall from the ſame temper be concerned at ſcandal I do not deſerve. But he that can think of falſe applauſe with as much contempt as falſe detraction, will certainly be prepared for all adventures, and will become all occaſions. Unreſerved praiſe can pleaſe only thoſe who want merit, and undeſerved reproach frighten only thoſe who want ſincerity. I have thought of this with ſo much attention, that I fancy there can be no other method in nature found for the cure of that delicacy, which gives good men pain under calumny, but placing ſatisfaction no where but in a juſt ſenſe of their own integrity, without regard to the opinion of others. If we have not ſuch a foundation as this, there is no help againſt ſcandal, but being in obſcurity, which to noble minds is not being at all. The truth of it is, this love of praiſe dwells moſt in great and heroic ſpirits; and thoſe who beſt deſerve it, have generally the moſt exquiſite reliſh of it. Methinks I ſee the renowned *Alexander*, after a painful and laborious march, amidſt the heats of a parched ſoil and a burning climate, ſitting over the head of a fountain, and after a draught of water pronounce that memorable ſaying, Oh *Athenians!* how much do I ſuffer that you may ſpeak well of me? The *Athenians* were at that time the learned of the world, and their libels againſt *Alexander* were written as he was a profeſſed enemy of their ſtate: but how monſtrous would ſuch invectives have appeared in *Macedonians*.

As love of reputation is a darling paſſion in great *men*, ſo the defence of them in this particular is the *buſineſs* of every man of honour and honeſty. We *ſhould* run on ſuch an occaſion (as if a public buildin-

w

was on fire) to their relief; and all who ſpread or publiſh ſuch deteſtable pieces as traduce their merit, ſhould be uſed like incendiaries. It is the common cauſe of our country to ſupport the reputation of thoſe who preſerve it againſt invaders; and every man is attacked in the perſon of that neighbour who deſerves well of him.

On the Uſe of ſocial Intercourſe between Perſons of different Ages and Profeſſions.

[Connoiſſeur, N°. 78.]

To Mr. *TOWN.*

SIR,

NOTHING is more neceſſary, in order to wear off any particularities in our behaviour, or to root out any perverſeneſs in our opinions, than mixing with perſons of ages and occupations different from our own. Whoſoever confines himſelf entirely to the ſociety of thoſe who are engaged in the ſame purſuits, and whoſe thoughts naturally take the ſame turn with his own, acquires a certain ſtiffneſs and pedantry of behaviour, which is ſure to make him diſagreeable, except in one particular ſet of company. Inſtead of cramping the mind by keeping it within ſo narrow a circle, we ſhould endeavour to enlarge it by every worthy notion and accompliſhment; and temper each qualification with it's oppoſite, as the four elements are compounded in our natural frame.

The neceſſity of this free converſation, to open and improve the mind, is evident from the conſequences, which always follow a neglect of it. The employment each man is engaged in, wholly engroſſes his attention, and tinges the mind with a peculiar die, which ſhews itſelf in all the operations of it, unleſs prevented by natural good ſenſe or a liberal education. The phyſician, the lawyer, and the tradeſman will appear in company, though none of thoſe occupations are the ſubject of diſcourſe; and the clergyman will grow moroſe and ſevere, who ſeldom or never converſes with the laity.

If no particular profeſſion has this influence over us, ſome darling paſſion or amuſement gives a colour to our thoughts and actions, and makes us odious or at leaſt ridiculous. Fine ladies, for inſtance, by deſpiſing the converſation of ſenſible men, can talk of nothing but routs, balls, aſſemblies, birth-day ſuits, and intrigues, and fine gentlemen, for the ſame reaſon, of almoſt nothing at all. In like manner the furious partizan, who has not been weaned from a mad attachment to particular principles, is weak enough to imagine every man of a different way of thinking a fool and a ſcoundrel; and the ſectary or zealot devotes to eternal damnation all thoſe, who will not go to heaven in the ſame road with himſelf, under the guidance of *Whitefield*, *Weſley*, or Count *Zinzendorff*. To the ſame cauſe we owe the rough country ſquire, whoſe ideas are wholly bent on guns, dogs, horſes, and game; and who has every thing about him of a piece with his diverſions. His hall muſt be adorned with ſtags heads, inſtead of buſts and ſtatues; and in the room of family pictures, you will ſee prints of the moſt famous ſtallions and race-horſes: all his doors open and ſhut with foxes feet; and even the buttons of his cloaths are impreſſed with the figures of dogs, foxes, ſtags, and horſes. To this abſurd practice of cultivating only one ſet of ideas, and ſhutting ourſelves out from any intercourſe with the reſt of the world, is owing that narrowneſs of mind, which has infected the converſation of the polite world with inſipidity, made roughneſs and brutality the characteriſtics of a mere country gentleman, and produced the moſt fatal conſequences in politics and religion.

But if this commerce with the generality of mankind is ſo neceſſary to remove any impreſſions, which we may be liable to receive from any particular employment or darling amuſement, what precautions ought to be uſed, in order to remedy the inconveniences naturally brought on us by the different ages of life! It is not certain that a perſon will be engaged in any profeſſion, or given up to any peculiar kind of pleaſure; but the mind of *every man* is ſubject to the inclinations ariſing from the *ſeveral* ſtages of his exiſtence, as well as his body to chronic

chronical diſtempers. This, indeed, Mr. *Town*, is the principal cauſe of my writing to you: for it has often given me great concern to ſee the preſent diviſion between the young and the old; to obſerve elderly men forming themſelves into clubs and ſocieties, that they may be more ſecurely ſeparated from youth; and to ſee young men running into diſſipation and debauchery, rather than aſſociate with age. If each party would labour to conform to the other, from ſuch a coalition many advantages would accrue to both. Our youth would be inſtructed by the experience of age, and loſe much of that levity, which they retain too long: while at the ſame time the wrinkled brow of the aged would be ſmoothed by the ſprightly chearfulneſs of youth; by which they might ſupply the want of ſpirits, forget the loſs of old friends, and bear with eaſe all their worldly misfortunes. It is remarkable, that thoſe young men are the moſt worthy and ſenſible, who have kept up any intercourſe with the old; and that thoſe old men are of the moſt chearful and amiable diſpoſition, who have not been aſhamed to converſe with the young.

I will not pretend to decide, which party is moſt blameable in neglecting this neceſſary commerce with each other; which, if properly managed, would be at once ſo beneficial and delightful: but it undoubtedly ariſes from a certain ſelfiſhneſs and obſtinacy in both, which will not ſuffer them to make a mutual allowance for the natural difference of their diſpoſitions. Their inclinations are, indeed, as different as their years; yet each expects the other to comply, though neither will make any advances. How rarely do we ſee the leaſt degree of ſociety preſerved between a father and a ſon! a ſhocking reflection, when we conſider that nature has endeavoured to unite them by parental affection on one ſide, and filial gratitude on the other. Yet a father and a ſon as ſeldom live together with any tolerable harmony, as an huſband and wife; and chiefly for the ſame reaſon: for though they are both joined under the ſame yoke, yet they are each tugging *different ways*. A father might as well expect his ſon to *be as gouty and infirm* as himſelf; as to have the diſ-

poſition which he has contracted from age; and a ſon might as reaſonably deſire the vigour and vivacity of five and twenty, as his own love of gaiety and diverſions, in his father. It is therefore evident, that a mutual endeavour to conform to each other is abſolutely requiſite to keep together the cement of natural affection, which an untractable ſtubbornneſs ſo frequently diſſolves; or at leaſt, if it does not diſturb the affection, it conſtantly deſtroys the ſociety between father and ſon.

This unhappy and unnatural diviſion is often the ſubject of complaint in perſons of both ages; but is ſtill unremedied, becauſe neither reflect on the cauſe whence it proceeds. Old men are perpetually commenting on the extreme levity of the times, and blaming the young, becauſe they do not admire and court their company, which, indeed, is no wonder, ſince they generally treat their youthful companions as mere children, and expect ſuch a ſlaviſh deference to their years, as deſtroys that equality by which chearfulneſs and ſociety ſubſiſts. Young men do not like to be chid by a proverb, or reproved by a wrinkle: but though they do not chuſe to be corrected by their grave ſeniors like ſchool-boys, they would be proud to conſult them as friends; which the injudicious ſeverity of old age ſeldom will permit, not deigning to indulge them with ſo great a degree of freedom and familiarity. Youth on the other hand, ſhun the company of age, complaining of the ſmall regard and reſpect paid to them, though they often act with ſo little reſerve and ſuch unbecoming confidence, as not to deſerve it. Suppoſe the old were pleaſed with the natural flow of ſpirits and lively converſation of youth, ſtill ſome reſpect may be challenged as due to them; nor ſhould the decency and ſobriety of their characters ever be inſulted by any improper or immodeſt converſation.

I am an old man myſelf, Mr. *Town*, and I have an only boy, whoſe behaviour to me is unexceptionable: permit me, therefore, to dwell a moment longer on my *favourite* ſubject, and I will conclude. With what *harmony* might all parents and children live together, if

if the father would ſtrive to ſoften the rigour of age, and remember that his ſon muſt naturally poſſeſs thoſe qualities, which ever accompany youth; and if the ſon would in return endeavour to ſuit himſelf to thoſe infirmities, which his father received from old age! If they would reciprocally ſtudy to be agreeable to each other, the father would inſenſibly ſubſtitute affection in the room of authority, and loſe the churliſh ſeverity and peeviſhneſs incident to his years: while the ſon would curb the unbecoming impetuoſity of his youth, change his reluctance to obey into a conſtant attention to pleaſe, and remit much of his extreme gaiety in conformity to the gravity of his father. Wherever ſuch a turn of mind is encouraged, there muſt be happineſs and agreeable ſociety: and the contrary qualities of youth and age, thus blended, compoſe the ſureſt cement of affection; as colours of the moſt oppoſite tints, by a ſkilful mixture, each giving and receiving certain ſhades, will form a picture, the moſt heightened and exquiſite in its colouring. I am, Sir,

Your moſt humble Servant,
JOHN BEVIL.

Letter of Advice to a YOUNG ACADEMIC.
[Connoiſſeur, N°. 82.]

DEAR SIR,

AS you are now going to the Univerſity, I would not be thought to pay ſo ill a compliment to your own natural good ſenſe, as to ſuppoſe, that you will not (like many young gentlemen of fortune) in ſome meaſure apply yourſelf to ſtudy: otherwiſe the time you ſpend there will be entirely loſt; for (as *Swift* very juſtly remarks) "all ornamental parts of education are "better taught in other places." At the ſame time I do not mean, that you ſhould commence pedant, and be continually poring on a book; ſince that will rather *puzzle, than inform* the underſtanding. And though I *know many* ſprightly young gentlemen of lively and

quick parts affect to deſpiſe it altogether, it will be neceſſary to learn ſomething of Logic; I mean in the ſame manner one would learn Fencing—not to attack others, but to defend one's ſelf. In a word, you will find it a great unhappineſs when you return hither, if you do not bring with you ſome taſte for reading: for a mere country gentleman, who can find no ſociety in books, will have little elſe to do, beſides following his ſports, but to ſit, as ſquire of the company, tippling among a parcel of idle wretches, whoſe underſtandings are nearly on a level with his dogs and horſes.

It has been an eſtabliſhed maxim, that the world will always form an opinion of perſons according to the company they are known to keep. In the Univerſity as well as in other places, there are people, whom we ought to avoid, as we would the plague: and as it is of the utmoſt conſequence, whether you plunge at once into extravagance and debauchery, or ſink gradually into indolence and ſtupidity, I ſhall point out ſome of theſe peſts of ſociety in as few words as poſſible.

The firſt perſon I would caution you againſt, is the wretch that takes a delight to turn religion into ridicule: one who employs that ſpeech, which was given him by GOD to celebrate his praiſe, in queſtioning his very being. This, as it is impious in itſelf, is likewiſe the height of ill-manners. It is hoped, there are but few of them to be met with in a place of ſound doctrine and religious education: but wherever they are, they ought to be avoided as much as poſſible; and if they will force themſelves into our company, they ſhould be uſed with the ſame contempt with which they have the hardneſs to treat their maker. And this, I can aſſure you, may be done ſafely: for I never knew any body who pretended to be above the fear of GOD, but was under the moſt terrible apprehenſions, whenever attacked by man.

The next character, whom I would adviſe you to ſhun, is the GAMESTER, in ſome reſpects not unlike the former. The gaming-table is his ſhrine, and fortune *his* deity; nor does he ever ſpeak or think of any *other*, unleſs by way of blaſphemy, oaths and curſes, when

when he has had a bad run at cards or dice. He has not the leaſt notion of friendſhip; but would ruin his own brother, if it might be of any advantage to himſelf. He, indeed, profeſſes himſelf your friend; but that is only with a deſign to draw you in: for his trade is inconſiſtent with the principles of honour or juſtice, without which there can be no real friendſhip. It ſhould, therefore, be the care of every gentleman, not to hold any commerce with ſuch people, whoſe acquaintance he cannot enjoy, without giving up his eſtate.

The next perſon whom we ought to beware of, is a DRUNKARD; one that takes an unaccountable pleaſure in ſapping his conſtitution, and drowning his underſtanding. He conſtantly goes ſenſeleſs to bed, and riſes maukiſh in the morning; nor can he be eaſy in body or mind, 'till he has renewed his doſe, and again put himſelf beyond the reach of reflection. I would, therefore, entreat you by all means to avoid an habit, which will at once ruin your health, and impair your intellects. It is a misfortune, that ſociety ſhould be eſteemed dull and inſipid without the aſſiſtance of the bottle to enliven it: ſo that a man cannot entirely refrain from his glaſs, if he keeps any company at all. But let it be remembered, that in drinking, as well as in talking, we ought always to "keep a watch over the "doors of our lips."

A Lownger is a creature, that you will often ſee lolling in a coffee-houſe, or ſauntering about the ſtreets, with great calmneſs, and a moſt inflexible ſtupidity in his countenance. He takes as much pains as the Sot, to fly from his own thoughts; and is at length happily arrived at the higheſt pitch of indolence both in mind and body. He would be as inoffenſive as he is dull, if it were not that his idleneſs is contagious; for, like the *torpedo*, he is ſure to benumb and take away all ſenſe of feeling from every one, with whom he happens to come in contact.

It were alſo beſt to forbear the company of a WRANGLER, or a perſon of a litigious temper. This *ſometimes ariſes*, not from any great ſhare of ill-nature, *but from a vain pride* of ſhewing one's parts or ſkill in argumen

argumentation. It is frequently obſerved of young Academics in particular, that they are very apt impertinently to engage people in a diſpute, whether they will or not. But this is contrary to all the rules of good-breeding, and is never practiſed by any man of ſenſe, that has ſeen much of the world. I have ſometimes known a perſon of great ſaucineſs and volubility of expreſſion, confuted by the *Argumentum Baculinum*, and both his head and his ſyllogiſm broken at the ſame time.

I need not point out to you the profligate RAKE or the affected COXCOMB, as perſons from whoſe company you can reap no ſort of benefit. From the firſt the good principles, already inſtilled into you, will doubtleſs preſerve you; and I am ſure you have too much real ſenſe, not to deſpiſe the abſurd fopperies of the latter. Noted LYARS are no leſs to be avoided, as the common peſts of ſociety. They are often of a miſchievous diſpoſition, and by their calumnies and falſe ſuggeſtions, take a pleaſure in ſetting the moſt intimate friends at variance. But if they only deal in harmleſs and improbable lies, their acquaintance muſt frequently be out of countenance for them; and if we ſhould venture to repeat after them, I am ſure it is the way to be out of countenance for ourſelves.

But above all, I muſt adviſe you never to engage, at leaſt not with any degree of violence, in any PARTY. Be not tranſported by the clamorous jollity of talking patriots beyond the ſober dictates of reaſon and juſtice; nor let the inſinuating voice of corruption tempt you to barter your integrity and peace of mind for the paltry ſatisfaction of improving your fortune. If you behave with honour and prudence, you will be regarded and courted by all parties; but if otherwiſe, you will certainly be deſpiſed by all. Perhaps, indeed, if you ſhould hereafter engage in elections, and ſpend your own money to ſupport another's cauſe, the perſon, in whoſe intereſt you are, may ſhake you by the hand, and ſwear you are a very honeſt gentleman: juſt as butchers treat their bull-dogs, who ſpit in their mouths, clap

clap them on the back, and then halloo them on to be toſſed and torn by the horns of their antagoniſt.

After having guarded you againſt the evil influence of your own ſex, I cannot conclude without throwing in a word or two concerning the Ladies. But that I may not be thought unmannerly to the fair, I ſhall paſs over their faults; only hoping that their excellencies will not tempt you to precipitate a match with one much your inferior in birth and fortune, though "endowed with every accompliſhment requiſite to make "the marriage ſtate happy." In theſe haſty and unequal matches, it ſometimes happens, that mutual love gives way to mutual reproaches. We may perhaps too late repent of our bargain: and though Repentance be an excellent viſiting friend, when ſhe reminds us of our paſt miſcarriages, and preſcribes rules how to avoid them for the future, yet ſhe is a moſt troubleſome companion, when fixed upon us for life.

I am, dear Sir,
Your ſincere friend, &c.
H. A.

On TASTE. [World, N°. 67.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

ALL the faſhionable part of mankind ſet out with the ambition of being thought men of TASTE.

This is the preſent univerſal paſſion: but the misfortune is, that like ſportſmen, who loſe their hare, and ſtart conies which lead them over warrens, where their horſes break their legs, and fling their riders; ſo in the affair of TASTE, we frequently ſee men following ſome falſe ſcent, with the ſame ardour that they would have purſued the proper object of a chace, and with much greater inconveniencies.

Of all the various ſubjects that have yet exerciſed the *geniuſſes of modern* writers, that of TASTE has appeared *o be the moſt* difficult to treat; becauſe almoſt all of them

them have loſt themſelves in endeavouring to trace its ſource. They have generally indeed referred us for its origin to the polite and imitative arts; whereas, thoſe are rather its offspring than its parents. Perhaps their miſtakes in the treating this delicate ſubject may have ariſen from the great reſemblance which FALSE TASTE bears to TRUE, which haſty and inaccurate obſervers will find as difficult to diſtinguiſh, as to diſcern *Pinchbeck's* metal from genuine gold at the firſt tranſient glance. To the end, therefore, that the ideas of our fine gentlemen may be ſomewhat more preciſely adjuſted upon this important article, I ſhall venture to aſſert, that the firſt thing neceſſary for thoſe who wiſh to acquire a TRUE TASTE, is, to prepare their minds by an early purſuit and love of moral order, propriety, and all the rational beauties of a juſt and well regulated conduct.

TRUE TASTE, like good breeding in behaviour, ſeems to be the eaſieſt thing in nature to attain; but yet, where it does not grow ſpontaneouſly, it is a plant of all others the moſt difficult to cultivate. It muſt be ſown upon a bed of virgin-ſenſe, and kept perfectly clean of every weed that may prevent or retard its growth. It was long erroneouſly thought to be an exotic, but experience has convinced us that it will bear the cold of our moſt northern provinces. I could produce inſtances to confirm this aſſertion, from almoſt every county of *Great-Britain* and *Ireland*.

The folly is, that every man thinks himſelf capable of arriving at perfection in this divine accompliſhment: but nature hath not diſpenſed her gifts in ſuch profuſion. There is but one ſun to illuminate our earth, while the ſtars that twinkle with inferior luſtre are innumerable. Thus thoſe great geniuſſes that are the perfect models of TRUE TASTE, are extremely rare, while thouſands daily expoſe themſelves to ruin and ridicule by vain and aukward imitations.

Perhaps to arrive at TASTE in one ſingle branch of polite refinement, might not be altogether ſo fruitleſs *an ambition*: but the abſurdity is to aim at univerſal TASTE. Now this will beſt appear by obſerving what number

numbers miſcarry even in the moſt confined purſuit of this difficult accompliſhment. One ſeeks this coy miſtreſs in books and ſtudy; others purſue her through *France*, through *Italy*, nay, through *Spain*; and after all their labours, we have frequently ſeen them ridiculouſly embracing pedantry and foppery, with the raptures due alone to TASTE. Thus it happens with many deluded travellers in the fields of gallantry, who enjoy fancied familiarities with women of the firſt rank, whoſe names and titles ſtrumpets have aſſumed, to deceive the vain, the ignorant, and the unwary.

It is thought the *Bona Dea* of the *Romans*, was nothing more than the goddeſs of TASTE. Ladies alone were admitted into her myſteries. The natural indelicacy indeed of the ſtronger ſex ſeems to countenance this opinion; women in general have finer and more exquiſite ſenſations than men; and it is a thorough acquaintance with the virtues and charms of that moſt amiable part of our ſpecies which conſtitutes the moſt eſſential quality of a man of TASTE. Who indeed ever knew a mere ſoldier, a mere politician, a mere ſcholar to be a man of TASTE.

Were we to erect a temple to TASTE, every SCIENCE ſhould furniſh a pillar, every VIRTUE ſhould there have an altar, and the three GRACES ſhould hold the high-prieſthood in commiſſion.

We daily ſee pretenders to this quality endeavouring to diſplay it in a parade of dreſs and equipage; but theſe, alas! can only produce a beau. We ſee others ſet up for it amongſt cards and dice; but theſe can create nothing better than a gameſter. Others in brothels, which only form a debauchee. Some have run for it at *New-market*; ſome have drank for it at the King's-arms; the former, to their great ſurprize, have acquired only the title of good jockeys, the latter of jolly Bucks. There are many who aim at it in literary compoſitions, and gain at moſt the character of intruding authors.

However, this general purſuit of TASTE has its uſes: *thoſe numbers who* go in queſt of it, where it is never

to be found, ſerve at leaſt as ſo many marks that teach us to avoid ſteering the ſame unſucceſsful courſe.

The plain truth of the matter is, a houſe filled with fine pictures, the ſide-board loaded with maſſy plate, the ſplendid equipage, with all the hey-dukes, pages and ſervants that attend it, do not entitle the poſſeſſor to be called a man of TASTE: they only bring with them either anxiety or contempt to thoſe whoſe rank and fortunes are not equal to ſuch oſtentation. I will be bold to ſay therefore, notwithſtanding ſome of your readers will doubtleſs look upon me as an unpoliſhed Vandal, that the beſt inſtance any man can give of his TASTE, is to ſhew that he has too much delicacy to reliſh any thing ſo low and little, as the purchaſe of ſuperfluities at another's coſt, or with his own ruin. At leaſt, the placid ſatisfaction of that man's heart, who prudently meaſures his expences, and confines his deſires within the circle of his annual revenue, begets that well-ordered diſpoſition of mind, without which it is impoſſible to merit the character of a man of juſt refined TASTE.

Certain it is, that he beſt diſcovers the juſtneſs of his TASTE, who beſt knows how to purſue and ſecure the moſt ſolid and laſting happineſs. Now where ſhall we look for this, with ſo much probability of finding it, as in temperance and tranquillity of mind, in ſocial and domeſtic enjoyments? Are not theſe the firſt and moſt eſſential objects of TASTE? Certainly they are: and when a man has once acquired theſe, he may, if fortune and nature have properly qualified him, launch out into a more extenſive compaſs, and diſplay his genius in a larger circle.

But it will be difficult, I fear, to perſuade thoſe young men of the preſent generation, who are ambitious of eſtabliſhing a character for TASTE, to advance towards it by ſo ſlow and regular a progreſſion. They ſeem in general to be poſſeſſed with a kind of EPIC madneſs, and are for hurrying at once into the midſt of things. But perhaps you, Mr. *Fitz-Adam*, may be able, by reaſon *or by* ridicule, to call back their attention to the previ*ous ſteps*; to perſuade them to learn to walk, before *they* attempt to run; to convince them, that profuſio

n architecture, in gardening, in equipage, in dreſs, &c. can ſerve no other purpoſe but to diſturb their imaginations, and to give them a general diſtaſte of themſelves, and of every thing around them.

It is by no means, however, ſurprizing, that this character of TASTE ſhould be ſo univerſally ſought after; as true TASTE is doubtleſs the higheſt point of perfection, at which human nature, in this her ſtate of frailty, can poſſibly arrive. A man endowed with this quality, poſſeſſes all his ſenſes in the manner beſt adapted to receive the impreſſion of every true pleaſure, which providence has ſcattered with a liberal hand for the delight of its creatures. There is nothing intrinſically beautiful which does not furniſh him with perpetual delight; as every thing ill-faſhioned and deformed affects him with diſguſt and abhorrence. That is, in a word, the avenues of his mind are open only to thoſe enjoyments that bring with them the paſſports of truth and reaſon.

Philalethes is a man of TASTE, according to the no-ion I have here given of that quality. His conduct is nfluenced by ſentiment as well as by principle; and if e were ever ſo ſecure of ſecrecy and impunity, he would o more be capable of committing a low or a baſe action, han of admitting a vile performance into his noble col-ection of painting and ſculpture. His juſt taſte of the ne arts, and his exquiſite delicacy in moral conduct, re but one and the ſame ſenſe, exerting itſelf upon dif-rent objects; a love of beauty, order and propriety, xtended to all their various intellectual and viſible ex-ibitions. Accordingly, *Philalethes* is conſiſtent in very part of his character. You ſee the ſame elegant nd noble ſimplicity, the ſame correct and judicious ay of thinking, expreſſed in his dreſs, his equipage, is furniture, his gardens, and his actions.

How different is *Micio* from *Philalethes!* Yet *Micio* ould be thought a man of TASTE. But the misfor-ne is, he has not a heart for it. I ſay a heart, how-ver odd the expreſſion may ſound: for as a celebrated *ient has defined* an orator to be *vir bonus dicendi pe-us, ſo I muſt* inſiſt upon it, that a good heart is an eſſential

a ſtranger, and they remembered not his face. The friends whom he had neglected derided him in their turn, his wife alſo inſulted him, and turned her back upon him and fled. Yet was his heart ſo bewitched with her ſorceries, that he purſued her with entreaties, till by her haſte to abandon him, her maſk fell off, and diſcovered to him a face as withered and deformed, as before it had appeared youthful and engaging.

What became of him afterwards tradition does not relate with certainty. It is believed that he fled into *Egypt*, and lived precariouſly on the ſcanty benevolence of a few friends, who had not totally deſerted him, and that he died in a ſhort time, wretched and an exile.

Let us now return to *Uranie*, who, as we have already obſerved, had been driven out of doors by his brother *Felix*. *Adverſity*, though hateful to his heart, and a ſpectre to his eyes, was the conſtant attendant upon his ſteps: and to aggravate his ſorrow, he received certain intelligence that his richeſt veſſel was taken by a *Sardinian* pirate; that another was loſt upon the *Lybian Syrtes*, and, to compleat all, that the banker with whom the greateſt part of his ready money was entruſted, had deſerted his creditors and retired into *Sicily*. Collecting, therefore, the ſmall remains of his fortune, he bid adieu to *Tyre*, and, led by *Adverſity* through unfrequented roads, and foreſts overgrown with thickets, he came at laſt to a ſmall village at the foot of a mountain. Here they took up their abode for ſome time; and *Adverſity*, in return for all the anxiety he had ſuffered, ſoftening the ſeverity of her looks, adminiſtered to him the moſt faithful counſel, weaning his heart from the immoderate love of earthly things, and teaching him to revere the Gods, and to place his whole truſt and happineſs in their government and protection. She humanized his ſoul, made him modeſt and humble, taught him to compaſſionate the diſtreſs of his fellow creatures, and inclined him to relieve them.

"I am ſent, ſaid ſhe, by the Gods to thoſe alone "whom they love: for I not only train them up by my "ſevere diſcipline to future glory, but alſo prepare "them to receive with a greater reliſh all ſuch mode-

"ra

" rate enjoyments, as are not inconſiſtent with this
" probationary ſtate. As the ſpider, when aſſailed,
" ſeeks ſhelter in its inmoſt web, ſo the mind which I
" afflict, contracts its wandering thoughts, and flies for
" happineſs to itſelf. It was I who raiſed the charac-
" ters of *Cato*, *Socrates*, and *Timoleon* to ſo divine a
" height, and ſet them up as guides and examples to
" every future age. *Proſperity*, my ſmiling, but trea-
" cherous ſiſter, too frequently delivers thoſe whom ſhe
" has ſeduced, to be ſcourged by her cruel followers,
" *Anguiſh* and *Deſpair:* while *Adverſity* never fails to
" lead thoſe who will be inſtructed by her, to the bliſs-
" ful habitations of *Tranquillity* and *Content.*"

Uranio liſtened to her words with great attention; and as he looked earneſtly on her face, the deformity of it ſeemed inſenſibly to decreaſe. By gentle degrees his averſion to her abated; and at laſt he gave himſelf wholly up to her counſel and direction. She would often repeat to him the wiſe maxim of the philoſopher, " That thoſe who want the feweſt things, approach " neareſt to the Gods who want nothing." She admoniſhed him to turn his eyes to the many thouſands beneath him, inſtead of gazing on the few who live in pomp and ſplendor; and in his addreſſes to the Gods, inſtead of aſking for riches and popularity, to pray for a virtuous mind, a quiet ſtate, an unblameable life, and a death full of good hopes.

Finding him to be every day more and more compoſed and reſigned, though neither enamoured of her face, nor delighted with her ſociety, ſhe at laſt addreſſed him in the following manner.

" As gold is purged and refined from droſs by the
" fire, ſo is *Adverſity* ſent by *Providence* to try and
" improve the virtue of mortals. The end obtained,
" my taſk is finiſhed; and I now leave you, to go and
" give an account of my charge. Your brother, whoſe
" lot was *Proſperity*, and whoſe condition you ſo much
" envied, after having experienced the error of his
" choice, is at laſt releaſed by death from the moſt
" *wretched of lives.* Happy has it been for *Uranio*,
" *that his lot was Adverſity*, whom if he remembers as

" he ought, his life will be honourable, and his death " happy."

As ſhe pronounced theſe words, ſhe vaniſhed from his ſight. But though her features at that moment, inſtead of inſpiring their uſual horror, ſeemed to diſplay a kind of languiſhing beauty, yet as *Uranio*, in ſpite of his utmoſt efforts, could never prevail upon himſelf to love her, he neither regretted her departure, nor wiſhed for her return. But though he rejoiced in her abſence, he treaſured up her counſels in his heart, and grew happy by the practice of them.

He afterwards betook himſelf again to merchandize; and having in a ſhort time acquired a competency ſufficient for the real enjoyments of life, he retreated to a little farm which he had bought for that purpoſe, and where he determined to continue the remainder of his days. Here he employed his time in planting, gardening, and huſbandry, in quelling all diſorderly paſſions, and in forming his mind by the leſſons of *Adverſity*. He took great delight in a little cell or hermitage in his garden, which ſtood under a tuft of trees, encompaſſed with eglantine and honey-ſuckles. Adjoining to it was a cold bath, formed by a ſpring iſſuing from a rock, and over the door was written in large characters the following inſcription.

Beneath this moſs-grown roof, within this cell,
TRUTH, LIBERTY, CONTENT, *and* VIRTUE *dwell.*
Say, you who dare this happy place diſdain,
What PALACE *can diſplay ſo fair a train?*

He lived to a good old age; and died honoured and lamented.

The Value of Life fixed by Hope and Fear. An Eaſtern Story. [Advent. N° 114.]

ALMET, the *Derviſe*, who watched the ſacred lamp in the ſepulchre of the PROPHET, as he one day roſe up from the devotions of the morning, which he had performed at the gate of the temple with his body turned towards the eaſt and his forehead on the earth, ſaw before him a man in ſplendid apparel, attended by a long retinue, who gazed ſtedfaſtly at him with a look of mournful complacence, and ſeemed deſirous to ſpeak, but unwilling to offend.

The *Derviſe*, after a ſhort ſilence, advanced, and ſaluting him with the calm dignity which independance confers upon humility, requeſted that he would reveal his purpoſe.

"ALMET," ſaid the ſtranger, "thou ſeeſt before "thee a man, whom the hand of proſperity has over-"whelmed with wretchedneſs. Whatever I once de-"ſired as the means of happineſs, I now poſſeſs; but I "am not yet happy, and therefore I deſpair. I regret "the lapſe of time, becauſe it glides away without en-"joyment; and as I expect nothing in the future but "the vanities of the paſt, I do not wiſh that the future "ſhould arrive. Yet I tremble leſt it ſhould be cut off; "and my heart ſinks when I anticipate the moment in "which eternity ſhall cloſe over the vacuity of my life "like the ſea upon the path of a ſhip, and leave no "traces of my exiſtence more durable than the furrow "which remains after the waves have united. If in "the treaſuries of thy wiſdom, there is any precept to "obtain felicity, vouchſafe it to me: for this purpoſe "I am come; a purpoſe which yet I feared to reveal, "leſt like all the former it ſhould be diſappointed." *Almet* liſtened, with looks of aſtoniſhment and pity, to this complaint of a being, in whom reaſon was known to be a pledge of immortality: but the ſerenity of his countenance ſoon returned; and ſtretching out his hand *towards heaven*, "Stranger," ſaid he, "the know-

"ledge which I have received from the PROPHET, I "will communicate to thee."

As I was ſitting one evening at the porch of the temple, penſive and alone, mine eye wandered among the multitude that was ſcattered before me; and while I remarked the wearineſs and ſollicitude which was viſible in every countenance, I was ſuddenly ſtruck with a ſenſe of their condition. Wretched mortals, ſaid I, to what purpoſe are ye buſy? If to produce happineſs, by whom is it enjoyed? Do the linens of *Egypt*, and the ſilks of *Perſia*, beſtow felicity on thoſe who wear them, equal to the wretchedneſs of yonder ſlaves whom I ſee leading the camels that bring them? Is the fineneſs of the texture, or the ſplendor of the tints, regarded with delight by thoſe, to whom cuſtom has rendered them familiar? Or can the power of habit render others inſenſible of pain, who live only to traverſe the deſart; a ſcene of dreadful uniformity, where a barren level is bounded only by the horizon; where no change of proſpect, or variety of images, relieves the traveller from a ſenſe of toil and danger, of whirlwinds which in a moment may bury him in the ſand, and of thirſt which the wealthy have given half their poſſeſſions to allay? Do thoſe on whom hereditary diamonds ſparkle with unregarded luſtre, gain from the poſſeſſion, what is loſt by the wretch who ſeeks them in the mine; who lives excluded from the common bounties of nature; to whom even the viciſſitude of day and night is not known; who ſighs in perpetual darkneſs, and whoſe life is one mournful alternative of inſenſibility and labour? If thoſe are not happy who poſſeſs, in proportion as thoſe are wretched who beſtow, how vain a dream is the life of man! and if there is indeed ſuch difference in the value of exiſtence, how ſhall we acquit of partiality, the hand by which this difference has been made?

While my thoughts thus multiplied, and my heart burned within me, I became ſenſible of a ſudden influence from above. The ſtreets and the crowds of *Mecca* diſappeared; I found myſelf ſitting on the declivity of a mountain, and perceived at my right hand an angel

gel, whom I knew to be *Azoran*, the miniſter of re-
oof. When I ſaw him, I was afraid. I caſt mine eye
on the ground, and was about to deprecate his anger,
hen he commanded me to be ſilent. "*Almet*," ſaid
; "thou haſt devoted thy life to meditation, that thy
counſel might deliver ignorance from the mazes of
error, and deter preſumption from the precipice of
guilt; but the book of nature thou haſt read without
underſtanding. It is again open before thee; look
up, conſider it and be wiſe."

I looked up, and beheld an incloſure, beautiful as
e gardens of *Paradiſe*, but of a ſmall extent. Thro'
ie middle there was a green walk; at the end, a wild
ſart; and beyond, impenetrable darkneſs. The walk
as ſhaded with trees of every kind, that were covered
: once with bloſſoms and fruit; innumerable birds
ere ſinging in the branches; the graſs was interming-
led with flowers, which impregnated the breeze with
agrance, and painted the path with beauty: on one
le flowed a gentle tranſparent ſtream, which was juſt
ard to murmur over the golden ſands that ſparkled at
ie bottom; and on the other were walks and bowers,
ountains, grottos, and caſcades, which diverſified the
ene with endleſs variety, but did not conceal the
ounds.

While I was gazing in a tranſport of delight and
onder on this enchanting ſpot, I perceived a man
aling along the walk with a thoughtful and deliberate
ace: his eyes were fixed upon the earth, and his arms
oſſed on his boſom; he ſometimes ſtarted, as if a ſud-
n pang had ſeized him: his countenance expreſſed
lieitude and terror; he looked round with a ſigh,
d having gazed a moment on the deſart that lay be-
re him, he ſeemed as if he wiſhed to ſtop, but was
pelled forward by ſome inviſible power: his features,
wever, ſoon ſettled again into a calm melancholy;
eye was again fixed on the ground; and he went
, as before, with apparent reluctance, but without
otion. I was ſtruck with this appearance; and turn-
; *haſtily to the Angel*, was about to enquire what
ld produce ſuch infelicity in a being, ſurrounded

with every object that could gratify every ſenſe; but he prevented my requeſt: "The book of nature," ſaid he, "is before thee; look up, and conſider it and be "wiſe." I looked, and beheld a valley between two mountains that were craggy and barren; on the path there was no verdure, and the mountains afforded no ſhade; the ſun burned in the zenith, and every ſpring was dried up; but the valley terminated in a country that was pleaſant and fertile, ſhaded with woods, and adorned with buildings. At a ſecond view, I diſcovered a man in this valley, meagre indeed and naked, but his countenance was chearful, and his deportment active; he kept his eye fixed upon the country before him, and looked as if he would have run, but that he was reſtrained, as the other had been impelled, by ſome ſecret influence: ſometimes, indeed, I perceived a ſudden expreſſion of pain, and ſometimes he ſtepped ſhort as if his foot was pierced by the aſperities of the way; but the ſprightlineſs of his countenance inſtantly returned, and he preſſed forward without appearance of repining or complaint.

I turned again toward the *Angel*, impatient to enquire from what ſecret ſource happineſs was derived, in a ſituation ſo different from that in which it might have been expected; but he again prevented my requeſt: "*Almet*," ſaid he, "remember what thou haſt ſeen, "and let this memorial be written upon the tablets of "thy heart. Remember, *Almet*, that the world in "which thou art placed, is but the road to another; "and that happineſs depends not upon the path, but "the end: the value of this period of thy exiſtence, is "fixed by hope and fear. The wretch who wiſhed to "linger in the garden, who looked round upon its "limits with terror, was deſtitute of enjoyment, be-"cauſe he was deſtitute of hope, and was perpetually "tormented by the dread of loſing that which yet he "did not enjoy: the ſong of the birds had been re-"peated till it was not heard, and the flowers had ſo "often recurred that their beauty was not ſeen: the "river glided by unnoticed; and he feared to lift his "eye to the proſpect, leſt he ſhould behold the walls "of

" that circumſcribed it. But he that toiled through " the valley was happy, becauſe he looked forward " with hope. Thus, to the ſojourner upon earth, it " is of little moment, whether the path he treads be " ſtrewed with flowers or with thorns, if he perceives " himſelf to approach thoſe regions, in compariſon of " which the thorns and the flowers of this wilderneſs " loſe their diſtinction, and are both alike impotent to " give pleaſure or pain.

" What then has ETERNAL WISDOM unequally " diſtributed? That which can make every ſtation " happy, and without which every ſtation muſt be " wretched, is acquired by *Virtue*; and *Virtue* is poſ- " ſible to all. Remember, *Almet*, the viſion which " thou haſt ſeen; and let my words be written on the " tablet of thy heart, that thou may'ſt direct the wan- " derer to happineſs, and juſtify GOD to men."

While the voice of *Azoran* was yet ſounding in my ears, the proſpect vaniſhed from before me, and I found myſelf again ſitting at the porch of the temple. The ſun was going down, the multitude was retired to reſt, and the ſolemn quiet of midnight concurred with the reſolution of my doubts to compleat the tranquillity of my mind.

Such, my ſon, was the viſion which the PROPHET vouchſafed me, not for my ſake only, but for thine. Thou haſt ſought felicity in temporal things; and, therefore, thou art diſappointed. Let not inſtruction be loſt upon thee, as the ſeal of *Mahomet* in the well of *Oris*: but go thy way, let thy flock cloath the naked, and thy table feed the hungry; deliver the poor from oppreſſion, and let thy converſation be ABOVE. Thus ſhalt thou " rejoice in hope," and look forward to the end of life as the conſummation of thy felicity.

Almet, in whoſe breaſt devotion kindled as he ſpake, returned into the temple, and the ſtranger departed in peace.

The Natural Hiſtory of Ants. [Guard. N°. 156.]

IN one of my papers I ſuppoſed a molehill, inhabited by Piſmires or Ants, to be a lively image of the earth, peopled by human creatures. This ſuppoſition will not appear too forced or ſtrained to thoſe who are acquainted with the natural hiſtory of theſe little inſects; in order to which I ſhall preſent my reader with the extract of a letter upon this curious ſubject, as it was publiſhed by the members of the *French* academy, and ſince tranſlated into *Engliſh*. I muſt confeſs I was never in my life better entertained than with this narrative, which is of undoubted credit and authority.

'In a room next to mine, which had been empty 'for a long time, there was upon a window a box full 'of earth, two foot deep, and fit to keep flowers in. 'That kind of parterre had been long uncultivated, 'and therefore it was covered with old plaiſter, and a 'great deal of rubbiſh that fell from the top of the 'houſe, and from the walls, which, together with the 'earth formerly imbibed with water, made a kind of 'a dry and barren ſoil. That place lying to the South, 'and out of the reach of the wind and rain, beſides 'the neighbourhood of a granary, was a moſt delightful ſpot of ground for Ants; and therefore they had 'made three neſts there, without doubt for the ſame 'reaſon that men build cities in fruitful and convenient places, near ſprings and rivers.

'Having a mind to cultivate ſome flowers, I took a 'view of that place, and removed a tulip out of the 'garden into that box; but caſting my eyes upon the 'Ants, continually taken up with a thouſand cares, 'very inconſiderable with reſpect to us, but of the greateſt 'importance for them, they appeared to me more worthy of my curioſity than all the flowers in the world. 'I quickly removed the tulip, to be the admirer and 'reſtorer of that little commonwealth. This was the 'only thing they wanted; for their policy and the 'order obſerved among them, are more perfect than 'thoſe of the wiſeſt republicks: and therefore they

'ha

'have nothing to fear, unleſs a new legiſlator ſhould 'attempt to change the form of their government.

'I made it my buſineſs to procure them all ſorts of 'conveniencies. I took out of the box every thing that 'might be troubleſome to them; and frequently viſited 'my Ants, and ſtudied all their actions. Being uſed 'to go to bed very late, I went to ſee them work in a 'moonſhiny night; and I did frequently get up in the 'night, to take a view of their labours. I always 'found ſome going up and down, and very buſy: one 'would think that they never ſleep. Every body knows 'that Ants come out of their holes in the day-time, 'and expoſe to the ſun the corn, which they keep 'under ground in the night. Thoſe who have ſeen 'ant-hillocks, have eaſily perceived thoſe ſmall heaps 'of corn about their neſts. What ſurpriſed me at firſt 'was, that my Ants never brought out their corn, but 'in the night when the moon did ſhine, and kept it 'under ground in the day-time; which was contrary 'to what I had ſeen, and ſaw ſtill practiſed by thoſe 'inſects in other places. I quickly found out the rea-'ſon of it: there was a pigeon-houſe not far from 'thence: pigeons and birds would have eaten their 'corn, if they had brought it out in the day-time. 'Tis highly probable they knew it by experience; and 'I frequently found pigeons and birds in that place, 'when I went to it in a morning. I quickly delivered 'them from thoſe robbers: I frighted the birds away 'with ſome pieces of paper tied to the end of a ſtring 'over the window. As for the pigeons, I drove them 'away ſeveral times; and when they perceived that the 'place was more frequented than before, they never came 'to it again. What is moſt admirable, and what I could 'hardly believe, if I did not know it by experience, 'is, that thoſe Ants knew ſome days after that they 'had nothing to fear, and began to lay out their corn 'in the ſun. However, I perceived they were not fully 'convinced of being out of all danger; for they durſt 'not bring out their proviſions all at once, but by 'degrees, firſt in a ſmall quantity, and without any 'great order, that they might quickly carry them away

'in caſe of any misfortune, watching, and looking 'every way. At laſt, being perſuaded that they had 'nothing to fear, they brought out all their corn, al- 'moſt every day, and in good order, and carried it 'in at night.

'There is a ſtraight hole in every Ant's neſt about 'half an inch deep; and then it goes down ſloping 'into a place where they have their magazine, which 'I take to be a different place from that where they 'reſt and eat. For it is highly improbable that an 'Ant, which is a very cleanly inſect, and throws out 'of her neſt all the ſmall remains of the corn on which 'ſhe feeds, as I have obſerved a thouſand times, would 'fill up her magazine, and mix her corn with dirt and 'ordure.

'The corn, that is laid up by Ants, would ſhoot 'under ground, if thoſe inſects did not take care to 'prevent it. They bite off all the buds before they lay 'it up: and therefore the corn that has lain in their 'neſts will produce nothing. Any one may eaſily 'make this experiment, and even plainly ſee that there 'is no bud in their corn. But though the bud be bit- 'ten off, there remains another inconvenience, that 'corn muſt needs ſwell and rot under ground; and 'therefore it could be of no uſe for the nouriſhment of 'Ants. Thoſe inſects prevent that inconvenience by 'their labour and induſtry, and contrive the matter ſo, 'that corn will keep as dry in their neſts as in our gra- 'naries.

'They gather many ſmall particles of dry earth, 'which they bring every day out of their holes, and 'place them round to heat them in the ſun. Every 'Ant brings a ſmall particle of that earth in her pin- 'cers, lays it by the hole, and then goes and fetches 'another. Thus, in leſs than a quarter of an hour, 'one may ſee a vaſt number of ſuch ſmall particles of 'dry earth heaped up round the hole. They lay their 'corn under ground upon that earth, and cover it with 'the ſame. They perform this work almoſt every day, 'during the heat of the ſun; and though the ſun went 'from the window about three or four o'clock in the 'afternoon

ernoon, they did not remove their corn and their
ticles of earth, becauſe the ground was very hot,
the heat was over.

If any one ſhould think that thoſe animals ſhould
ſand, or ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, rather
n take ſo much pains about dry earth; I anſwer,
it upon ſuch an occaſion nothing can be more pro-
than earth heated in the ſun. Corn does not keep
n ſand: Beſides, a grain of corn that is cut, be-
deprived of its bud, would be filled with ſmall
dy particles that could not eaſily come out. To
ich I add, that ſand conſiſts of ſuch ſmall particles,
t an Ant could not take them up one after an-
er; and therefore thoſe inſects are ſeldom to be
n near rivers, or in a very ſandy ground.

As for the ſmall particles of brick or ſtone, the
ſt moiſtneſs would join them together, and turn
m into a kind of maſtick, which thoſe inſects could
divide. Thoſe particles ſticking together could
come out of an Ant's neſt, and would ſpoil its
ımetry.

When Ants have brought out thoſe particles of
th, they bring out their corn after the ſame man-
, and place it round the earth. Thus one may ſee
heaps ſurrounding their hole, one of dry earth,
l the other of corn; and then they fetch out a re-
inder of dry earth, on which doubtleſs their corn
laid up.

Thoſe inſects never go about this work, but when
weather is clear, and the ſun very hot. I obſerved,
t thoſe little animals having one day brought out
ir corn at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, removed
againſt their uſual cuſtom, before one in the after-
n: The ſun being very hot, and ſky very clear, I
ld perceive no reaſon for it. But half an hour
:r, the ſky began to be overcaſt, and there fell a
ıll rain, which the Ants foreſaw; whereas the
lan almanac had foretold there would be no rain
n that day.

have ſaid before, that thoſe Ants which I did ſo
ticularly conſider, fetched their corn out of a gar-

'ret. I went very frequently into that garret: There 'was ſome old corn in it; and becauſe every grain was 'not alike, I obſerved that they choſe the beſt.

'I know, by ſeveral experiments, that thoſe little 'animals take great care to provide themſelves with 'wheat when they can find it, and always pick out the 'beſt; but they can make ſhift without it. When 'they can get no wheat, they take rye, oats, millet, 'and even crumbs of bread; but ſeldom any barley, 'unleſs it be in a time of great ſcarcity, and when no-'thing elſe can be had.

'Being willing to be more particularly informed of 'their forecaſt and induſtry, I put a ſmall heap of wheat 'in a corner of the room, where they kept: and to pre-'vent their fetching corn out of the garret, I ſhut up 'the window, and ſtopt all the holes. Though Ants 'are very knowing, I don't take them to be conjurers; 'and therefore they could not gueſs that I had put ſome 'corn in that room. I perceived for ſeveral days that 'they were very much perplexed, and went a great way 'to fetch their proviſions. I was not willing for ſome 'time to make them more eaſy; for I had a mind to 'know, whether they would at laſt find out the trea-'ſure, and ſee it at a great diſtance; and whether ſmell-'ing enabled them to know what is good for their nou-'riſhment. Thus they were ſome time in great trouble, 'and took a great deal of pains: They went up and 'down a great way looking out for ſome grains of corn: 'They were ſometimes diſappointed, and ſometimes 'they did not like their corn, after many long and 'painful excurſions. What appeared to me wonder-'ful, was, that none of them came home without bring-'ing ſomething: one brought a grain of wheat, an-'other a grain of rye or oats, or a particle of dry earth, 'if ſhe could get nothing elſe.

'The window upon which thoſe Ants had made their 'ſettlement, looked into a garden, and was two ſtories 'high. Some went to the farther end of the garden, 'others to the fifth ſtory, in queſt of ſome corn. It 'was a very hard journey for them, eſpecially when 'they came home loaded with a pretty large grain of

'corn, which muſt needs be a heavy burden for an Ant,
'and as much as ſhe can bear. The bringing of that
'grain from the middle of the garden to the neſt, took
'up four hours; whereby one may judge of the ſtrength
'and prodigious labour of thoſe little animals. It ap-
'pears from thence, that an Ant works as hard as a
'man, who ſhould carry a very heavy load on his ſhoul-
'ders almoſt every day for the ſpace of four leagues.
'Tis true, thoſe inſects don't take ſo much pains upon
'a flat ground: But then how great is the hardſhip of
'a poor Ant, when ſhe carries a grain of corn to the
'ſecond ſtory, climbing up a wall with her head down-
'wards, and her backſide upwards? None can have a
'true notion of it, unleſs they ſee thoſe little animals
'at work in ſuch a ſituation. The frequent ſtops they
'made in the moſt convenient places, are a plain in-
'dication of their wearineſs. Some of them were
'ſtrangely perplexed, and could not get to their jour-
'ney's end. In ſuch a caſe, the ſtrongeſt Ants, or
'thoſe that are not ſo weary, having carried their corn
'to their neſt, came down again to help them. Some
'are ſo unfortunate as to fall down with their load,
'when they are almoſt come home: When this hap-
'pens they ſeldom loſe their corn, but carry it up
'again.

'I ſaw one of the ſmalleſt carrying a large grain of
'wheat with incredible pains: When ſhe came to the
'box where the neſt was, ſhe made ſo much haſte that
'ſhe fell down with her load, after a very laborious
'march: Such an unlucky accident would have vexed
'a philoſopher. I went down, and found her with the
'ſame corn in her paws: She was ready to climb up
'again. The ſame misfortune happened to her three
'times. Sometimes ſhe fell in the middle of her way,
'and ſometimes higher; but ſhe never let go her hold,
'and was not diſcouraged. At laſt her ſtrength failed
'her: She ſtopt; and another Ant helped her to carry
'her load, which was one of the largeſt and fineſt grains
'of wheat that an Ant can carry. It happens ſome-
'times, that a corn ſlips out of their paws, when they
'*are climbing up*: They take hold of it again, when

'they can find it; otherwiſe they look for another, or 'take ſomething elſe, being aſhamed to return to their 'neſt without bringing ſomething. This I have ex- 'perimented, by taking away the grain which they 'looked for. All thoſe experiments may eaſily be 'made by any one that has patience enough: They do 'not require ſo great a patience as that of Ants; but 'few people are capable of it.'

The ſame Subject continued.

[Guardian, N°. 157.]

IT has been obſerved by writers of morality, that in order to quicken human induſtry, providence has ſo contrived it, that our daily food is not to be procured without much pains and labour. The chace of birds and beaſts, the ſeveral arts of fiſhing, with all the different kinds of agriculture, are neceſſary ſcenes of buſineſs, and give employment to the greateſt part of mankind. If we look into the brute creation, we find all its individuals engaged in a painful and laborious way of life, to procure a neceſſary ſubſiſtence for themſelves, or thoſe that grow up under them: The preſervation of their being is the whole buſineſs of it. An idle man is therefore a kind of monſter in the creation. All nature is buſy about him; every animal he ſees reproaches him. Let ſuch a man, who lies as a burden or dead weight upon the ſpecies, and contributes nothing either to the riches of the commonwealth, or to the maintenance of himſelf and family, conſider that inſtinct with which providence has endowed the Ant, and by which is exhibited an example of induſtry to rational creatures. This is ſet forth under many ſurpriſing inſtances in the paper of yeſterday, and in the concluſion of that narrative, which is as follows:

'Thus my Ants were forced to make a ſhift for a 'livelihood, when I had ſhut up the garret, out of which 'they uſed to fetch their proviſions. At laſt being ſen- 'ſible that it would be a long time before they could 'diſcov

' diſcover the ſmall heap of corn, which I had laid up ' for them, I reſolved to ſhew it to them.

' In order to know how far their induſtry could reach, ' I contrived an expedient, which had good ſucceſs: ' the thing will appear incredible to thoſe, who never ' conſidered, that all animals of the ſame kind, which ' form a ſociety, are more knowing than others. I took ' one of the largeſt Ants, and threw her upon that ſmall ' heap of wheat. She was ſo glad to find herſelf at liberty, that ſhe ran away to her neſt, without carrying off a grain; but ſhe obſerved it: For an hour after all my Ants had notice given them of ſuch a proviſion; and I ſaw moſt of them very buſy in carrying away the corn I had laid up in the room. I leave it to you to judge, whether it may not be ſaid, that they have a particular way of communicating their knowledge to one another; for otherwiſe how could they know, one or two hours after, that there was corn in that place? It was quickly exhauſted; and I put in more, but in a ſmall quantity, to know the true extent of their appetite or prodigious avarice; for I make no doubt but they lay up proviſions againſt the winter: We read it in holy Scripture; a thouſand experiments teach us the ſame; and I don't believe that any experiment has been made that ſhews the contrary.

' I have ſaid before, that there were three Ants neſts in that box or parterre, which formed, if I may ſay ſo, three different cities, governed by the ſame laws, and obſerving the ſame order, and the ſame cuſtoms. However there was this difference, that the inhabitants of one of thoſe holes ſeemed to be more knowing and induſtrious than their neighbours. The Ants of that neſt were diſpoſed in a better order; their corn was finer; they had a greater plenty of proviſions; their neſt was furniſhed with more inhabitants, and they were bigger and ſtronger: It was the principal and the capital neſt. Nay, I obſerved that thoſe Ants were diſtinguiſhed from the reſt, and had ſome *pre-eminence* over them.

' *Though* the box full of earth, where the Ants had *made their ſettlement*, was generally free from rain; ' yet

'yet it rained ſometimes upon it, when a certain wind 'blew. It was a great inconvenience for thoſe inſects: 'Ants are afraid of water; and when they go a great 'way in queſt of proviſions, and are ſurprized by the 'rain, they ſhelter themſelves under ſome tile, or ſome-'thing elſe, and don't come out till the rain is over. 'The Ants of the principal neſt found out a wonderful 'expedient to keep out the rain: There was a ſmall 'piece of a flat ſlate, which they laid over the hole of 'their neſt in the day-time, when they foreſaw it would 'rain, and almoſt every night. Above fifty of thoſe little 'animals, eſpecially the ſtrongeſt, ſurrounded that piece 'of ſlate, and drew it equally in a wonderful order: 'They removed it in the morning; and nothing could 'be more curious than to ſee thoſe little animals about 'ſuch a work. They had made the ground uneven about 'their neſt, inſomuch that the ſlate did not lie flat upon 'it, but left a free paſſage underneath. The Ants of the 'two other neſts did not ſo well ſucceed in keeping out 'the rain: They laid over their holes ſeveral pieces 'of old and dry plaiſter one upon the other; but they 'were ſtill troubled with the rain; and the next day 'took a world of pains to repair the damage. Hence 'it is, that thoſe inſects are ſo frequently to be found 'under tiles, where they ſettle themſelves to avoid the 'rain. Their neſts are at all times covered with thoſe 'tiles, without any incumbrance, and they lay out 'their corn and dry their earth in the ſun about the 'tiles, as one may ſee every day. I took care to cover 'the two Ants neſts that were troubled with the rain: 'As for the capital neſt, there was no need of exerciſ-'ing my charity towards it.

'M. de la *Loubere* ſays, in his relation of *Siam*, that 'in a certain part of that kingdom, which lies open to 'great inundations, all the Ants make their ſettlements 'upon trees: No Ants neſts are to be ſeen any where 'elſe. I need not inſert here what that author ſays 'about thoſe inſects: You may ſee his relation.

'Here follows a curious experiment, which I made 'upon the ſame ground, where I had three Ants neſts. 'I undertook to make a fourth, and went about it in

'th

'the following manner. In a corner of a kind of ter-
'raſs, at a conſiderable diſtance from the box, I found
'a hole ſwarming with Ants much larger than all thoſe
'I had already ſeen; but they were not ſo well provided
'with corn, nor under ſo good a government. I made
'a hole in the box like that of an Ant's neſt, and laid,
'as it were, the foundations of a new city. Afterwards
'I got as many Ants as I could out of the neſt in the
'terraſs, and put them into a bottle, to give them a
'new habitation in my box; and becauſe I was afraid
'they would return to the terraſs, I deſtroyed their old
'neſt, pouring boiling water into the hole, to kill thoſe
'Ants that remained in it. In the next place, I filled
'the new hole with the Ants that were in the bottle;
'but none of them would ſtay in it. They went away
'in leſs than two hours; which made me believe, that
'it was impoſſible to make a fourth ſettlement in
'my box.

'Two or three days after, going accidentally over
'the terraſs, I was much ſurpriſed to ſee the Ants neſt
'which I had deſtroyed very artfully repaired. I re-
'ſolved then to deſtroy it entirely, and to ſettle thoſe
'Ants in my box. To ſucceed in my deſign, I put
'ſome gun-powder and brimſtone into their hole, and
'ſprung a mine? whereby the whole neſt was over-
'thrown: and then I carried as many Ants as I could
'get, into the place which I deſigned for them. It
'happened to be a very rainy day, and it rained all
'night; and therefore they remained in the new hole
'all that time. In the morning, when the rain was
'over, moſt of them went away to repair their old ha-
'bitation; but finding it impracticable, by reaſon of the
'ſmell of the powder and brimſtone, which kills them,
'they came back again, and ſettled in the place I had
'appointed for them. They quickly grew acquainted
'with their neighbours, and received from them all
'manner of aſſiſtance out of their holes. As for the
'inſide of their neſt, none but themſelves were con-
'cerned in it, according to the inviolable laws eſtab-
'liſhed among thoſe animals.

'*An Ant never* goes into any other neſt but her own;
'*and if ſhe* ſhould venture to do it, ſhe would be
'turned

'turned out, and ſeverely puniſhed. I have often 'taken an Ant out of one neſt, to put her into another; 'but ſhe quickly came out, being warmly purſued by 'two or three other Ants. I tried the ſame experiment 'ſeveral times with the ſame Ant; but at laſt the other 'Ants grew impatient, and tore her to pieces. I have 'often frighted ſome Ants with my fingers, and pur-'ſued them as far as another hole, ſtopping all the paſ-'ſages to prevent their going to their own neſt. It was 'very natural for them to fly into the next hole: Ma-'ny a man would not be ſo cautious, and would throw 'himſelf out of the windows, or into a well, if he were 'purſued by aſſaſſins. But the Ants I am ſpeaking of, 'avoided going into any other hole but their own, 'and rather tried all other ways of making their eſcape. 'They never fled into another neſt, but at the laſt ex-'tremity; and ſometimes choſe rather to be taken, as I 'have often experienced. It is therefore an inviolable 'cuſtom among thoſe inſects not to go into any other hole 'but their own. They don't exerciſe hoſpitality; but 'they are very ready to help one another out of their holes. 'They put down their loads at the entrance of a neigh-'bouring neſt; and thoſe that live in it carry them in.

'They keep up a ſort of trade among themſelves; 'and it is not true that thoſe inſects are not for lending: 'I know the contrary: They lend their corn; they 'make exchanges; they are always ready to ſerve one 'another; and I can aſſure you, that more time and 'patience would have enabled me to obſerve a thouſand 'things more curious and wonderful than what I have 'mentioned. For inſtance, how they lend and recover 'their loans; whether it be in the ſame quantity or 'with uſury; whether they pay the ſtrangers that work 'for them, &c. I don't think it impoſſible to examine 'all thoſe things; and it would be a great curioſity to 'know by what maxims they govern themſelves: Per-'haps ſuch a knowledge might be of ſome uſe to us.

'They are never attacked by any enemies in a body, 'as it is reported of bees: Their only fear proceeds 'from birds, which ſometimes eat their corn when they 'lay it out in the ſun; but they keep it under ground, 'when they are afraid of thieves. It is ſaid that ſom

'birds eat them: but I never saw any instance of it. 'They are also infested by small worms; but they turn 'them out and kill them. I observed, that they pu-'nished those Ants, which probably had been wanting 'to their duty: Nay, sometimes they killed them; 'which they did in the following manner: Three or 'four Ants fell upon one, and pulled her several ways, 'until she was torn in pieces. Generally speaking they 'live very quietly, from whence I infer that they have 'a very severe discipline among themselves, to keep so 'good an order; or that they are great lovers of peace, 'if they have no occasion for any discipline.

'Was there ever a greater union in any common-'wealth? Every thing is common among them; which 'is not to be seen any where else. Bees, of which we 'are told so many wonderful things, have each of them 'a hole in their hives; their honey is their own; every 'bee minds her own concerns. The same may be said 'of all other animals. They frequently fight, to de-'prive one another of their portion. It is not so with 'Ants: They have nothing of their own: A grain of 'corn which an Ant carries home, is deposited in a 'common stock: It is not designed for her own use, 'but for the whole community: There is no distinction 'between a private and a common interest. An Ant 'never works for herself, but for the society.

'Whatever misfortune happens to them, their care 'and industry find out a remedy for it; nothing dis-'courages them. If you destroy their nests, they will 'be repaired in two days. Any body may easily see 'how difficult it is to drive them out of their habita-'tions, without destroying the inhabitants; for as long 'as there are any left, they will maintain their ground.'

Learning a proper Ingredient in the Education of a Woman of Quality or Fortune. [Guardian, N°. 155.]

I HAVE often wondered that learning is not thought a *proper ingredient* in the education of a woman of *quality or fortune*. Since they have the same improve-

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able minds as the male part of the ſpecies, why ſhould they not be cultivated by the ſame method? why ſhould reaſon be left to itſelf in one of the ſexes, and be diſciplined with ſo much care in the other?

There are ſome reaſons why learning ſeems more adapted to the female world, than to the male. As in the firſt place, becauſe they have more ſpare time upon their hands, and lead a more ſedentary life. Their employments are of a domeſtic nature, and not like thoſe of the other ſex, which are often inconſiſtent with ſtudy and contemplation. The excellent lady, the lady *Lizard*, in the ſpace of one ſummer, furniſhed a gallery with chairs and couches of her own and her daughters working; and at the ſame time heard all Doctor *Tillotſon*'s ſermons twice over. It is always the cuſtom for one of the young ladies to read, while the others are at work; ſo that the learning of the family is not at all prejudicial to its manufactures. I was mightily pleaſed the other day to find them all buſy in preſerving ſeveral fruits of the ſeaſon, with the Sparkler in the midſt of them, reading over "The plurality of worlds." It was very entertaining to me to ſee them dividing their ſpeculations between jellies and ſtars, and making a ſudden tranſition from the ſun to an apricot, or from the Copernican ſyſtem to the figure of a cheeſe-cake.

A ſecond reaſon why women ſhould apply themſelves to uſeful knowledge rather than men, is becauſe they have that natural gift of ſpeech in greater perfection. Since they have ſo excellent a talent, ſuch a Copia Verborum, or plenty of words, 'tis pity they ſhould not put it to ſome uſe. If the female tongue will be in motion, why ſhould it not be ſet to go right? Could they diſcourſe about the ſpots in the ſun, it might divert them from publiſhing the faults of their neighbours: Could they talk of the different aſpects and conjunctions of the planets, they need not be at the pains to comment upon oglings and clandeſtine marriages. In ſhort, were they furniſhed with matters of fact, out of arts and ſciences, it would now and then be of great eaſe to their *invention*.

There is another reaſon why thoſe eſpecially who are

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women of quality, ſhould apply themſelves to letters, namely, becauſe their huſbands are generally ſtrangers to them.

It is a great pity there ſhould be no knowledge in a family. For my own part, I am concerned when I go into a great houſe, where perhaps there is not a ſingle perſon that can ſpell, unleſs it be by chance the butler, or one of the footmen. What a figure is the young heir likely to make, who is a dunce both by father and mother's ſide?

If we look into the hiſtories of famous women, we find many eminent philoſophers of this ſex. Nay, we find that ſeveral females have diſtinguiſhed themſelves in thoſe ſects of philoſophy which ſeem almoſt repugnant to their natures. There have been famous female Pythagoreans, notwithſtanding moſt of that philoſophy conſiſted in keeping a ſecret, and that the diſciple was to hold her tongue five years together. I need not mention *Portia*, who was a ſtoick in petticoats: nor *Hipparchia*, the famous ſhe cynick, who arrived at ſuch a perfection in her ſtudies, that ſhe converſed with her huſband, or man-planter, in broad day-light, and in the open ſtreets.

Learning and knowledge are perfections in us, not as we are men, but as we are reaſonable creatures, in which order of beings the female world is upon the ſame level with the male. We ought to conſider in this particular, not what is the ſex, but what is the ſpecies to which they belong. At leaſt I believe every one will allow me, that a female philoſopher is not ſo abſurd a character and ſo oppoſite to the ſex, as a female gameſter; and that it is more irrational for a woman to paſs away half a dozen hours at cards or dice, than in getting up ſtores of uſeful learning. This therefore is another reaſon why I would recommend the ſtudies of knowledge to the female world, that they may not be at a loſs how to employ thoſe hours that lie upon their hands.

I might alſo add this motive to my fair readers, that *ſeveral of their ſex* who have improved their minds by *books and literature*, have raiſed themſelves to the higheſt

higheſt poſts of honour and fortune. A neighbouring nation may at this time furniſh us with a very remarkable inſtance of this kind; but I ſhall conclude this head with the hiſtory of *Athenais*, which is a very ſignal example to my preſent purpoſe.

The emperor *Theodoſius* being about the age of one and twenty, and deſigning to take a wife, deſired his ſiſter *Pulcheria* and his friend *Paulinus* to ſearch his whole empire for a woman of the moſt exquiſite beauty and higheſt accompliſhments. In the midſt of this ſearch, *Athenais*, a *Grecian* virgin, accidentally offered herſelf. Her father, who was an eminent philoſopher of *Athens*, and had bred her up in all the learning of that place, at his death left her but a very ſmall portion, in which alſo ſhe ſuffered great hardſhips from the injuſtice of her two brothers. This forced her upon a journey to *Conſtantinople*, where ſhe had a relation who repreſented her caſe to *Pulcheria* in order to obtain ſome redreſs from the emperor. By this means that religious princeſs became acquainted with *Athenais*, whom ſhe found the moſt beautiful woman of her age, and educated under a long courſe of philoſophy in the ſtricteſt virtue, and moſt unſpotted innocence. *Pulcheria* was charmed with her converſation, and immediately made her reports to the emperor her brother *Theodoſius*. The character ſhe gave made ſuch an impreſſion on him, that he deſired his ſiſter to bring her away immediately to the lodgings of his friend *Paulinus*, where he found her beauty and her converſation beyond the higheſt idea he had framed of them. His friend *Paulinus* converted her to chriſtianity, and gave her the name of *Eudoſia*; after which the emperor publickly eſpouſed her, and enjoyed all the happineſs in his marriage which he promiſed himſelf from ſuch a virtuous and learned bride. She not only forgave the injuries which her two brothers had done her, but raiſed them to great honours; and by ſeveral works of learning, as well as by an exemplary life, made herſelf ſo dear to the whole empire, that ſhe had many ſtatues erected to her memory, and is celebrated by the fathers of the church as the ornament of her ſex.

On Calumny. [Spect. N°. 594.]

WERE all the vexations of life put together, we ſhould find that a great part of them proceed from thoſe calumnies and reproaches which we ſpread abroad concerning one another.

There is ſcarce a man living who is not, in ſome degree, guilty of this offence; though, at the ſame time, however we treat one another, it muſt be confeſſed, that we all conſent in ſpeaking ill of the perſons who are notorious for this practice. It generally takes its riſe either from an ill-will to mankind, a private inclination to make ourſelves eſteemed, an oſtentation of wit, a vanity of being thought in the ſecrets of the world, or from a deſire of gratifying any of theſe diſpoſitions of mind in thoſe perſons with whom we converſe.

The publiſher of ſcandal is more or leſs odious to mankind, and criminal in himſelf, as he is influenced by any one or more of the foregoing motives. But whatever may be the occaſion of ſpreading theſe falſe reports, he ought to conſider, that the effect of them is equally prejudicial and pernicious to the perſon at whom they are aimed. The injury is the ſame, though the principle from whence it proceeds may be different.

As every one looks upon himſelf with too much indulgence, when he paſſes a judgment on his own thoughts or actions, and as very few would be thought guilty of this abominable proceeding, which is ſo univerſally practiſed, and at the ſame time ſo univerſally blamed, I ſhall lay down three rules by which I would have a man examine and ſearch into his own heart, before he ſtands acquitted to himſelf of that evil diſpoſition of mind which I am here mentioning.

Firſt of all, Let him conſider whether he does not take delight in hearing the faults of others.

Secondly, Whether he is not too apt to believe ſuch little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable than on the good-natured ſide.

Thirdly, Whether he is not ready to ſpread and propagate ſuch reports as tend to the diſreputation of another.

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These are the several steps by which this vice proceeds, and grows up into slander and defamation.

In the first place, a man who takes delight in hearing the faults of others, shews sufficiently that he has a true relish of scandal, and consequently, the seeds of this vice within him. If his mind is gratified with hearing reproaches which are cast on others, he will find the same pleasure in relating them, and be the more apt to do it, as he will naturally imagine every one he converses with is delighted in the same manner with himself. A man should endeavour therefore to wear out of his mind this criminal curiosity, which is perpetually heightened and enflamed by listening to such stories as tend to the disreputation of others.

In the second place, a man should consult his own heart, whether he be not apt to believe such little blackening accounts, and more inclined to be credulous on the uncharitable, than on the good-natured side.

Such a credulity is very vicious in itself, and generally arises from a man's consciousness of his own secret corruptions. It is a pretty saying of *Thales*, that falsehood is just as far distant from truth, as the ears are from the eyes. By which he would intimate, that a wise man should not easily give credit to the reports of actions which he has not seen. I shall, under this head, mention two or three remarkable rules to be observed by the members of the celebrated *Abbey de la Trape*, as they are published in a little *French* book.

The fathers are there ordered, never to give an ear to any accounts of base and criminal actions; to turn off all such discourse if possible; but in case they hear any thing of this nature so well attested that they cannot disbelieve it, they are then to suppose, that the criminal action may have proceeded from a good intention in him who is guilty of it. This is, perhaps, carrying charity to an extravagance, but it is certainly much more laudable, than to suppose, as the ill-natured part of the world does, that indifferent, and even good actions, proceed from bad principles and wrong intentions.

In the third place, a man ſhould examine his heart, hether he does not find in it a ſecret inclination to pro- gate ſuch reports, as tend to the diſreputation of other.

When the diſeaſe of the mind, which I have hitherto en ſpeaking of, ariſes to this degree of malignity, liſcovers itſelf in its worſt ſymptoms, and is in danger becoming incurable. I need not therefore inſiſt on the guilt in this laſt particular, which every one inot but diſapprove, who is not void of humanity, or in common diſcretion. I ſhall only add, that what- er pleaſure any man may take in ſpreading whiſpers this nature, he will find an infinitely greater ſatis- tion in conquering the temptation he is under, by ing the ſecret die within his own breaſt.

e active and ſpeculative Parts of Mankind compared.

[Guardian, N°. 130.]

AS the greateſt part of mankind are more affected by things which ſtrike the ſenſes, than by ex- lencies that are to be diſcerned by reaſon and ought, they form very erroneous judgments, when y compare the one with the other. An eminent tance of this is, that vulgar notion, that men ad- ted to contemplation are leſs uſeful members of ſo- ty than thoſe of a different courſe of life. The bu- eſs therefore of my preſent paper ſhall be to compare diſtinct merits of the ſpeculative and the active parts mankind.

The advantages ariſing from the labours of generals d politicians are confined to narrow tracts of the earth; d while they promote the intereſt of their own country, y leſſen or obſtruct that of other nations. Whereas light and knowledge that ſpring from ſpeculation not limited to any ſingle ſpot, but equally diffuſed the benefit of the whole globe. Beſides, for the ſt part, the renown only of men of action is tranſ- ted to diſtant poſterity, their great exploits either dying

dying with themſelves, or ſoon after them; whereas ſpeculative men continue to deſerve well of the world thouſands of years after they have left it. Their merits are propagated with their fame which is due to them, but a free gift to thoſe whoſe beneficence has not outlived their perſons,

What benefit do we receive from the renowned deeds of *Cæſar* or *Alexander*, that we ſhould make them the conſtant themes of our praiſe? while the name of *Pythagoras* is more ſparingly celebrated, though it be to him that we are indebted for our trade and riches. This may ſeem ſtrange to a vulgar reader, but the following reflection will make it plain. That philoſopher invented the forty-ſeventh propoſition of the firſt book of *Euclid*, which is the foundation of trigonometry, and conſequently of navigation, upon which the commerce of *Great Britain* depends.

The mathematicks are ſo uſeful and ornamental to human life, that the ingenious Sir *William Temple* acknowledges in ſome part of his writings, all thoſe advantages which diſtinguiſh polite nations from barbarians to be derived from them. But as theſe ſciences cultivate the exterior parts of life, there are others of a more excellent nature, that endue the heart with rudiments of virtue, and by opening our proſpects, and awakening our hopes, produce generous emotions and ſublime ſentiments in the ſoul.

The divine ſages of antiquity, who, by tranſmitting down to us their ſpeculations upon good and evil, upon providence, and the dignity and duration of thinking beings, have imprinted an idea of moral excellence on the minds of men, are moſt eminent benefactors to human nature; and, however overlooked in the loud and thoughtleſs applauſes that are every day beſtowed on the ſlaughterers and diſturbers of mankind, yet they will never want the eſteem and approbation of the wiſe and virtuous.

This apology in behalf of the ſpeculative part of mankind, who make uſeful truth the end of their being, and its acquiſition the buſineſs as well as entertainment of their lives, ſeems not improper, in order to rectify

the miſtake of thoſe, who meaſure merit by noiſe and outward appearance, and are too apt to depreciate and ridicule men of thought and retirement. The raillery and reproaches which are thrown on that ſpecies by thoſe who abound in the animal life, would incline one to think the world not ſufficiently convinced, that whatſoever is good or excellent proceeds from reaſon and reflection.

Even thoſe who only regard truth as ſuch, without communicating their thoughts, or applying them to practice, will ſeem worthy members of the commonwealth, if we compare the innocence and tranquillity with which they paſs their lives, with the fraud and impenitence of other men. But the number of thoſe who by abſtracted thoughts become uſeleſs, is inconſiderable in reſpect of them who are hurtful to mankind by an active and reſtleſs diſpoſition.

As in the diſtribution of other things, ſo in this the wiſdom of providence appears, that men addicted to intellectual purſuits, bear a ſmall proportion to thoſe who rejoice in exerting the force and activity of their corporeal organs; for operations of the latter ſort are limited to a narrow extent of time and place, whereas thoſe of the mind are permanent and univerſal. *Plato* and *Euclid* enjoy a ſort of immortality upon earth, and at this day read lectures to the world.

But if to inform the underſtanding, and regulate the will, is the moſt laſting and diffuſive benefit, there will not be found ſo uſeful and excellent an inſtitution as that of the chriſtian prieſthood, which is now become the ſcorn of fools. That a numerous order of men ſhould be conſecrated to the ſtudy of the moſt ſublime and beneficial truths, with a deſign to propagate them by their diſcourſes and writings, to inform their fellow creatures of the being and attributes of the Deity, to poſſeſs their minds with the ſenſe of a future ſtate, and not only to explain the nature of every virtue and moral duty, but likewiſe to perſuade mankind to the practice of them by the moſt powerful and engaging motives, is a *thing ſo excellent* and neceſſary to the well being

of the world, that no body but a modern free-thinker could have the forehead or folly to turn it into ridicule.

The light in which theſe points ſhould be expoſed to the view of one who is prejudiced againſt the names, *religion*, *church*, *prieſt*, and the like, is to conſider the clergy as ſo many philoſophers, the churches as ſchools, and their ſermons as lectures, for the information and improvement of the audience. How would the heart of *Socrates* or *Tully* have rejoiced, had they lived in a nation, where the law had made proviſion for philoſophers, to read lectures of morality and theology every ſeventh day, in ſeveral thouſands of ſchools erected at the public charge throughout the whole country, at which lectures all ranks and ſexes without diſtinction were obliged to be preſent for the general improvement? And what wicked wretches would they think thoſe men who would endeavour to defeat the purpoſe of ſo divine an inſtitution?

The inhabitants of the earth may properly be ranged under the two general heads of gentlemen and mechanics. This diſtinction ariſes from the different occupations wherein they exert themſelves. The former of theſe ſpecies is univerſally acknowledged to be more honourable than the other, who are looked upon as a baſe and inferior order of men. But if the world is in the right in this natural judgment, it is not generally ſo in the diſtribution of particular perſons under their reſpective denominations. It is a clear ſettled point, that the gentleman ſhould be preferred to the mechanic. But who is the gentleman, and who the mechanic, wants to be explained.

The philoſophers diſtinguiſh two parts in human nature; the rational and the animal. Now, if we attend to the reaſon of the thing, we ſhall find it difficult to aſſign a more juſt and adequate idea of theſe diſtinct ſpecies, than by defining the gentleman to be him whoſe occupation lies in the exertion of his rational faculties, and the mechanic him who is employed in the uſe of his animal parts, or the organic parts of his body.

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The concurring assent of the world, in preferring gentlemen to mechanics, seems founded in that preference which the rational part of our nature is intitled to above the animal; when we consider it in itself, as it is the seat of wisdom and understanding, as it is pure and immortal, and as it is that which, of all the known works of the creation, bears the brightest impress of the Deity.

It claims the same dignity and pre-eminence, if we consider it with respect to its object. Mechanical motives or operations are confined to a narrow circle of low and little things. Whereas reason inquires concerning the nature of intellectual beings, the great author of our existence, its end, and the proper methods of attaining it. Or, in case that noble faculty submit itself to nearer objects, it is not, like the organic powers, confined to a slow and painful manner of action, but shifts the scenes, and applies itself to the most distant objects with incredible ease and dispatch. Neither are the operations of the mind, like those of the hands, limited to one individual object, but at once extended to a whole species.

And as we have shewn the intellectual powers to be nobler than those of motion, both in their own nature, and in regard to their object, the same will still hold if we consider their office. It is the province of the former to preside and direct, of the latter to execute and obey. Those who apply their hands to the materials, appear the immediate builders of an edifice, but the beauty and proportion of it is owing to the architect who designed the plan in his closet. And in like manner, whatever there is either in art or nature, of use or regularity, will be found to proceed from the superior principle of reason and understanding. These reflections, how obvious soever, do nevertheless seem not sufficiently attended to by those who, being at great pains to improve the figure and motions of the body, neglect the culture of the mind.

From the premises it follows, that a man may descend *from an antient family*, wear fine clothes, and be master *of what is* commonly called good breeding, and yet not

merit the name of *gentleman*. All thoſe whoſe principal accompliſhments conſiſt in the exertion of the mechanic powers, whether the organ made uſe of be the eye, the muſcles of the face, the fingers, feet, or any other part, are in the eye of reaſon to be eſteemed mechanics.

I do therefore, by theſe preſents, declare that all men and women, by what title ſoever diſtinguiſhed, whoſe occupation it is either to ogle with the eye, flirt with the fan, dreſs, cringe, adjuſt the muſcles of the face, or other parts of the body, are degraded from the rank of gentry; which is from this time forward appropriated to thoſe who employ the talents of the mind in the purſuit of knowledge and practice of virtue, and are content to take their places as they are diſtinguiſhed by moral and intellectual accompliſhments.

The reſt of the human ſpecies come under the appellation of mechanics, with this difference, that the profeſſed mechanics, who, not pretending to be gentlemen, contain themſelves within their proper ſphere, are neceſſary to the well being of mankind, and conſequently ſhould be more reſpected in a well-regulated common-wealth, than thoſe mechanics who make a merit of being uſeleſs.

Having hitherto conſidered the human ſpecies as diſtinguiſhed into gentlemen and mechanics, I come now to treat of the *machines*, a ſort of beings that have the outſide or appearance of men, without being really ſuch. The free-thinkers have often declared to the world, that they are not actuated by any incorporeal being or ſpirit, but that all the operations they exert proceed from the colliſion of certain corpuſcles, endued with proper figures and motions. It is now a conſiderable time that I have been their proſelyte in this point. I am even ſo far convinced that they are in the right, that I ſhall attempt proving it to others.

The mind being itſelf inviſible, there is no other way to diſcern its exiſtence, than by the effects which it produceth. Where deſign, order and ſymmetry are viſible in the effects, we conclude the cauſe to be an intelligent being: but where nothing of theſe can

ound, we aſcribe the effect to hazard, neceſſity, or the like. Now I appeal to any one who is converſant in the modern productions of our free-thinkers, if they do not look rather like effects of chance, or at beſt of mechaniſm, than of a thinking principle, and conſequently whether the authors of thoſe rhapſodies are not mere machines.

The ſame point is likewiſe evident from their own aſſertion, it being plain that no one could miſtake thought for motion, who knew what thought was. For theſe reaſons I do hereby give it in charge to all Chriſtians, that hereafter they ſpeak of free-thinkers in the neuter gender, uſing the term *it* for *him*. They are to be conſidered as Automata, made up of bones and muſcles, nerves, arteries, and animal ſpirits; not ſo innocent indeed, but as deſtitute of thought and reaſon, as thoſe little machines which the excellent author from whom I take the motto of this paper has ſo elegantly deſcribed.

On the Purſuit of Fame. [Spect. N° 255.]

THE ſoul, conſidered abſtractly from its paſſions, is of a remiſs and ſedentary nature, ſlow in its motives, and languiſhing in its executions. The uſe therefore of the paſſions is to ſtir it up, and to put it upon action, to awaken the underſtanding, to enforce the will, and to make the whole man more vigorous and attentive in the proſecution of his deſigns. As this is the end of the paſſions in general, ſo it is particularly of ambition, which puſhes the ſoul to ſuch actions as are apt to procure honour and reputation to the actor. But if we carry our reflections higher, we may diſcover farther ends of Providence in implanting this paſſion in mankind.

It was neceſſary for the world, that arts ſhould be invented and improved, books written and tranſmitted to *poſterity*, nations conquered and civilized: now *ce the proper* and genuine motives to theſe and the like

like great actions, would only influence virtuous minds; there would be but ſmall improvements in the world, were there not ſome common principle of action working equally with all men. And ſuch a principle is ambition or a deſire of fame, by which great endowments are not ſuffered to lie idle and uſeleſs to the publick, and many vicious men over-reached, as it were, and engaged contrary to their natural inclinations in a glorious and laudable courſe of action. For we may farther obſerve, that men of the greateſt abilities are moſt fired with ambition; and that on the contrary, mean and narrow minds are the leaſt actuated by it; whether it be that a man's ſenſe of his own incapacities makes him deſpair of coming at fame, or that he has not enough range of thought to look out for any good which does not more immediately relate to his intereſt or convenience, or that Providence, in the very frame of his ſoul, would not ſubject him to ſuch a paſſion as would be uſeleſs to the world, and a torment to himſelf.

Were not this deſire of fame very ſtrong, the difficulty of obtaining it, and the danger of loſing it when obtained, would be ſufficient to deter a man from ſo vain a purſuit.

How few are there who are furniſhed with abilities ſufficient to recommend their actions to the admiration of the world, and to diſtinguiſh themſelves from the reſt of mankind? Providence for the moſt part ſets us upon a level, and obſerves a kind of proportion in its diſpenſations towards us. If it renders us perfect in one accompliſhment, it generally leaves us defective in another, and ſeems careful rather of preſerving every perſon from being mean and deficient in his qualifications, than of making any ſingle one eminent or extraordinary.

And among thoſe who are the moſt richly endowed by nature, and accompliſhed by their own induſtry, how few are there whoſe virtues are not obſcured by the ignorance, prejudice, or envy of their beholders? Some men cannot diſcern between a noble and mean action. Others are apt to attribute them to ſome falſe en-

end or intention: and others purpoſely miſrepreſent or put a wrong interpretation on them.

But the more to enforce this conſideration, we may obſerve that thoſe are generally moſt unſucceſsful in their purſuit after fame, who are moſt deſirous of obtaining it. It is *Salluſt*'s remark upon *Cato*, that the leſs he coveted glory the more he acquired it.

Men take an ill-natured pleaſure in croſſing our inclinations, and diſappointing us in what our hearts are moſt ſet upon. When therefore they have diſcovered the paſſionate deſire of fame in the ambitious man, (as no temper of mind is more apt to ſhew itſelf) they become ſparing and reſerved in their commendations, they envy him in the ſatisfaction of an applauſe, and look on their praiſes rather as a kindneſs done to his perſon, than as a tribute paid to his merit. Others who are free from this natural perverſeneſs of temper, grow wary in their praiſes of one, who ſets too great a value on them, leſt they ſhould raiſe him too high in his own imagination, and by conſequence remove him to a greater diſtance from themſelves.

But farther, this deſire of fame naturally betrays the ambitious man into ſuch indecencies as are a leſſening to his reputation. He is ſtill afraid leſt any of his actions ſhould be thrown away in private, leſt his deſerts ſhould be concealed from the notice of the world, or receive any diſadvantage from the reports which others make of them. This often ſets him on empty boaſts and oſtentations of himſelf, and betrays him into vain fantaſtical recitals of his own performances: his diſcourſe generally leans one way, and, whatever is the ſubject of it, tends obliquely either to the detracting from others, or to the extolling of himſelf. Vanity is the natural weakneſs of an ambitious man, which expoſes him to the ſecret ſcorn and deriſion of thoſe he converſes with, and ruins the character he is ſo induſtrious to advance by it. For though his actions are never ſo glorious, they loſe their luſtre when they are drawn at large, and ſet to ſhow by his own hand; and as the world is more apt to find fault than to commend,

the boaſt will probably be cenſured when the great action that occaſioned it is forgotten.

Beſides, this very deſire of fame is looked on as a meanneſs and imperfection in the greateſt character. A ſolid and ſubſtantial greatneſs of ſoul looks down with a generous neglect on the cenſures and applauſes of the multitude, and places a man beyond the little noiſe and ſtrife of tongues. Accordingly we find in ourſelves a ſecret awe and veneration for the character of one who moves above us in a regular and illuſtrious courſe of virtue, without any regard to our good or ill opinions of him, to our reproaches or commendations. As on the contrary it is uſual for us, when we would take off from the fame and reputation of an action, to aſcribe it to vain glory, and a deſire of fame in the actor. Nor is this common judgment and opinion of mankind ill founded, for certainly it denotes no great bravery of mind to be worked up to any noble action by ſo ſelfiſh a motive, and to do that out of a deſire of fame, which we could not be prompted to by a diſintereſted love to mankind, or by a generous paſſion for the glory of him that made us.

Thus is fame a thing difficult to be obtained by all, but particularly by thoſe who thirſt after it, ſince moſt men have ſo much either of ill-nature or of warineſs, as not to gratify or ſooth the vanity of the ambitious man, and ſince this very thirſt after fame naturally betrays him into ſuch indecencies as are leſſening to his reputation, and is itſelf looked upon as a weakneſs in the greateſt characters.

In the next place, fame is eaſily loſt, and as difficult to be preſerved as it was at firſt to be acquired. But this I ſhall make the ſubject of a following paper.

The ſame Subject continued. [Spect. N° 256.]

THERE are many paſſions and tempers of mind which naturally diſpoſe us to depreſs and vilify the merit of one riſing in the eſteem of mankind. All tho'

those who made their entrance into the world with the same advantages, and were once looked on as his equals, are apt to think the fame of his merits a reflexion on their own deserts; and will therefore take care to reproach him with the scandal of some past action, or derogate from the worth of the present, that they may still keep him on the same level with themselves. The like kind of consideration often stirs up the envy of such as were once his superiors, who think it a detraction from their merit to see another get ground upon them, and overtake them in the pursuits of glory; and will therefore endeavour to sink his reputation, that they may the better preserve their own. Those who were once his equals envy and defame him, because they now see him their superior; and those who were once his superiors, because they look upon him as their equal.

But farther, a man whose extraordinary reputation thus lifts him up to the notice and observation of mankind, draws a multitude of eyes upon him that will narrowly inspect every part of him, consider him nicely in all views, and not be a little pleased when they have taken him in the worst and most disadvantageous light. There are many who find a pleasure in contradicting the common reports of fame, and in spreading abroad the weaknesses of an exalted character. They publish their ill-natured discoveries with a secret pride, and applaud themselves for the singularity of their judgment, which has searched deeper than others, detected what the rest of the world have overlooked, and found a flaw in what the generality of mankind admires. Others there are who proclaim the errors and infirmities of a great man with an inward satisfaction and complacency, if they discover none of the like errors and infirmities in themselves; for while they are exposing another's weaknesses, they are tacitly aiming at their own commendations, who are not subject to the like infirmities, and are apt to be transported with a secret kind of vanity to see themselves superior in some respects to one of a sublime and celebrated reputation. Nay, it very often happens, that none are more industrious in publishing the blemishes of an extraordinary reputation, than such as lie open

open to the ſame cenſures in their own characters, as either hoping to excuſe their own defects by the authority of ſo high an example, or raiſing an imaginary applauſe to themſelves for reſembling a perſon of an exalted reputation, though in the blameable parts of his character. If all theſe ſecret ſprings of detraction fail, yet very often a vain oſtentation of wit ſets a man on attacking an eſtabliſhed name, and ſacrificing it to the mirth and laughter of thoſe about him. A ſatire or a libel on one of the common ſtamp, never meets with that reception and approbation among its readers, as what is aimed at a perſon whoſe merit places him upon an eminence, and gives him a more conſpicuous figure among men. Whether it be that we think it ſhews greater art to expoſe and turn to ridicule a man whoſe character ſeems ſo improper a ſubject for it, or that we are pleaſed with ſome implicit kind of revenge to ſee him taken down and humbled in his reputation, and in ſome meaſure reduced to our own rank, who had ſo far raiſed himſelf above us in the reports and opinions of mankind.

Thus we ſee how many dark and intricate motives there are to detraction and defamation, and how many malicious ſpies are ſearching into the actions of a great man, who is not always the beſt prepared for ſo narrow an inſpection. For we may generally obſerve, that our admiration of a famous man leſſens upon our nearer acquaintance with him; and that we ſeldom hear the deſcription of a celebrated perſon, without a catalogue of ſome notorious weakneſſes and infirmities. The reaſons may be, becauſe any little ſlip is more conſpicuous and obſervable in his conduct than in another's, as it is not of a piece with the reſt of his character, or becauſe it is impoſſible for a man at the ſame time to be attentive to the more important part of his life, and to keep a watchful eye over all the inconſiderable circumſtances of his behaviour and converſation; or becauſe, as we have before obſerved, the ſame temper of *mind* which inclines us to a deſire of fame, naturally *betrays* us into ſuch ſlips and unwarineſſes as are not *incident* to men of a contrary diſpoſition.

After all it must be confessed, that a noble and triumphant merit often breaks through and dissipates these little spots and sullies in its reputation; but if by a mistaken pursuit after fame, or through human infirmities, any false step be made in the more momentous concerns of life, the whole scheme of ambitious designs is broken and disappointed. The smaller stains and blemishes may die away and disappear amidst the brightness that surrounds them; but a blot of a deeper nature casts a shade on all the other beauties, and darkens the whole character. How difficult therefore is it to preserve a great name, when he that has acquired it is so obnoxious to such little weaknesses and infirmities as are no small diminution to it when discovered, especially when they are so industriously proclaimed, and aggravated by such as were once his superiors or equals; by such as would set to show their judgment or their wit, and by such as are guilty or innocent of the same slips or misconducts in their own behaviour.

But were there none of these dispositions in others to censure a famous man, nor any such miscarriages in himself, yet would he meet with no small trouble in keeping up his reputation in all its height and splendor. There must be always a noble train of actions to preserve his fame in life and motion. For when it is once at a stand, it naturally flags and languishes. Admiration is a very short-liv'd passion, that immediately decays upon growing familiar with its object, unless it be still fed with fresh discoveries, and kept alive by a perpetual new succession of miracles rising up to its view. And even the greatest actions of a celebrated person labour under this disadvantage, that however surprising and extraordinary they may be, they are no more than what are expected from him; but on the contrary, if they fall any thing below the opinion that is conceived of him, though they might raise the reputation of another, they are a diminution to *his*.

One would think there should be something wonderfully pleasing in the possession of fame, that, notwithstanding all these mortifying considerations, can engage a man in so desperate a pursuit; and yet if we consider

the little happineſs that attends a great character, and the multitude of diſquietudes to which the deſire of it ſubjects an ambitious mind, one would be ſtill the more ſurprized to ſee ſo many reſtleſs candidates for glory.

Ambition raiſes a ſecret tumult in the ſoul, it inflames the mind, and puts it into a violent hurry of thought: it is ſtill reaching after an empty imaginary good, that has not in it the power to abate or ſatisfy it. Moſt other things we long for can allay the cravings of their proper ſenſe, and for a while ſet the appetite at reſt; but fame is a good ſo wholly foreign to our natures, that we have no faculty in the ſoul adapted to it, nor any organ in the body to reliſh it; an object of deſire placed out of the poſſibility of fruition. It may indeed fill the mind for a while with a giddy kind of pleaſure, but it is ſuch a pleaſure as makes a man reſtleſs and uneaſy under it, and which does not ſo much ſatisfy the preſent thirſt, as it excites freſh deſires, and ſets the ſoul on new enterpriſes. For how few ambitious men are there, who have got as much fame as they deſire, and whoſe thirſt after it has not been as eager in the very height of their reputation, as it was before they became known and eminent among men? There is not any circumſtance in *Cæſar*'s character which gives me a greater idea of him, than a ſaying which *Ciccro* tells us he frequently made uſe of in private converſation, *That he was ſatisfied with his ſhare of life and fame.* *Se ſatis vel ad naturam, vel ad gloriam vixiſſe.* Many indeed have given over their purſuits after fame, but that has proceeded either from the diſappointments they have met in it, or from their experience of the little pleaſure which attends it, or from the better informations or natural coldneſs of old age; but ſeldom from a full ſatisfaction and acquieſcence in their preſent enjoyments of it.

Nor is fame only unſatisfying in itſelf, but the deſire of it lays us open to many accidental troubles which thoſe are free from who have not ſuch a tender regard for it. How often is the ambitious man caſt down and diſappointed, if he receives no praiſe where he expected it? Nay how often is he mortified with the very praiſes he receives, if they do not riſe ſo high as he thinks they ought

ought, which they ſeldom do unleſs increaſed by flattery, ſince few men have ſo good an opinion of us as we have of ourſelves? But if the ambitious man be ſo much grieved even with praiſe itſelf, how will he be able to bear up under ſcandal and defamation? For the ſame temper of mind which makes him deſire fame, makes him hate reproach. If he can be tranſported with the extraordinary praiſes of men, he will be as much dejected by their cenſures. How little therefore is the happineſs of an ambitious man, who gives every one a dominion over it, who thus ſubjects himſelf to the good or ill ſpeeches of others, and puts it in the power of every malicious tongue to throw him into a fit of melancholy, and deſtroy his natural reſt and repoſe of mind? eſpecially when we conſider that the world is more apt to cenſure than applaud, and himſelf fuller of imperfections than virtues.

We may farther obſerve, that ſuch a man will be more grieved for the loſs of fame, than he could have been pleaſed with the enjoyment of it. For though the preſence of this imaginary good cannot make us happy, the abſence of it may make us miſerable: becauſe in the enjoyment of an object we only find that ſhare of pleaſure which it is capable of giving us, but in the loſs of it we do not proportion our grief to the real value it bears, but to the value our fancies and imaginations ſet upon it.

So inconſiderable is the ſatisfaction that fame brings along with it, and ſo great the diſquietudes to which it makes us liable. The deſire of it ſtirs up many uneaſy motions in the mind, and is rather inflamed than ſatisfied with the preſence of the thing deſired. The enjoyment of it brings very little pleaſure, though the loſs or want of it be very ſenſible and afflicting; and even this little happineſs is ſo very precarious, that it wholly depends on the will of others. We are not only tortured by the reproaches which are offered us, but are diſappointed by the ſilence of men when it is unexpected; and humbled even by their praiſes.

ws our behaviour in every concurrence of affairs, and ees us engaged in all the poſſibilities of action. He diſcovers the martyr and confeſſor without the trial of flames and tortures, and will hereafter intitle many to the reward of actions which they had never the opportunity of performing. Another reaſon why men cannot form a right judgment of us is, becauſe the ſame actions may be aimed at different ends, and ariſe from quite contrary principles. Actions are of ſo mixt a nature, and ſo full of circumſtances, that as men pry into them more or leſs, or obſerve ſome parts more than others, they take different hints, and put contrary interpretations on them; ſo that the ſame actions may repreſent a man as hypocritical and deſigning to one, which make him appear a ſaint or hero to another. He therefore who looks upon the ſoul through its outward actions, often ſees it through a deceitful medium, which is apt to diſcolour and pervert the object: ſo that on this account alſo, *he* is the only proper judge of our perfections, who does not gueſs at the ſincerity of our intentions from the goodneſs of our actions, but weighs the goodneſs of our actions by the ſincerity of our intentions.

But further; it is impoſſible for outward actions to repreſent the perfections of the ſoul, becauſe they can never ſhew the ſtrength of thoſe principles from whence they proceed. They are not adequate expreſſions of our virtues, and can only ſhew us what habits are in the ſoul, without diſcovering the degree and perfection of ſuch habits. They are at beſt but weak reſemblances of our intentions, faint and imperfect copies that may acquaint us with a general deſign, but can never expreſs the beauty and life of the original. But the great Judge of all the earth knows every different ſtate and degree of human improvement, from thoſe weak ſtirrings and tendencies of the will which have not yet formed themſelves into regular purpoſes and deſigns, to the laſt entire finiſhing and conſummation of a good habit. He beholds the firſt imperfect rudiments of a virtue in the ſoul, and keeps a watchful eye over it in all its progreſs, 'till it has received every grace it is capable of, and appears in its full beauty and perfection. Thus we ſee that

nor

none but the Supreme Being can eſteem us according to our proper merits, ſince all others muſt judge of us from our outward actions, which can never give them a juſt eſtimate of us, ſince there are many perfections of a man which are not capable of appearing in action; many which, allowing no natural incapacity of ſhewing themſelves, want an opportunity of doing it; or ſhould they all meet with an opportunity of appearing by actions, yet thoſe actions may be miſinterpreted, and applied to wrong principles; or though they plainly diſcovered the principles from whence they proceeded, they could never ſhew the degree, ſtrength and perfection of thoſe principles.

And as the Supreme Being is the only proper judge of our perfections, ſo is he the only fit rewarder of them. This is a conſideration that comes home to our intereſt, as the other adapts itſelf to our ambition. And what could the moſt aſpiring, or the moſt ſelfiſh man deſire more, were he to form the notion of a being to whom he would recommend himſelf, than ſuch a knowledge as can diſcover the leaſt appearance of perfection in him, and ſuch a goodneſs as will proportion a reward to it?

Let the ambitious man therefore turn all his deſire of fame this way; and that he may propoſe to himſelf a fame worthy of his ambition, let him conſider that if he employs his abilities to the beſt advantage, the time will come when the Supreme Governor of the world, the great Judge of mankind, who ſees every degree of perfection in others, and poſſeſſes all poſſible perfection in himſelf, ſhall proclaim his worth before men and angels, and pronounce to him in the preſence of the whole creation that beſt and moſt ſignificant of applauſes, *Well done, thou good and faithful ſervant, enter thou into thy maſter's joy.*

An Allegory on ONE'S-SELF. [World, N°. 198.]

To Mr. FITZ-ADAM.

SIR,

I BEG your advice and assistance to enable me to get rid of one of the most impertinent companions that ever existed. I have tried every art and contrivance in my power to free myself from his odious conversation; the creature will press upon my retirement, and force himself upon me in spite of my teeth; though the *tête à tête* is always the most shocking and unmannerly you can possibly conceive. The thing is always meddling in my affairs in a manner quite intolerable; always setting them in such a light, as cannot fail to put me out of humour; and teazing me with reflections that make me weary of my life. I am sure I could more easily bear the spiteful tongues of twenty witty females at the masquerade, than the impertinence of this animal for a quarter of an hour; and with concern I find, that the more pains I take to free myself from him, the more troublesome he grows.

Nor do I complain only for my own sake, but for the sakes of almost the whole circle of my acquaintance, as well female as male, who in general are pestered in a most unreasonable manner by this saucy intruder, whom all are forced to admit, though so few care for his company, and against whose presumption no rank or dignity, no quality or profession, can defend them. He will force himself into the closet, hover about the bed, and penetrate through the thickest darkness into the deepest recess; will travel with us by sea and land, and follow the wretch into banishment. In vain does the statesman hug himself in the success of his unjust schemes, or exult in the gratification of his ambition or revenge; unawed by his power, this haughty companion will check his career of transport, by placing before his eyes the instability of his situation, and the consequences of his actions. In vain does the flirt or *coxcomb*, when alone, endeavour to recollect with pleasure the *badinage* of the day; the creature will disturb thei

their moſt delightful reveries, and by the magic of his intervention, convert all the imaginary *agrémens* into vanity, folly, and loſt time. You cannot wonder then that ſo many avoid and fly him, and that the panic ſpread by him ſhould extend itſelf far and wide; nor can you be much amazed when I aſſure you, that it is no uncommon thing to ſee men of ſenſe and courage fly from him without reaſon, and take refuge in thoſe polite reſorts, where diſſipation, riot and luxury, ſecure them from his viſits, which they only decline becauſe it is unfaſhionable to converſe with him. It is ſurpriſing what pains are continually taken, what contrivances have been uſed to get rid of this univerſal phantom. Some flatter him, ſome bully him, and ſome endeavour to impoſe upon him; but he never fails to detect their frauds, and to reſent them with ſeverity.

The beaus and fine gentlemen ſeem to revere and adore him, pouring forth libations of ſweet water, and offering him the incenſe of perfumes; cloathing him in dreſſes, elegant and expenſive as thoſe of our lady of *Loretto*, practiſing every art of heathen or popiſh idolatry, even torturing themſelves for his ſake; but all with no manner of ſucceſs; for the brute in return is as unſociable and diſagreeable to the pretty creatures, as the moſt ſavage ſquire, or the moſt formal pedant; ſo that, ſpite of their pretences, they are obliged to fly, as a plague, from what they appear moſt to admire. I cannot here omit a whimſical circumſtance in this paradoxical character, that moſt people are reproached with loving him with the greateſt partiality and fondneſs, and are greatly delighted to hear him praiſed, yet very few ſeek to come to the knowledge of him, or cultivate his acquaintance; nay, the greater part try all poſſible means to avoid encountering him.

Our modern philoſophers pretend by their ſyſtems to have ſilenced him, and by that means to have prevented his being troubleſome to them or their acquaintance: but how fallacious theſe pretences are, is plain from their avoiding all opportunities of being alone with him, and the confuſion they expreſs whenever by unavoidable *neceſſity* they are forced to it. Others, as he is a known

enemy

enemy to the modern elegant tables, have exerted all the arts of the kitchen againſt him, lengthening the feaſt till midnight to keep him off; but, like the reckoning, he appears when the banquet is over, reproaching the bounteous hoſt with his profuſion, and the pampered gueſt with his wanton ſatiety: nay, ſo galling are his reprehenſions, and ſo troubleſome his intruſion, that there have not been wanting inſtances, even in high life, of thoſe, who not being able to keep him off otherwiſe, have called in to their relief the halter, dagger and piſtol, and fairly removed themſelves into another world to get rid of him; though certain queer fellows pretend that they are bit, and that he has followed them even thither.

The fair ſex, though generally favourable to the impertinent, are ſo rudely attacked by this inſolent intruder, that to keep him off, they have been obliged to call in to their aſſiſtance the relief of routs, balls, aſſemblies, operas, gardens and cards; and all little enough for their protection. He might indeed pretend to ſome ſhare of their favour, as, like themſelves, he is a ſevere cenſurer of his acquaintance; but there is this difference in their management, that the ladies are generally fondeſt of fixing their cenſure on the innocent, and their adverſary is a judge that condemns none but the guilty. The buck and the ſot ſeem to be leaſt affected by his importunity; as the one, from his natural inſenſibility, can attend to nothing, and the other is always aſleep.

In the city, thoſe of the middling rank converſe with him pretty familiarly; and the rich, to whom he might on ſome occaſions prove troubleſome, have a charm to keep him off. They place a number of bags, full of pieces of a particular metal, cloſe together; or in their ſtead, ſome bits of paper inſcribed with certain cabaliſtical characters, which, with a Midas-like touch, they can tranſmute into gold. By the help of this charm, though they do not entirely get rid of him, they become *quite* inſenſible to every thing he can ſuggeſt. But as *theſe* materials are not always at hand, or are applied *to other* uſes by the politer part of mankind, this magic

is not properly underſtood or practiſed at the other end of the town; though it is ſaid that ſome particular perſons there had tried it with a proper effect.

Notwithſtanding all I have advanced of this impertinent viſitor, I cannot help owning that ſome have attempted to inſinuate a better opinion of him. A certain old gentleman, for recommending his acquaintance, got the title of a wiſe man; a name at preſent but of ſmall conſideration; and I am told that there never were but ſeven who were allowed that title. There are indeed ſome few perſons of high rank of both ſexes, that do vouchſafe to commune with him; but they are ſuch ſort of folks, as are hardly fit to converſe with any but one another; and very happily, one is ſeldom peſtered with them at places of polite aſſociation; ſcarce a man among them knowing how to make a bet, to drink his third bottle, or that has ſpirit to aſpire at the reputation of a *bonne fortune*. The ladies of this claſs are alſo ſo unfit for the converſation of the world, that not one in ten of them knows how to play a rubber at Whiſt, or dares to ſit down to a party at Bragg.

I have now, Sir, laid my complaints before you, and beg your advice how to get clear of my perplexity. My troubleſome companion is, no doubt, too well known to you to require the inſertion of his name; but as ſome of your readers (particularly females) may be ſubject to the frailty of forgetting their moſt intimate acquaintance, I will inform them, that this ghaſtly phantom that intrudes ſo impertinently upon all ſorts of people, this creature that we ſo ſeldom know what to do with, and wiſh ſo heartily to get rid of, is no other than ONE'S SELF.

I am, Sir, *Your's, &c.*

TIMOTHY LOITER.

The SHEPHERD *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

[GAY.]

REMOTE from cities liv'd a Swain,
Unvex'd with all the cares of gain;
His head was silver'd o'er with age,
And long experience made him sage;
In summer's heat and winter's cold
He fed his flock and penn'd the fold;
His hours in chearful labour flew,
Nor envy nor ambition knew;
His wisdom and his honest fame
Through all the country rais'd his name.
A deep Philosopher (whose rules
Of moral life were drawn from schools)
The Shepherd's homely cottage sought,
And thus explor'd his reach of thought.
Whence is thy learning? Hath thy toil
O'er books consum'd the mid-night oil?
Hast thou old *Greece* and *Rome* survey'd,
And the vast sense of *Plato* weigh'd?
Hath *Socrates* thy soul refin'd,
And hast thou fathom'd *Tully*'s mind?
Or, like the wise *Ulysses* thrown
By various fates on realms unknown,
Hast thou through many cities stray'd,
Their customs, laws, and manners weigh'd?
The Shepherd modestly reply'd,
I ne'er the paths of learning try'd;
Nor have I roam'd in foreign parts
To read mankind, their laws and arts;
For man is practis'd in disguise,
He cheats the most discerning eyes:
Who by that search shall wiser grow,
When we ourselves can never know?
The little knowledge I have gain'd,
Was all from simple nature drain'd;
Hence my life's maxims took their rise,
Hence grew my settled hate to vice.

The daily labours of the bee
Awake my ſoul to induſtry.
Who can obſerve the careful ant,
And not provide for future want?
My dog (the truſtieſt of his kind)
With gratitude inflames my mind:
I mark his true, his faithful way,
And in my ſervice copy *Tray*.
In conſtancy and nuptial love,
I learn my duty from the dove.
The hen, who from the chilly air,
With pious wings protects her care;
And every fowl that flies at large,
Inſtructs me in a parent's charge.
From nature too I take my rule,
To ſhun contempt and ridicule.
I never with important air
In converſation over-bear.
Can grave and formal paſs for wiſe,
When men the ſolemn owl deſpiſe?
My tongue within my lips I rein;
For who talks much muſt talk in vain.
We from the wordy torrent fly:
Who liſtens to the chatt'ring pye?
Nor would I, with felonious ſlight,
By ſtealth invade my neighbour's right.
Rapacious animals we hate:
Kites, hawks, and wolves deſerve their fate.
Do not we juſt abhorrence find
Againſt the toad and ſerpent kind?
But envy, calumny, and ſpite,
Bear ſtronger venom in their bite.
Thus every object of creation
Can furniſh hints to contemplation;
And from the moſt minute and mean
A virtuous mind can morals glean.
Thy fame is juſt, the ſage replies;
Thy virtue proves thee truly wiſe.
Pride often guides the author's pen,
Books as affected are as men:

But he who ſtudies nature's laws,
From certain truth his maxims draws;
And thoſe without our ſchools, ſuffice
To make men moral, good, and wiſe.

The COUNTRYMAN *and* JUPITER.

[GAY.]

TO MYSELF.

HAVE you a friend (look round and ſpy)
So fond, ſo prepoſſeſs'd as I?
Your faults, ſo obvious to mankind,
My partial eyes could never find.
When, by the breath of fortune blown,
Your airy caſtles were o'erthrown;
Have I been over prone to blame,
Or mortify'd your hours with ſhame?
Was I e'er known to damp your ſpirit,
Or twit you with the want of merit?
'Tis not ſo ſtrange that fortune's frown
Still perſeveres to keep you down.
Look round, and ſee what others do;
Would you be rich and honeſt too?
Have you (like thoſe ſhe rais'd to place)
Been opportunely mean and baſe?
Have you (as times requir'd) reſign'd
Truth, honour, virtue, peace of mind?
If theſe are ſcruples, give her o'er;
Write, practiſe morals, and be poor.
The gifts of fortune truly rate,
Then tell me what would mend your ſtate.
If happineſs on wealth were built,
Rich rogues might comfort find in guilt,
As grows the miſer's hoarded ſtore,
His fears, his wants increaſe the more.
Think, *Gay*, (what ne'er may be the caſe)
Should fortune take you into grace,

Wou

Would that your happineſs augment?
What can ſhe give beyond content?
Suppoſe yourſelf a wealthy heir,
With a vaſt annual income clear;
In all the affluence you poſſeſs,
You might not feel one care the leſs.
Might you not then (like others find)
With change of fortune, change of mind?
Perhaps, profuſe beyond all rule,
You might ſtart out a glaring fool;
Your luxury might break all bounds:
Plate, table, horſes, ſtewards, hounds,
Might ſwell your debts: then luſt of play
No regal income can defray.
Sunk is all credit, writs aſſail,
And doom your future life to jail.
Or were you dignify'd with pow'r,
Would that avert one penſive hour?
You might give avarice its ſwing,
Defraud a nation, blind a king:
Then from the hirelings in your cauſe,
Though daily fed with falſe applauſe,
Could it a real joy impart?
Great guilt knew never joy at heart.
Is happineſs your point in view?
(I mean th' intrinſic and the true)
She nor in camps or courts reſides,
Nor in the humble cottage hides;
Yet found alike in ev'ry ſphere;
Who finds content, will find her there.
O'erſpent with toil beneath the ſhade,
A peaſant reſted on his ſpade.
Good gods! he cries, 'tis hard to bear
This load of life from year to year.
Soon as the morning ſtreaks the ſkies,
Induſtrious labour bids me riſe;
With ſweat I earn my homely fare,
And ev'ry day renews my care.
Jove heard the diſcontented ſtrain,
And thus rebuk'd the murm'ring ſwain.

Speak out your wants then, honeſt friend:
Unjuſt complaints the gods offend.
If you repine at partial fate,
Inſtruct me what could mend your ſtate.
Mankind in every ſtation ſee.
What wiſh you? tell me what you'd be.
So ſaid, upborne upon a cloud,
The clown ſurvey'd the anxious croud.
Yon face of care, ſays *Jove*, behold,
His bulky bags are fill'd with gold.
See with what joy he counts it o'er!
That ſum to day hath ſwell'd his ſtore.
Were I that man, (the peaſant cry'd)
What bleſſing could I aſk beſide?
Hold, ſays the God; firſt learn to know
True happineſs from outward ſhow.
This optic glaſs of intuition——
Here, take it, view his true condition.
He look'd, and ſaw the miſer's breaſt,
A troubled ocean, ne'er at reſt;
Want ever ſtares him in the face,
And fear anticipates diſgrace:
With conſcious guilt he ſaw him ſtart;
Extortion gnaws his throbbing heart;
And never, or in thought or dream,
His breaſt admits one happy gleam.
May *Jove*, he cries, reject my pray'r,
And guard my life from guilt and care.
My ſoul abhors that wretch's fate,
O keep me in my humble ſtate!
But ſee amidſt a gawdy crowd,
Yon miniſter ſo gay and proud;
On him what happineſs attends,
Who thus rewards his grateful friends!
Firſt take the glaſs, the God replies;
Man views the world with partial eyes.
Good gods! exclaims the ſtartled wight,
Defend me from this hideous ſight!
Corruption, with corroſive ſmart,
Lies cank'ring on his guilty heart.

I ſee him, with polluted hand,
Spread the contagion o'er the land.
Now av'rice with inſatiate jaws,
Now rapine with her harpy claws,
His boſom tears. His conſcious breaſt
Groans with a load of crimes oppreſt.
See him, mad and drunk with power,
Stand tott'ring on ambition's tower.
Sometimes, in ſpeeches vain and proud,
His boaſts inſult the nether crowd;
Now, ſeiz'd with giddineſs and fear,
He trembles leſt his fall is near.
Was ever wretch like this, he cries!
Such miſery in ſuch diſguiſe!
The change, O *Jove*, I diſavow;
Still be my lot the ſpade and plough.
He next, confirm'd by ſpeculation,
Rejects the lawyer's occupation;
For he the ſtateſman ſeem'd in part,
And bore ſimilitude of heart.
Nor did the ſoldier's trade inflame
His hopes with thirſt of ſpoil and fame:
The miſeries of war he mourn'd;
Whole nations into deſarts turn'd.
By theſe have laws and rights been brav'd;
By theſe was free-born man inſlav'd:
When battles and invaſion ceaſe,
Why ſwarm they in the lands of peace?
Such change (ſays he) may decline;
The ſcythe and civil arms be mine!
Thus, weighing life in each condition,
The clown withdrew his raſh petition.
When thus the God: How mortals err!
If you true happineſs prefer,
'Tis to no rank of life confin'd,
But dwells in ev'ry honeſt mind.
Be juſtice then your ſole purſuit;
Plant virtue, and content's the fruit.
So *Jove*, to gratify the clown,
Where firſt he found him ſet him down.

The PACK-HORSE *and the* CARRIER.

[GAY.

TO A YOUNG NOBLEMAN.

BEGIN, my Lord, in early youth,
To ſuffer, nay, encourage truth:
And blame me not for diſreſpect,
If I the flatt'rer's ſtyle reject;
With that by menial tongues ſupply'd,
You're daily cocker'd up in pride.
The tree's diſtinguiſh'd by the fruit,
Be virtue then your firſt purſuit:
Set your great anceſtors in view,
Like them deſerve the title too;
Like them ignoble actions ſcorn:
Let virtue prove you greatly born.
Though with leſs plate their ſide-board ſhone,
Their conſcience always was their own;
They ne'er at levees meanly fawn'd,
Nor was their honour yearly pawn'd;
Their hands, by no corruption ſtain'd,
The miniſterial bribe diſdain'd;
They ſerv'd the crown with loyal zeal,
Yet jealous of the publick weal;
They ſtood the bulwark of our laws,
And wore at heart their country's cauſe;
By neither place or penſion bought,
They ſpoke and voted as they thought.
Thus did your ſires adorn their ſeat;
And ſuch alone are truly great.
If you the paths of learning ſlight,
You're but a dunce in ſtronger light:
In foremoſt rank, the coward, plac'd,
Is more conſpicuouſly diſgrac'd.
If you to ſerve a paltry end,
To knaviſh jobs can condeſcend,
We pay you the contempt that's due;
In that you have precedence too.

W

Whence had you this illuſtrious name?
From virtue and unblemiſh'd fame.
By birth the name alone deſcends;
Your honour on yourſelf depends.
Think not your coronet can hide
Aſſuming ignorance and pride.
Learning by ſtudy muſt be won,
'Twas ne'er entail'd from ſon to ſon.
Superior worth your rank requires;
For that mankind reveres your ſires:
If you degenerate from your race,
Their merits heighten your diſgrace.

A Carrier, ev'ry night and morn,
Would ſee his horſes eat their corn.
This ſunk the hoſtler's vails, 'tis true;
But then his horſes had their due.
Were we ſo cautious in all caſes,
Small gain would riſe from greater places.
The manger now had all its meaſure;
He heard the grinding teeth with pleaſure:
When all at once confuſion rung;
They ſnorted, juſtled, bit, and flung.
A Pack-horſe turn'd his head aſide,
Foaming, his eye-balls ſwell'd with pride.
Good gods! (ſays he) how hard's my lot!
Is then my high deſcent forgot?
Reduc'd to drudg'ry and diſgrace,
(A life unworthy of my race)
Muſt I too bear the vile attacks
Of ragged ſcrubs, and vulgar hacks?
See ſcurvy *Roan*, that brute ill-bred,
Dares from the manger thruſt my head!
Shall I, who boaſt a noble line,
On offals of theſe creatures dine?
Kick'd by old *Baal!* ſo mean a foe!
My honour ſuffers by the blow.
Newmarket ſpeaks my grandſire's fame,
All jockeys ſtill revere his name:
There yearly are his triumphs told,
There all his maſſy plates enroll'd.

Whene'er led forth upon the plain,
You ſaw him with a liv'ry train;
Returning too with laurels crown'd,
You heard the drums and trumpets ſound.
Let it then, Sir, be underſtood,
Reſpect's my due, for I have blood.
Vain-glorious fool (the Carrier cry'd)
Reſpect was never paid to pride.
Know, 'twas thy giddy wilful heart
Reduc'd thee to this flaviſh part.
Did not thy headſtrong youth diſdain
To learn the conduct of the rein?
Thus coxcombs, blind to real merit,
In vicious frolics fancy ſpirit.
What is't to me by whom begot?
Thou reſtiff, pert, conceited ſot.
Your fires I reverence; 'tis their due:
But worthleſs fool, what's that to you?
Aſk all the Carriers on the road,
They'll ſay thy keeping's ill beſtow'd.
Then vaunt no more thy noble race,
That neither mends thy ſtrength or pace.
What profits me thy boaſt of blood?
An aſs hath more intrinſic good.
By outward ſhew let's not be cheated:
An aſs ſhould like an aſs be treated.

The YOUTH *and the* PHILOSOPHER.

A FABLE. [Whitehea

A Grecian youth, of talents rare,
Whom *Plato*'s philoſophic care
Had form'd for virtue's nobler view,
By precept and example too,
Would often boaſt his matchleſs ſkill,
To curb the ſteed and guide the wheel.
And as he paſs'd the gazing throng
With graceful eaſe, and ſmack'd the thong,

The ideot wonder they expreſs'd
Was praiſe and tranſport to his breaſt.
At length quite vain, he needs would ſhew
His maſter what his art cou'd do;
And bade his ſlaves the chariot lead
To Academus' ſacred ſhade.
The trembling grove confeſs'd its fright,
The wood-nymphs ſtartled at the ſight,
The Muſes dropt the learned lyre,
And to their inmoſt ſhades retire!
However the youth, with forward air,
Bows to the ſage, and mounts the car.
The laſh reſounds, the courſers ſpring,
The chariot marks the rolling ring,
And gath'ring crouds with eager eyes,
And ſhouts purſue him as he flies.
Triumphant to the goal return'd,
With nobler thirſt his boſom burn'd;
And now along th' indented plain
The ſelf-ſame track he marks again,
Purſues with care the nice deſign,
Nor ever deviates from the line.
Amazement ſeiz'd the circling croud,
The youths with emulation glow'd,
Ev'n bearded ſages hail'd the boy,
And all but *Plato* gaz'd with joy.
For he, deep-judging ſage, beheld
With pain the triumphs of the field;
And when the charioteer drew nigh,
And, fluſh'd with hope, had caught his eye,
Alas! unhappy youth, he cry'd,
Expect no praiſe from me (and ſigh'd)
With indignation I ſurvey
Such ſkill and judgment thrown away.
The time profuſely ſquander'd there
On vulgar arts beneath thy care,
If well employ'd, at leſs expence,
Had taught thee honour, virtue, ſenſe,
And rais'd thee from a coachman's fate
To govern men, and guide the ſtate.

An ELEGY *written in a* COUNTRY CHURCH YARD. [Grey.]

THE Curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind ſlowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkneſs and to me.
Now fades the glimmering landſcape on the ſight,
And all the air a ſolemn ſtillneſs holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his drony flight,
And drowſy tinklings lull the diſtant folds;
Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r
The mopeing owl does to the moon complain
Of ſuch, as wand'ring near her ſecret bow'r,
Moleſt her ancient, ſolitary reign.
Beneath thoſe rugged elms, that yew-tree's ſhade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet ſleep.
The breezy call of incenſe breathing Morn,
The ſwallow twitt'ring from the ſtraw-built ſhed,
The cock's ſhrill clarion, or the ecchoing horn,
No more ſhall rouſe them from their lowly bed.
For them no more the blazing hearth ſhall burn,
Or buſy houſewife ply her ev'ning care:
No children run to liſp their ſire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiſs to ſhare.
Oft did the harveſt to their ſickle yield,
Their furrow oft the ſtubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their ſturdy ſtroke!
Let not Ambition mock their uſeful toil,
Their homely joys and deſtiny obſcure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a diſdainful ſmile,
The ſhort and ſimple annals of the poor.
The boaſt of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to Theſe the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er the Tomb no Trophies raiſe,
Where thro' the long-drawn iſle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem ſwells the note of praiſe.
Can ſtoried urn or animated buſt
Back to its manſion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the ſilent duſt,
Or Flatt'ry ſooth the dull cold ear of Death?
Perhaps in this neglected ſpot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celeſtial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have ſway'd,
Or wak'd to extaſy the living lyre.
But knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the ſpoils of time did ne'er unroll;
Chill penury repreſs'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the ſoul.
Full many a gem of pureſt ray ſerene,
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to bluſh unſeen,
And waſte its ſweetneſs on the deſert air.
Some village Hampden, that with dauntleſs breaſt
The little Tyrant of his fields withſtood;
Some mute inglorious *Milton* here may reſt,
Some *Cromwell* guiltleſs of his country's blood.
Th' applauſe of liſt'ning ſenates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to deſpiſe,
To ſcatter plenty o'er a ſmiling land,
And read their hiſt'ry in a nation's eyes
Their lot forbad: nor circumſcrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade thro' ſlaughter to a throne,
And ſhut the gates of mercy on mankind.
The ſtruggling pangs of conſcious truth to hide,
To quench the bluſhes of ingenuous ſhame,
Or heap the ſhrine of Luxury and Pride
With incenſe kindled at the Muſe's flame.
Far from the madding crowd's ignoble ſtrife,
Their ſober wiſhes never learn'd to ſtray;
Along the cool ſequeſter'd vale of life
They kept the noiſeleſs tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n theſe bones from inſult to protect
Some frail memorial ſtill erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and ſhapeleſs ſculpture deck'd,
Implores the paſſing tribute of a ſigh.
Their name, their years, ſpelt by th' unletter'd Muſe,
The place of fame and elegy ſupply:
And many a holy text around ſhe ſtrews,
That teach the ruſtic moraliſt to die.
For who to dumb Forgetfulneſs a prey,
This pleaſing anxious being e'er reſign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the chearful day,
Nor caſt one longing ling'ring look behind?
On ſome fond breaſt the parting ſoul relies,
Some pious drops the cloſing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n in our Aſhes live their wonted Fires.
For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
Doſt in theſe lines their artleſs tale relate;
If Chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred Spirit ſhall inquire thy fate,
Haply ſome hoary-headed Swain may ſay,
'Oft have we ſeen him at the peep of dawn
'Bruſhing with haſty ſteps the dews away
'To meet the ſun upon the upland lawn.
'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
'That wreathes its old fantaſtic roots ſo high,
'His liſtleſs length at noon-tide would he ſtretch,
'And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
'Hard by yon wood, now ſmiling as in ſcorn,
'Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he wou'd rove;
'Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
'Or craz'd with care, or croſs'd in hopeleſs love.
'One morn I miſs'd him on the cuſtom'd hill;
'Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree,
'Another came; nor yet beſide the rill,
'Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he.
'The next with dirges due in ſad array
'Slow through the church-way path we ſaw him born
'Approach and read (for thou canſt read) the lay,
'Graved on the ſtone beneath yon aged thorn.

The EPITAPH.

HERE reſts his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown,
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.
Large was his bounty, and his ſoul ſincere,
Heav'n did a recompence as largely ſend:
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('twas all he wiſh'd) a friend.
No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe)
The boſom of his Father and his God.

The Story of PALEMON *and* LAVINIA.

[Thomſon's Autumn.]

THE lovely young *Lavinia* once had friends;
And fortune ſmil'd, deceitful, on her birth.
For in her helpleſs years depriv'd of all,
Of every ſtay, ſave Innocence and HEAVEN,
She with her widow'd mother, feeble, old,
And poor, liv'd in a cottage, far retir'd
Among the windings of a woody vale;
By ſolitude and deep ſurrounding ſhades,
But more by baſhful modeſty, conceal'd.
Together thus they ſhun'd the cruel ſcorn
Which virtue, ſunk to poverty, would meet
From giddy paſſion and low-minded pride:
Almoſt on Nature's common bounty fed;
Like the gay birds that ſung them to repoſe,
Content, and careleſs of to-morrow's fare.
Her form was freſher than the morning roſe,
When the dew wets its leaves; unſtain'd and pure,
As is the lily, or the mountain ſnow.
The modeſt virtues mingled in her eyes,
Still on the ground dejected, darting all

Their humid beams into the blooming flowers:
Or when the mournful tale her mother told,
Of what her faithleſs fortune promis'd once,
Thrill'd in her thought, they, like the dewy ſtar
Of evening, ſhone in tears. A native grace
Sat fair proportion'd on her poliſh'd limbs,
Veil'd in a ſimple robe, their beſt attire,
Beyond the pomp of dreſs: for lovelineſs
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament,
But is when unadorn'd adorn'd the moſt.
Thoughtleſs of beauty, ſhe was beauty's ſelf,
Recluſe amid the cloſe-embowering woods.
As in the hollow breaſt of *Appenine*,
Beneath the ſhelter of encircling hills,
A myrtle riſes, far from human eye,
And breathes its balmy fragrance o'er the wild;
So flouriſh'd blooming, and unſeen by all,
The ſweet *Lavinia*; till, at length, compell'd
By ſtrong Neceſſity's ſupreme command,
With ſmiling patience in her looks, ſhe went
To glean *Palemon*'s fields. The pride of ſwains
Palemon was, the generous and the rich;
Who led the rural life in all its joy
And elegance, ſuch as *Arcadian* ſong
Tranſmits from antient uncorrupted times;
When tyrant cuſtom had not ſhackled man,
But free to follow Nature was the mode.
He then, his fancy with autumnal ſcenes
Amuſing, chanc'd beſide his reaper-train
To walk, when poor *Lavinia* drew his eye;
Unconſcious of her power, and turning quick
With unaffected bluſhes from his gaze:
He ſaw her charming, but he ſaw not half
The charms her down-caſt modeſty conceal'd.
That very moment love and chaſte deſire
Sprung in his boſom, to himſelf unknown;
For ſtill the world prevail'd, and its dread laugh,
Which ſcarce the firm philoſopher can ſcorn,
Should his heart own a gleaner in the field,
And thus in ſecret to his ſoul he ſigh'd.

" Wh

" What pity! that ſo delicate a form,
" By beauty kindled, where enlivening ſenſe
" And more than vulgar goodneſs ſeem to dwell,
" Should be devoted to the rude embrace
" Of ſome indecent clown! She looks, methinks,
" Of old *Acaſto*'s line; and to my mind
" Recalls that patron of my happy life,
" From whom my liberal fortune took its riſe;
" Now to the duſt gone down; his houſes, lands,
" And once fair ſpreading family diſſolv'd.
" 'Tis ſaid that in ſome lone obſcure retreat,
" Urg'd by remembrance ſad, and decent pride,
" Far from thoſe ſcenes which knew their better days,
" His aged widow and his daughter live,
" Whom yet my fruitleſs ſearch could never find.
" Romantic wiſh! would this the daughter were!"
When, ſtrict enquiring, from herſelf he found
She was the ſame, the daughter of his friend,
Of bountiful *Acaſto*; who can ſpeak
The mingled paſſions that ſurpriz'd his heart,
And thro' his nerves in ſhivering tranſport ran?
Then blaz'd his ſmother'd flame, avow'd, and bold;
And as he view'd her, ardent, o'er and o'er,
Love, gratitude, and pity wept at once.
Confus'd and frighten'd at his ſudden tears,
Her riſing beauties flush'd a higher bloom,
As thus *Palemon*, paſſionate and juſt,
Pour'd out the pious rapture of his ſoul.
" And art thou then *Acaſto*'s dear remains?
" She whom my reſtleſs gratitude has ſought,
" So long in vain? O yes! the very ſame,
" The ſoftened image of my noble friend,
" Alive, his every feature, every look,
" More elegantly touch'd. Sweeter than ſpring!
" Thou ſole ſurviving bloſſom from the root
" That nouriſh'd up my fortune! Say, ay where,
" In what ſequeſter'd deſart, haſt thou drawn
" The kindeſt aſpect of delighted heaven?
" Into ſuch beauty ſpread, and blown ſo fair;
" Tho' poverty's cold wind, and cruſhing rain,
" Beat keen, and heavy on thy tender years?

" O let

" O let me now, into a richer ſoil,
" Tranſplant thee ſafe! where vernal ſuns and ſhowers,
" Diffuſe their warmeſt, largeſt influence;
" And of my garden be the pride, and joy!
" Ill it befits thee, oh it ill befits
" *Acaſto*'s daughter, his whoſe open ſtores,
" Tho' vaſt, were little to his ampler heart,
" The father of a country, thus to pick
" The very refuſe of thoſe harveſt-fields,
" Which from his bounteous friendſhip I enjoy.
" Then throw that ſhameful pittance from thy hand,
" But ill apply'd to ſuch a rugged taſk;
" The fields, the maſter, all, my fair, are thine;
" If to the various bleſſings which thy houſe
" Has on me laviſh'd, thou wilt add that bliſs,
" That deareſt bliſs, the power of bleſſing thee!"
Here ceas'd the youth: yet ſtill his ſpeaking eye
Expreſs'd the ſacred triumph of his ſoul,
With conſcious virtue, gratitude, and love,
Above the vulgar joy divinely rais'd.
Nor waited he reply. Won by the charm
Of goodneſs irreſiſtible, and all
In ſweet diſorder loſt, ſhe bluſh'd conſent.
The news immediate to her mother brought,
While, pierc'd with anxious thought, ſhe pin'd away
The lonely moments for *Lavinia*'s fate;
Amaz'd and ſcarce believing what ſhe heard,
Joy ſeiz'd her wither'd veins, and one bright gleam
Of ſetting life ſhone on her evening-hours:
Not leſs enraptur'd than the happy pair;
Who flouriſh'd long in tender bliſs, and rear'd
A numerous offspring, lovely like themſelves,
And good, the grace of all the country round.

VIRGIL's *Tomb*. [Dodſley's Collect. Vol. IV.

I Came, great bard, to gaze upon thy ſhrine,
And o'er thy relicks wait th' inſpiring Nine:
For ſure, I ſaid, where *Maro*'s aſhes ſleep,
The weeping Muſes muſt their vigils keep:

Still o'er their fav'rite's monument they mourn,
And with poetic trophies grace his urn:
Have placed the ſhield and martial trumpet here;
The ſhepherd's pipe and rural honours there:
Fancy had deck'd the conſecrated ground,
And ſcatter'd never-fading roſes round.
And now my bold romantic thought aſpires
To hear the echo of celeſtial lyres;
Then catch ſome ſound to bear delighted home,
And boaſt I learnt the verſe at *Virgil*'s tomb:
Or ſtretch'd beneath thy myrtle's fragrant ſhade,
With dreams extatic hov'ring o'er my head,
See forms auguſt, and laurel'd ghoſts aſcend,
And with thyſelf, perhaps, the long proceſſion end.
I came—but ſoon the phantoms diſappear'd;
Far other ſcenes, than wanton Hope had rear'd;
No faery rites, no fun'ral pomp I found;
No trophied walls with wreaths of laurel round:
A mean unhonour'd ruin faintly ſhow'd
The ſpot where once thy mauſoleum ſtood:
Hardly the form remain'd: a nodding dome
O'ergrown with moſs is now all *Virgil*'s tomb.
'Twas ſuch a ſcene as gave a kind relief
To memory, in ſweetly-penſive grief:
Gloomy, unpleaſing images it wrought;
No muſing, ſoft complacency of thought:
For Time had canker'd all, and worn away
Ev'n the laſt, mournful graces of decay:
Oblivion, hateful goddeſs, ſate before,
And cover'd with her duſky wings the door:
No ſilver harps I heard, no Muſe's voice,
But birds obſcene in horrid notes rejoice:
Fancy recoil'd, and with his tinſel train
Forſook the chearleſs ſcene; no more remain
The warm ambitious hopes of airy youth;
Severe Reflection came, and frowning Truth:
Away each glitt'ring gay idea fled,
And bade a melancholy train ſucceed,
That form'd, or ſeem'd to form, a mournful call
In feeble echoes mutt'ring round the wall.
Seek not the Muſes here! th' affrighted maids
Have fled Parthenope's polluted ſhades:

Her happy ſhores, the ſeats of joy and eaſe,
Their fav'rite manſions once, no longer pleaſe:
No longer, as of old, in tranſport loſt,
The ſiſters rove along th' enchanted coaſt;
They turn with horror from each much-lov'd ſtream,
And loath the fields that were their darling theme:
The tuneful names themſelves once fondly gave
To ev'ry ſwelling hill, and moſſy cave,
So pleaſing then, are only heard with ſighs;
And each ſad echo bids their ſorrow riſe.
Yet Nature ſmiles, as when their *Virgil* ſung,
Nor 'midſt a fairer ſcene his lyre was ſtrung:
Still bloom the ſweets of his elyſium here,
And the ſame charms in ev'ry grove appear.
But ah! in vain indulgent ſuns prevail;
Health and delight in ev'ry balmy gale
Are wafted now in vain: ſmall comfort bring
To weeping eyes the beauties of the ſpring.
To groaning ſlaves thoſe fragrant meads belong,
Where *Tully* dictated, and *Maro* ſung.
Long ſince, alas! thoſe golden days are flown,
When here each Science wore its proper crown;
Pale Tyranny has laid their altars low,
And rent the laurel from the Muſe's brow:
What wonder then 'midſt ſuch a ſcene to ſee
The Arts expire with bleeding Liberty?
Penſive and ſad, each fair angelic form
Droops, like the wearied dove beneath a ſtorm;
Far other views the poet's thought engage,
Than the warm glories of th' *Auguſtan* age.
Can mis'ry bid th' imagination glow?
Or genius brighten 'midſt domeſtic woe?
To ſee deſponding wretches round him pine,
Horace had wept beneath the *Alban* vine.
Sad ſits the bard amidſt his country's tears,
And ſighs, regardleſs of the wreath he wears.
Did ever Want and Famine ſweetly ſing?
The fetter'd hand uncouthly ſtrikes the ſtring.
Lo! ſtern Oppreſſion lifts her iron rod,
And ruin waits th' imperious harpy's nod:
Black Deſolation, and deſtructive War,
Riſe at the ſignal, and attend her car.

From the dire pomp th' affrighted ſhepherd flies,
And leaves his flock the rav'nous ſoldier's prize.
Where now are all the nymphs that bleſt the plains?
Where, the full chorus of contented ſwains?
The ſongs of love, of liberty and peace,
Are heard no more; the dance and tabor ceaſe:
To the ſoft oaten pipe, and paſt'ral reed,
The din of arms, and clarion's blaſt ſucceed:
Dire ſhapes appear in ev'ry op'ning glade,
And furies howl where once the Muſes ſtray'd.
Is this the queen of realms, for arts renown'd?
This captive maid, that weeps upon the ground!
Alas! how chang'd!—dejected and forlorn!
The miſtreſs of the world become the ſcorn!
Around ſtand Rapine, Horror and Deſpair;
And Ign'rance, dark-ally of barb'rous War:
She, at th' uſurping *Vandall*'s dread command,
Diſplays her gloomy banner o'er the land:
Beneath its chilling ſhade neglected lies
Each ſiſter Art; and unlamented dies.
Lo! Sculpture lets her uſeleſs chiſſel fall;
While on ſome ruin'd temple's broken wall
Sad Architecture ſits: and ſees with ſhame
Miſ-ſhapen piles uſurp her injur'd name:
Muſic and Verſe, unhappy twins! belong
To antique Maſque, and weak unmanly Song:
The gath'ring deluge ſwells on ev'ry ſide,
And monkiſh Superſtition ſwells the tide.
By the reſiſtleſs torrent overborn
Floats ev'ry virtue from its baſis torn:
Fair Learning droops, the ſick'ning Arts decay;
And ev'ry laurel fades, and ev'ry bay.
All is confus'd, no traces now are ſeen
To ſhew what wretched *Italy* has been.
Thus once *Veſuvius*, crown'd with circling wood,
Parthenope, thy beauteous neighbour ſtood:
Perpetual Spring cloath'd the fair mountain's ſide;
And what is now thy terror, was thy pride.
Sudden th' impriſon'd flames burſt forth; and laid
On ſmoaky heaps each ſhrieking Dryad's ſhade.

Now

Now deep in aſhes ſinks the myrtle bow'r,
O'er beds of flow'rs ſulphureous torrents roar;
And exil'd demi-gods their ruin'd ſeats deplore.

SONG *for* RANELAGH. By Mr. *Whitehead.*

I.

YE belles, and ye flirts, and ye pert little things,
Who trip in this frolickſome round,
Pray tell me from whence this indecency ſprings,
The ſexes at once to confound:
What means the cock'd hat, and the maſculine air,
With each motion deſign'd to perplex?
Bright eyes were intended to languiſh, not ſtare,
And ſoftneſs the teſt of your ſex.

II.

The girl who on beauty depends for ſupport,
May call ev'ry art to her aid:
The boſom diſplay'd, and the petticoat ſhort,
Are ſamples ſhe gives of her trade.
But you, on whom Fortune indulgently ſmiles,
And whom Pride has preſerv'd from the ſnare;
Should ſlily attack us, with coyneſs and wiles,
Not with open and inſolent air.

III.

The *Venus* whoſe ſtatue delights all mankind,
Shrinks modeſtly back from the view,
And kindly ſhou'd ſeem by the artiſt deſign'd
To ſerve as a model for you.
Then learn with her beauties to copy her air,
Nor venture too much to reveal;
Our fancies will paint what you cover with care,
And double each charm you conceal.

IV.

The bluſhes of Morn, and the mildneſs of *May*,
Are charms which no art can procure;
Oh! be but yourſelves, and our homage we pay,
And your empire is ſolid and ſure.
But if *Amazon*-like you attack your gallants,
And put us in fear of our lives,
You may do very well for ſiſters and aunts,
But believe me, you'll never be wives.

ELEGY.

Deſcribing the ſorrow of an ingenuous mind on the melancholy event of a licentious amour.

[Shenſtone.]

WHY mourns my friend! why weeps his downcaſt eye?
That eye where mirth, where fancy us'd to ſhine?
Thy chearful meads reprove that ſwelling ſigh;
Spring ne'er enamel'd fairer meads than thine.

Art thou not lodg'd in fortune's warm embrace?
Wert thou not form'd by nature's partial care?
Bleſt in thy ſong, and bleſt in ev'ry grace
That wins the friend, or that enchants the fair?

Damon, ſaid he, thy partial praiſe reſtrain;
Not DAMON's friendſhip can my peace reſtore;
Alas! his very praiſe awakes my pain,
And my poor wounded boſom bleeds the more.

For oh! that nature on my birth had frown'd!
Or fortune fix'd me to ſome lowly cell!
Then had my boſom 'ſcap'd this fatal wound,
Nor had I bid theſe vernal ſweets, farewel.

But led by fortune's hand, her darling child,
My youth her vain licentious bliſs admir'd;
In fortune's train the ſyren Flatt'ry ſmil'd,
And raſhly hallow'd all her queen inſpir'd.

Of folly ſtudious, ev'n of vices vain,
Ah vices! gilded by the rich and gay!
I chas'd the guileleſs daughters of the plain,
Nor dropt the chace, till JESSY was my prey.

Poor artleſs maid! to ſtain thy ſpotleſs name,
Expence, and art, and toil, united ſtrove;
To lure a breaſt that felt the pureſt flame,
Suſtain'd by virtue, but betray'd by love.

School'd in the ſcience of love's mazy wiles,
I cloath'd each feature with affected ſcorn;
I ſpoke of jealous doubts, and fickle ſmiles,
And, feigning, left her anxious and forlorn.

Then

Then while the fancy'd rage alarm'd her care,
Warm to deny, and zealous to diſprove;
I bade my words the wonted ſoftneſs wear,
And ſeiz'd the minute of returning love.

To thee, my DAMON, dare I paint the reſt?
Will yet thy love a candid ear incline?
Aſſur'd that virtue, by misfortune preſt,
Feels not the ſharpneſs of a pang like mine.

Nine envious moons matur'd her growing ſhame;
Ere while to flaunt it in the face of day;
When ſcorn'd of virtue, ſtigmatiz'd by fame,
Low at my feet deſponding JESSY lay.

"Henry, ſhe ſaid, by thy dear form ſubdu'd,
See the ſad reliques of a nymph undone!
I find, I find this riſing ſob renew'd:
I ſigh in ſhades, and ſicken at the ſun.

Amid the dreary gloom of night, I cry,
When will the morn's once pleaſing ſcenes return?
Yet what can morn's returning ray ſupply,
But foes that triumph, or but friends that mourn?

Alas! no more that joyous morn appears
That led the tranquil hours of ſpotleſs fame:
For I have ſteep'd a father's couch in tears,
And ting'd a mother's glowing cheek with ſhame.

The vocal birds that raiſe their matin ſtrain,
The ſportive lambs, increaſe my penſive moan;
All ſeem to chaſe me from the chearful plain,
And talk of truth and innocence alone.

If thro' the garden's flow'ry tribes I ſtray,
Where bloom the jaſmins that could once allure,
Hope not to find delight in us, they ſay,
For we are ſpotleſs, JESSY; we are pure.

Ye flow'rs! that well reproach a nymph ſo frail,
Say, could ye with my virgin fame compare?
The brighteſt bud that ſcents the vernal gale
Was not ſo fragrant, and was not ſo fair.

Now the grave old alarm the gentler young;
And all my fame's abhorr'd contagion flee;
Trembles each lip, and faulters every tongue,
That bids the morn propitious ſmile on me.

Thus for your ſake I ſhun each human eye;
I bid the ſweets of blooming youth adieu;
To die I languiſh, but I dread to die,
Leſt my ſad fate ſhou'd nouriſh pangs for you.

Raiſe me from earth; the pains of want remove,
And let me ſilent ſeek ſome friendly ſhore,
There only, baniſh'd from the form I love,
My weeping virtue ſhall relapſe no more.

Be but my friend; I aſk no dearer name;
Be ſuch the meed of ſome more artful fair;
Nor could it heal my peace, or chace my ſhame,
That pity gave, what love refus'd to ſhare.

Force not my tongue to aſk its ſcanty bread;
Nor hurl thy JESSY to the vulgar crew;
Not ſuch the parent's board at which I fed!
Not ſuch the precept from his lips I drew!

Haply, when age has ſilver'd o'er my hair,
Malice may learn to ſcorn ſo mean a ſpoil;
Envy may ſlight a face no longer fair;
And pity, welcome, to my native ſoil."

She ſpoke—nor was I born of ſavage race;
Nor could theſe hands a niggard boon aſſign;
Grateful ſhe claſp'd me in a laſt embrace,
And vow'd to waſte her life in pray'rs for mine.

I ſaw her foot the lofty bark aſcend;
I ſaw her breaſt with every paſſion heave;
I left her—torn from every earthly friend;
Oh! my hard boſom, which could bear to leave?

Brief let me be; the fatal ſtorm aroſe;
The billows rag'd; the pilot's art was vain;
O'er the tall maſt the circling ſurges cloſe;
My JESSY—floats upon the wat'ry plain!

And

And—ſee my youth's impetuous fires decay;
Seek not to ſtop reflection's bitter tear;
But warn the frolic, and inſtruct the gay,
From JESSY floating on her wat'ry bier!

A Paſtoral BALLAD, in Four Parts. Written 1743. [Shenſtone.

Arbuſta humileſque myricæ. VIRG.

I. ABSENCE.

YE ſhepherds ſo chearful and gay,
Whoſe flocks never careleſsly roam;
Should CORYDON's happen to ſtray,
Oh! call the poor wanderers home.
Allow me to muſe and to ſigh,
Nor talk of the charge that ye find;
None once was ſo watchful as I:
—I have left my dear PHYLLIS behind.

Now I know what it is, to have ſtrove
With the torture of doubt and deſire;
What it is, to admire and to love,
And to leave her we love and admire.
Ah lead forth my flock in the morn,
And the damps of each ev'ning repel;
Alas! I am faint and forlorn:
I have bade my dear PHYLLIS farewel.

Since PHYLLIS vouchſaf'd me a look,
I never once dreamt of my vine;
May I loſe both my pipe and my crook,
If I knew of a kid that was mine.
I priz'd ev'ry hour that went by,
Beyond all that had pleas'd me before;
But now they are paſt, and I ſigh;
And I grieve that I priz'd them no more.

But why do I languiſh in vain?
Why wander thus penſively here?
Oh! why did I come from the plain,
Where I fed on the ſmiles of my dear?

They tell me, my favourite maid,
The pride of that valley, is flown;
Alas! where with her I have ſtray'd,
I could wander with pleaſure, alone.

When forc'd the fair nymph to forego,
What anguiſh I felt at my heart!
Yet I thought—but it might not be ſo—
'Twas with pain that ſhe ſaw me depart.
She gaz'd, as I ſlowly withdrew;
My path I could hardly diſcern;
So ſweetly ſhe bade me adieu,
I thought that ſhe bade me return.

The pilgrim that journeys all day
To viſit ſome far-diſtant ſhrine,
If he bear but a relique away,
Is happy, nor heard to repine.
Thus widely remov'd from the fair,
Where my vows, my devotion, I owe,
Soft hope is the relique I bear,
And my ſolace wherever I go.

II. HOPE.

MY banks they are furniſh'd with bees,
Whoſe murmur invites one to ſleep;
My grottos are ſhaded with trees,
And my hills are white-over with ſheep.
I ſeldom have met with a loſs,
Such health do my fountains beſtow;
My fountains all border'd with moſs,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there ſeen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound:
Not a beech's more beautiful green,
But a ſweet-briar entwines it around.
Not my fields in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold:
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fiſhes of gold.

One would think ſhe might like to retire
To the bow'r I have labour'd to rear;

Not a ſhrub that I heard her admire,
But I haſted and planted it there.
Oh how ſudden the jeſſamine ſtrove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves,
What ſtrains of wild melody flow?
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roſes that blow!
And when her bright form ſhall appear,
Each bird ſhall harmoniouſly join
In a concert ſo ſoft and ſo clear,
As——ſhe may not be fond to reſign.

I have found out a gift for my fair;
I have found where the wood-pigeons breed:
But let me that plunder forbear,
She will ſay 'twas a barbarous deed.
For he ne'er could be true, ſhe aver'd,
Who could rob a poor bird of its young:
And I lov'd her the more when I heard
Such tenderneſs fall from her tongue.

I have heard her with ſweetneſs unfold
How that pity, was due to—a dove:
That it ever attended the bold,
And ſhe call'd it the ſiſter of love.
But her words ſuch a pleaſure convey,
So much I her accents adore,
Let her ſpeak, and whatever ſhe ſay,
Methinks I ſhould love her the more.

Can a boſom ſo gentle remain
Unmov'd, when her CORYDON ſighs!
Will a nymph that is fond of the plain,
Theſe plains and this valley deſpiſe?
Dear regions of ſilence and ſhade!
Soft ſcenes of contentment and eaſe!
Where I could have pleaſingly ſtray'd,
If aught, in her abſence could pleaſe.

But where does my PHYLLIDA ſtray?
And where are her grots and her bow'rs?

Are the groves and the valleys as gay,
And the ſhepherds as gentle as ours?
The groves may perhaps be as fair,
And the face of the valleys as fine;
The ſwains may in manners compare,
But their love is not equal to mine.

III. SOLLICITUDE.

WHY will you my paſſion reprove?
Why term it a folly to grieve?
Ere I ſhew you the charms of my love,
She is fairer than you can believe.
With her mien ſhe enamours the brave;
With her wit ſhe engages the free;
With her modeſty pleaſes the grave;
She is ev'ry way pleaſing to me.

O you that have been of her train,
Come and join in my amorous lays;
I could lay down my life for the ſwain,
That will ſing but a ſong in her praiſe.
When he ſings, may the nymphs of the town
Come trooping, and liſten the while;
Nay on him let not PHYLLIDA frown;
——But I cannot allow her to ſmile.

For when PARIDEL tries in the dance
Any favour with PHYLLIS to find,
O how, with one trivial glance,
Might ſhe ruin the peace of my mind!
In ringlets he dreſſes his hair,
And his crook is be-ſtudded around;
And his pipe—oh may PHYLLIS beware,
Of a magic there is in the ſound.

'Tis his with mock paſſion to glow;
'Tis his in ſmooth tales to unfold,
" How her face is as bright as the ſnow,
And her boſom, be ſure, is as cold.

How the nightingales labour the ſtrain,
With the notes of his charmer to vie;
How they vary their accents in vain,
Repine at her triumphs, and die."

To the grove or the garden he ſtrays,
And pillages every ſweet;
Then, ſuiting the wreath to his lays,
He throws it at PHYLLIS's feet.
"Oh, PHYLLIS, he whiſpers, more fair,
More ſweet than the jeſſamin's flower!
What are pinks, in a morn, to compare?
What is eglantine, after a ſhow'r?

Then the lilly no longer is white;
Then the roſe is depriv'd of its bloom;
Then the violets die with deſpight,
And the wood-bines give up their perfume."
Thus glide the ſoft numbers along,
And he fancies no ſhepherd his peer;
——Yet I never ſhould envy the ſong,
Were not PHYLLIS to lend it an ear.

Let his crook be with hyacinths bound,
So PHYLLIS the trophy deſpiſe:
Let his forehead with laurels be crown'd,
So they ſhine not in PHYLLIS's eyes.
The language that flows from the heart
Is a ſtranger to PARIDEL's tongue;
—Yet may ſhe beware of his art,
Or ſure I muſt envy the ſong.

IV. DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE ſhepherds give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my ſheep:
They have nothing to do, but to ſtray;
I have nothing to do, but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my paſſion begun;
She ſmil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithleſs—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought;
Perhaps it was plain to foreſee,
That a nymph ſo compleat would be ſought
By a ſwain more engaging than me.
Ah! love ev'ry hope can inſpire:
It baniſhes wiſdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems for ever adorn'd with a ſmile.

She is faithleſs, and I am undone;
Ye that witneſs the woes I endure,
Let reaſon inſtruct you to ſhun
What it cannot inſtruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of an higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repoſe.
Yet time may diminiſh the pain:
The flow'r, and the ſhrub, and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleaſure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The ſweets of a dew-ſprinkled roſe,
The ſound of a murmuring ſtream,
The peace which from ſolitude flows,
Henceforth ſhall be CORYDON's theme.
High tranſports are ſhewn to the ſight,
But we are not to find them our own;
Fate never beſtow'd ſuch delight,
As I with my PHYLLIS had known.

O ye woods, ſpread your branches apace;
To your deepeſt receſſes I fly;
I would hide with the beaſts of the chace;
I would vaniſh from every eye.
Yet my reed ſhall reſound thro' the grove
With the ſame ſad complaint it began;
How ſhe ſmil'd, and I could not but love;
Was faithleſs, and I am undone!

VIRTUE *alone conſtitutes* HAPPINESS.
[ESSAY ON MAN, Ep. IV.]

WHAT nothing earthly gives or can deſtroy,
The ſoul's calm ſunſhine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is Virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and ſix,
Juſtice a conqu'ror's ſword, or truth a gown,
Or public ſpirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, fooliſh man! will heav'n reward us there
With the ſame traſh mad mortals wiſh for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet ſigh'ſt thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the *Indian*, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife:
As well as dream ſuch trifles are aſſign'd,
As toys and empires for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be deſtructive of the thing:
How oft by theſe at ſixty are undone
The virtues of a ſaint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or truſt,
Content, or pleaſure, but the good and juſt?
Judges and ſenates have been bought for gold,
Eſteem and love were never to be ſold.
Oh fool! to think GOD hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of human kind,
Whoſe life is healthful, and whoſe conſcience clear,
Becauſe he wants a thouſand pounds a year.
Honour and ſhame from no condition riſe;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has ſome ſmall diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parſon gown'd,
The frier hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; A wiſe man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parſon will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The reſt is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with ſtrings,
That thou may'ſt be by kings, or whores of kings,
Boaſt the pure blood of an illuſtrious race,
In quiet flow from *Lucrece* to *Lucrece:*
But by your fathers' worth if your's you rate,
Count me thoſe only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through ſcoundrels ever ſince the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools ſo long.
What can ennoble ſots, or ſlaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the HOWARDS.
Look next on greatneſs; ſay where greatneſs lies?
"Where but among the heroes and the wiſe?"
Heroes are much the ſame, the point's agreed,
From *Macedonia*'s madman to the *Swede*;
The whole ſtrange purpoſe of their lives, to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward ſtill he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his noſe.
No leſs alike the Politic and Wiſe;
All ſly ſlow things, with circumſpective eyes:
Men in their looſe unguarded hours they take,
Not that themſelves are wiſe, but others weak.
But grant that thoſe can conquer, theſe can cheat;
'Tis phraſe abſurd to call a villain great:
Who wickedly is wiſe, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, ſmiles in exile or in chains,
Like good *Aurelius* let him reign, or bleed
Like *Socrates*, that man is great indeed.
What's Fame! a fancy'd life in others breath,
A thing beyond us, ev'n before our death.
Juſt what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The ſame (my Lord) if *Tully*'s, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the ſmall circle of our foes or friends;
To all beſide as much an empty ſhade
An *Eugene* living, as a *Cæſar* dead:

Alike or when, or where, they ſhone, or ſhine,
Or on the *Rubicon*, or on the *Rhine*.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honeſt man's the nobleſt work of GOD.
Fame but from death a villain's name can ſave,
As Juſtice tears his body from the grave;
When what t' oblivion better were reſign'd,
Is hung on high to poiſon half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true deſert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One ſelf-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of ſtupid ſtarers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy *Marcellus* exil'd feels,
Than *Cæſar* with a ſenate at his heels.
In parts ſuperior what advantage lies?
Tell (for You can) what is it to be wiſe?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To ſee all others faults, and feel our own:
Condemn'd in buſ'neſs or in arts to drudge,
Without a ſecond, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or ſave a ſinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few underſtand.
Painful preheminence! yourſelf to view
Above life's weakneſs, and its comforts too.
Bring then theſe bleſſings to a ſtrict account;
Make fair deductions; ſee to what they mount:
How much of other each is ſure to coſt;
How each for other oft is wholly loſt;
How inconſiſtent greater goods with theſe;
How ſometimes life is riſqu'd, and always eaſe:
Think, and if ſtill the things thy envy call,
Say, would'ſt thou be the man to whom they fall?
To ſigh for ribbands if thou art ſo ſilly,
Mark how they grace Lord *Umbra*, or Sir *Billy*.
Is yellow dirt the paſſion of thy life?
Look but on *Gripus*, or on *Gripus'* wife.
If parts allure thee, think how *Bacon* ſhin'd,
The wiſeſt, brighteſt, meaneſt of mankind:
Or raviſh'd with the whiſt'ling of a name,
See Cromwell, damn'd to everlaſting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient ſtory learn to ſcorn them all,

There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd, and great,
See the falſe ſcale of Happineſs complete!
In hearts of Kings, or arms of Queens who lay,
How happy thoſe to ruin, theſe betray.
Mark by what wretched ſteps their glory grows,
From dirt and ſea-weed as proud *Venice* roſe.
In each how guilt and greatneſs equal ran,
And all that rais'd the Hero, ſunk the Man:
Now *Europe*'s laurels on their brows behold,
But ſtain'd with blood, or ill-exchang'd for gold:
Then ſee them broke with toils, or ſunk in eaſe,
Or infamous for plunder'd provinces.
Oh wealth ill-fated; which no act of fame
E'er taught to ſhine, or ſanctify'd from ſhame!
What greater bliſs attends their cloſe of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophy'd arches, ſtory'd halls invade,
And haunt their ſlumbers in the pompous ſhade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noon-tide ray,
Compute the morn and ev'ning to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their ſhame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happineſs below."
The only point where human bliſs ſtands ſtill,
And taſtes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only Merit conſtant pay receives,
Is bleſt in what it takes, and what it gives:
The joy unequall'd, if its end it gain,
And if it loſe, attended with no pain:
Without ſatiety, tho' e'er ſo bleſs'd,
And but more reliſh'd as the more diſtreſs'd;
The broadeſt mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Leſs pleaſing far than Virtue's very tears:
Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,
For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd;
Never elated, while one man's oppreſs'd;
Never dejected, while another's bleſs'd;
And where no wants no wiſhes can remain,
Since but to wiſh more Virtue, is to gain.

The PARISH CLERK. A Poem.

[W. Vernon.]

I.

LET courtly bards in poliſh'd phraſe endite
Soft madrigals, to celebrate the Fair;
Or paint the ſplendor of a Birth-day night,
Where Peers and Dames in ſhining robes appear:
The taſk be mine neglected Worth to praiſe,
Alas! too often found, in theſe degen'rate days.

II.

O gentle Shenstone! could the ſelf-taught Muſe,
Who joys, like thine, in rural ſhades to ſtray,
Could ſhe, like thine, while ſhe her theme purſues,
With native beauties deck the pleaſing lay;
Then ſhould the humble Clerk of Barton-Dean
An equal meed of praiſe with thy School-miſtreſs gain.

III.

Ent'ring the village in a deep-worn way,
Hard by an aged oak, his dwelling ſtands;
The lowly roof is thatch, the walls are clay:
All rudely rais'd by his forefathers' hands:
Obſerve the homely hut as you paſs by,
And pity the Good Man that lives ſo wretchedly.

IV.

Vulcanian artiſt, here with oily brow
And naked arms he at his anvil plies,
What time Aurora in the eaſt does glow,
And eke when Vesper gilds the weſtern ſkies;
The bellows roar, the hammers loud reſound,
And from the tortur'd maſs the ſparkles fly around.

V.

Hither the truant ſchool-boy frequent wends,
And ſlyly peeping o'er the hatch is ſeen
To note the bick'ring workman, while he bends
The ſteed's ſtrong ſhoe, or forms the ſickle keen.
Unthinking, little elf, what ills betide,
Of breech begalled ſore, and cruel taſk beſide.

VI.

A deep hiſtorian, well I wot, is he,
And many tomes of ancient lore has read,
Of England's GEORGE, the flow'r of chivalry,
Of MERLIN's Mirror, and the Brazen Head;
With hundred legends more, which to recite
Would tire the wiſeſt nurſe, and ſpend the longeſt night.

VII.

To Nature's Book he ſtudiouſly applies,
And oft, conſulted by the anxious ſwain,
With wiſtful gaze reviews the vaulted ſkies,
And ſhews the ſigns of ſure impending rain.
Or thunder gather'd in the fervid air,
Or if the harveſt-month will be ſerene and fair.

VIII.

The various phaſes of the moon he knows,
And whence her orb derives its ſilver ſheen,
From what ſtrange cauſe the madding Heygre flows,
By which the peaſants oft endanger'd been,
As in their freighted barks they careleſs glide,
And view th' inverted trees in Severn's chryſtal tide.

IX.

Returning late at eve from wake or fair,
Among a ſort of poor unletter'd ſwains,
He teaches them to name each brighter ſtar;
And of the northern lights the cauſe explains;
Recounts what comets have appear'd of old,
Portending dearth, and war, and mis'ries manifold.

X.

Around his bending ſhoulders graceful flow
His curling ſilver locks, the growth of years;
Supported by a ſtaff he walketh ſlow,
And ſimple neatneſs in his mien appears;
And ev'ry neighbour that perchance he meets,
Or young or old be they, with courteſy he greets.

XI.

A goodly ſight, I wot, it were to view
The decent Pariſh Clerk on Sabbath-day,
Seated, beneath the Curate, in his pew,
Or, kneeling down, with lifted hands to pray,
And ever and anon, at cloſe of prayer,
He anſwereth, Amen! with ſober ſolemn air!

XII.

Such times an ancient ſuit of black he wears,
Which from the Curate's wardrobe did deſcend;
Love to his Clerk the pious Curate bears,
Pities his wants and wiſhes to befriend:
But what, alas! can ſlender ſal'ry do,
Encumber'd by a wife, and children not a few?

XIII.

Thro' ev'ry ſeaſon of the changing year,
His ſtrict regard for Chriſtian rites is ſeen,
The holy church he decks with garlands fair,
Or birchin boughs, or yew for ever green:
On ev'ry pew a formal ſprig is plac'd,
And with a ſpacious branch the pulpit's top is grac'd.

XIV.

At Chriſtmas-tide, when ev'ry yeoman's hall
With ancient hoſpitality is bleſt,
Kind invitations he accepts from all,
To ſhare the plenteous, mirth-abounding feaſt;
The Chriſtmas feaſt imperfect would appear,
Except their good old gueſt the Pariſh Clerk was there.

XV.

Then, when the mellow beer goes gaily round,
And curls of ſmoke from lighted pipes aſpire,
When chearful carols thro' the room reſound,
And crackling logs augment the blazing fire,
His honeſt heart with ſocial joy o'erflows,
And many a merry tale he on his friends beſtows.

XVI.

When, ſmit with mutual love, the youth and maid
To weave the ſacred nuptial knot agree,
Pleas'd he attends, to lend his uſeful aid;
And ſee the rites perform'd with decency:
He gives the bride, and joins their trembling hands,
While with the Service-book the Curate gravely ſtands.

XVII.

Then, while the merry bells the ſteeple ſhake,
Ringing in honour of the happy pair,
To notes of gladneſs while the minſtrels wake,
And lads and laſſes the rich bride-cake ſhare;
O may the youthful bard a portion gain,
To whom the rural ſage its virtues did explain.

XVIII.

When from the church returns the blythſome train,
A ſpicy cake two gentle maidens bring;
Which, holding o'er the bride, they break in twain,
And all conjoin'd this nuptial ditty ſing:
"Joy to the wedded pair! health, length of days,
"And may they, bleſt by heav'n, a goodly houſhold raiſe."

XIX.

At eve, the lovely condeſcending bride
Will take the ring which on her finger ſhines,
And thro' the ſacred circlet nine times ſlide
The fragrant gift, repeating myſtic lines,
(The myſtic lines we may not here make known,
Them ſhall the Muſe reveal to virgins chaſte alone.)

XX.

The ſtocking thrown, as ancient rules require,
Leave the glad lovers to complete their joy,
And to thy pillow ſilently retire,
Where cloſe beneath thy head the charm muſt lie;
Rais'd by the pow'r of love, in viſion gay,
Thy future ſpouſe ſhall come in holiday array.

XXI.

And, ſoft approaching, with the mildeſt air,
Thy yielding lips ſhall modeſtly embrace,
O, ſweet illuſion! wilt thou diſappear?
Alas, it flies! the morning ſprings apace!
The bluſhing lover ſees the light with pain,
And longs to recompoſe, and woo his dream again.

XXII.

O, time relentleſs! foe to ev'ry joy!
How all declines beneath thy iron reign!
Once could our Clerk to ſweeteſt melody
Attune the harp, and charm the liſt'ning plain;
Or with his mellow voice the Pſalm could raiſe,
And fill the ecchoing choir with notes of ſacred praiſe.

XXIII.

But now, alas! his ev'ry pow'r decays,
His voice grows hoarſe, long toil has cramp'd his hands,
No more he fills the ecchoing choir with praiſe,
No more to melody the harp commands;
Sadly he mourns the dullneſs of his ear,
And when a maſter plays, he preſſes cloſe to hear.

XXIV.

Late o'er the plain, by chance or fancy led,
The penſive ſwain who does his annals write,
Him in his humble cottage viſited,
And learn'd his ſtory with ſincere delight;
For chiefly of himſelf his converſe ran;
As mem'ry well ſupplied the narrative old man.

XXV.

His youthful feats with guiltleſs pride he told,
In rural games what honours erſt he won;
How on the Green he threw the wreſtlers bold;
How light he leap'd, and O! how ſwift he run.
Then, with a ſigh, he fondly turn'd his praiſe
To rivals now no more, and friends of former days.

XXVI.

At length, concluding with reflections deep;
" Alas, of life few comforts now remain!
" Of what I WAS I but the veſtige keep,
" Impair'd by grief, by penury, and pain.
" Yet let me not arraign juſt heav'n's decree;
" The lot of human kind, as man, belongs to me.

XXVII.

" Beneath yon aged yew-tree's ſolemn ſhade,
" Whoſe twiſted roots above the green-ſward creep;
" There, freed from toils, my pious father laid,
" Enjoys a ſilent unmoleſted ſleep:
" And there my only ſon,—with HIM I gave
" All comfort of my age untimely to the grave.

XXVIII.

" In that ſweet earth, when nature's debt is paid,
" And leaving life, I leave its load of woes,
" My neighbours kind, I truſt, will ſee me laid,
" In humble hope of mercy, to repoſe:
" Evil and few, the patriarch mourn'd his days,
" Nor ſhall a man preſume to vindicate his ways.

Few happy Matches.

SAY, mighty love, and teach my ſong,
To whom thy ſweeteſt joys belong,
And who the happy pairs
Whoſe yielding hearts, and joining hands,
Find bleſſings twiſted with their bands,
To ſoften all their cares.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and ſwains
That thoughtleſs fly into the chains,
As cuſtom leads the way;
If there be bliſs without deſign,
Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
And be as bleſt as they.

Not ſordid ſouls of earthly mould
Who drawn by kindred charms of gold
To dull embraces move:
So two rich mountains of *Peru*
May ruſh to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

Not the mad tribe that hell inſpires
With wanton flames; thoſe raging fires
The purer bliſs deſtroy:
[illegible]'s top let furies wed,
And [illegible] of lightning dreſs the bed
T' improve the burning joy.

Nor the dull pairs whoſe marble forms
None of the melting paſſions warms,
Can mingle hearts and hands:
Logs of green wood that quench the coals
Are marry'd juſt like *Stoic* ſouls,
With oziers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholy ſtrain,
Still ſilent, or that ſtill complain,
Can the dear bondage bleſs:
As well may heavenly comforts ſpring
From two old lutes with ne'er a ſtring,
Or none beſides the baſs.

Nor can the ſoft enchantments hold
Two jarring ſouls of angry mould,
The rugged and the keen:
Samſon's young foxes might as well
In bonds of chearful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands ty'd between.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind
A gentle to a ſavage mind;
For love abhors the fight:
Looſe the fierce tyger from the deer,
For native rage and native fear
Riſe and forbid delight.

Two kindeſt ſouls alone muſt meet;
'Tis friendſhip makes the bondage ſweet,
And feeds their mutual loves:
Bright *Venus* on her rolling throne
Is drawn by gentleſt birds alone,
And *Cupids* yoke the doves.

THE UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

DEO OPT. MAX.

FATHER of all! in ev'ry age,
In ev'ry clime ador'd,
By ſaint, by ſavage, and by ſage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou great firſt Cauſe, leaſt underſtood:
Who all my ſenſe confin'd
To know but this, that thou art good,
And that myſelf am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark eſtate,
To ſee the good from ill:
And binding nature faſt in fate,
Left free the human will.

What conſcience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to ſhun,
That, more than heav'n purſue.

What bleſſings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not caſt away;
For GOD is paid when man receives,
T' enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted ſpan
Thy goodneſs let me bound,
Or think thee LORD alone of Man,
When thouſand worlds are round:

Let not this weak unknowing hand
  Preſume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land,
  On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart,
  Still in the right to ſtay;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
  To find that better way.

Save me alike from fooliſh pride,
  Or impious diſcontent,
At aught thy wiſdom has deny'd,
  Or aught thy goodneſs lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
  To hide the fault I ſee;
That mercy I to others ſhew,
  That mercy ſhew to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly ſo,
  Since quicken'd by thy breath;
Oh lead me wherefoe'er I go,
  Thro' this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot:
  All elſe beneath the ſun,
Thou know'ſt if beſt beſtow'd or not,
  And let thy will be done.

To Thee, whoſe temple is all ſpace,
  Whoſe altar, earth, ſea, ſkies!
One chorus let all Beings raiſe!
  All nature's incenſe riſe!

FINIS.





Stitching the Wristbands — ... 1
Sewing the Ends — — —
Button holes — — — — — —
Hemming the Slits — — —
Gathering the Sleeves — — —
Setting on Wristbands — — 1
Stitching shoulder Straps
three Rows each 2
Hemming the Bosom — — —
Seaming the Sleeves — — — —
Setting in Sleeves & gusset 3
Taping the Sleeves — — — 1
Seaming the Seams — — —

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